Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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January 18, 1936

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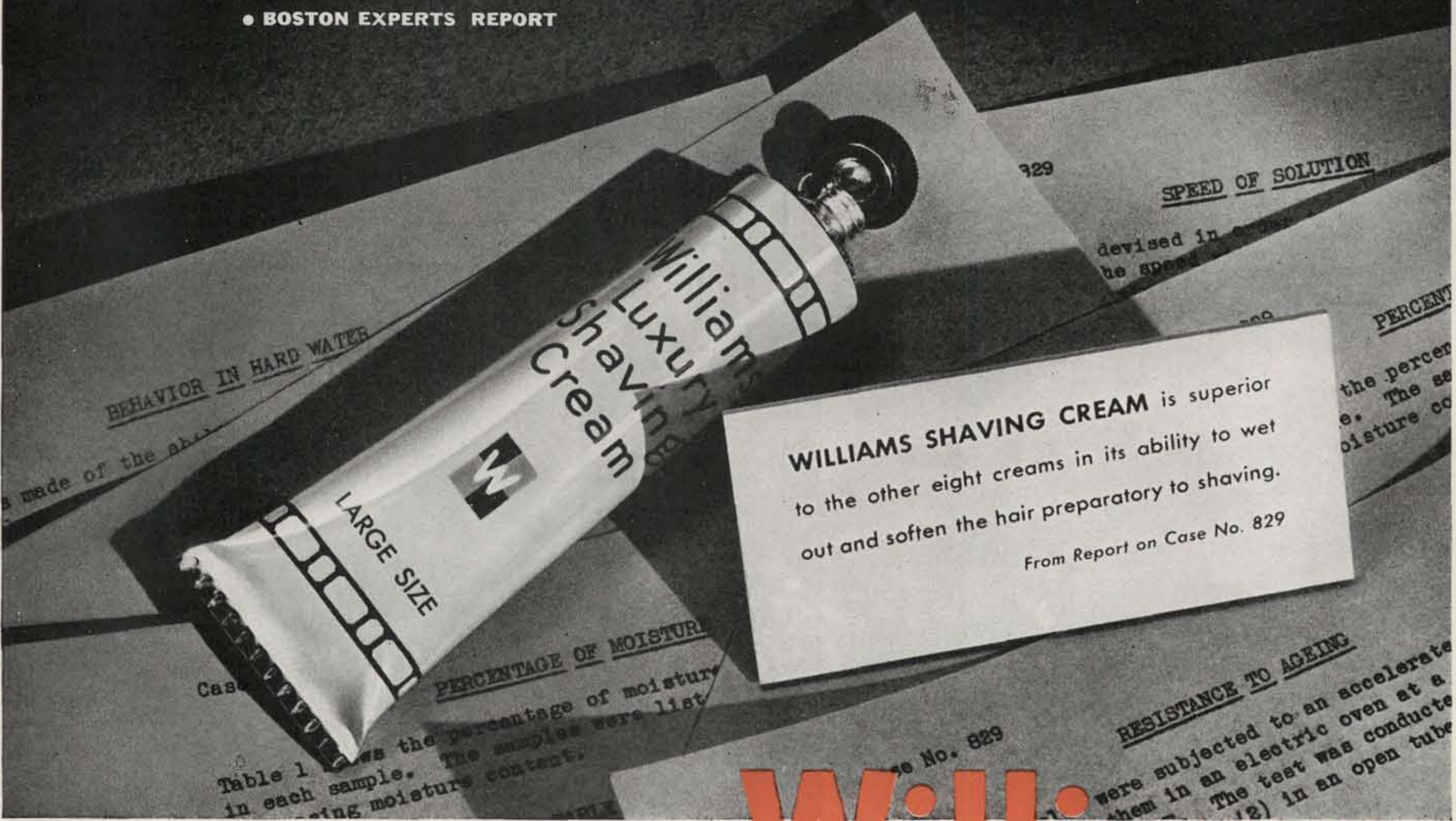
THIS IS BETTER!
THIS IS BEST!

THIS ENDS THE ARGUMENT!

Quick-wetting action of Williams

MAKES IT THE BEST BEARD SOFTENER OF ALL

• BOSTON EXPERTS REPORT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BEHAVIOR IN HARD WATER
PERCENTAGE OF MOISTURE
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WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM is superior to the other eight creams in its ability to wet out and soften the hair preparatory to shaving.

From Report on Case No. 829

PROOF BY THE CHIN-FULL. Proof that Williams gives a smoother, quicker, more comfortable shave. Boston scientists recently conducted an intensive test—proved that Williams is superior to eight other well-known shaving creams in its ability to "wet out and soften the hair preparatory to shaving." That's *Quick-Wetting Action*—means that each hair is *immediately* drenched and soaked to softness by super-moist Williams lather.

Make your own test. Discover that for all its hurry-up action Williams Quick-Wetting Lather is super-mild. Williams gives you an entirely new idea of shaving speed and comfort.

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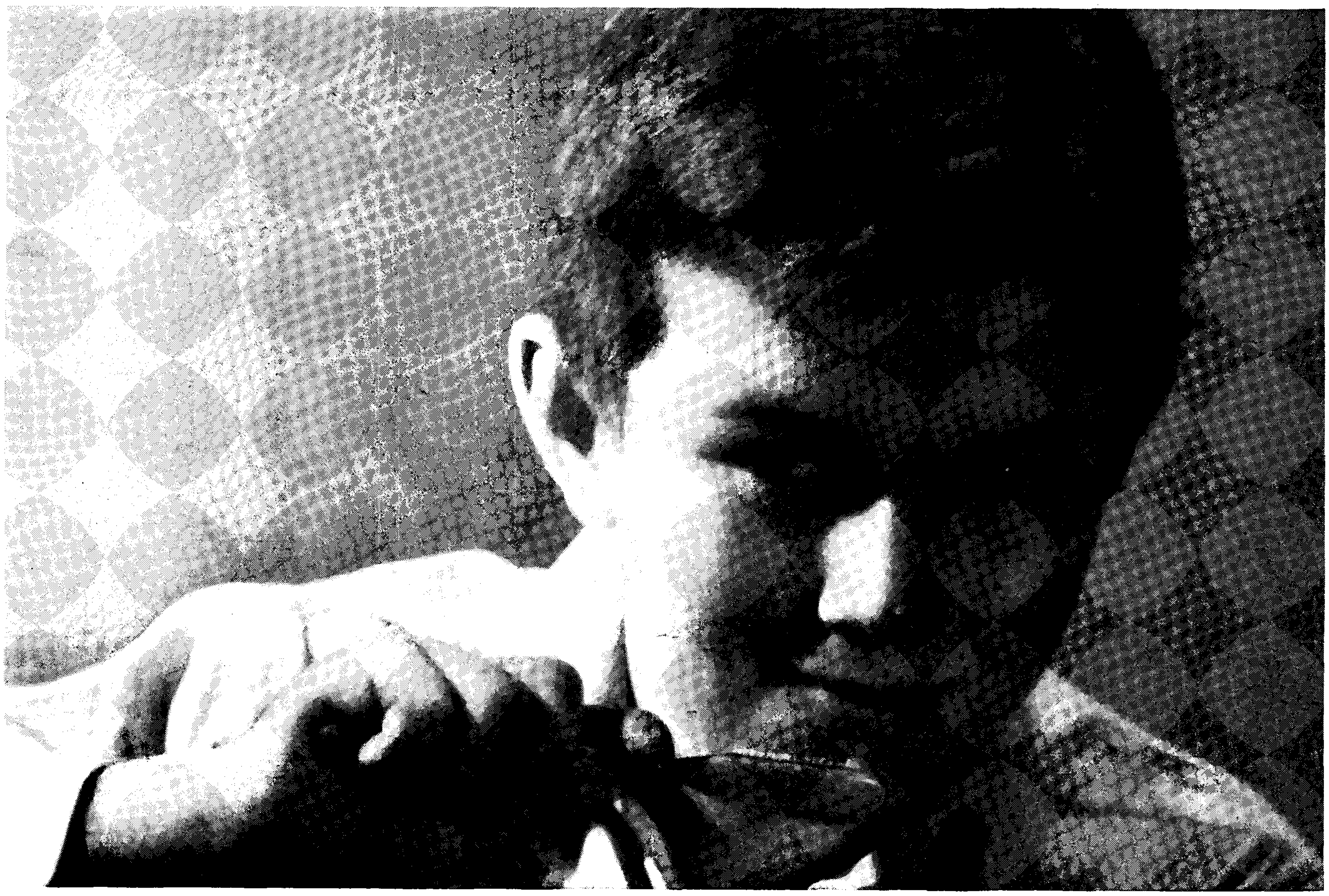

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Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

PREVENTION... that's the key word of the most modern dental practice. Prevention of tooth troubles. Prevention of gum diseases. And particularly—prevention of "pink tooth brush."

For "pink tooth brush" is a warning of unhealthy gums that you cannot afford to ignore. It signals that your gums are tender, sensitive. It tells you that you should take immediate action...now...today...to avoid more serious consequences.

"Pink tooth brush" is no respecter of persons—at any age. Because our modern, soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the hard, vigorous exercise they *need* to keep them healthy. That is why your family—all of them—should begin today to follow modern dental teachings. Change to "massage with Ipana"—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums.

Rub a little Ipana directly, and thoroughly, into the gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Gums feel livelier, healthier. And within 30 days you can actually see that this modern method is bringing you closer to complete oral health.

Use Ipana and massage—and you take an important step toward the prevention of the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. Of course, see your dentist twice a year, at least. But try and show him white, sound teeth—firm, healthy gums—with the help of Ipana and massage.

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● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a life-time of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

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Associate Editors

Next Week

IF IT hadn't been for the Cornelius Crocker Hair Splitting and Chowder Club the Bender might never have met Ginny Dusquene. The Bender came from Back Bay Boston, and Ginny came from a two-horse rodeo: they didn't have much in common. Ginny was a small girl, very crisp, very dainty, with spun-gold hair and clear blue eyes. About everything you could ask in a girl, except one thing. Except that she was crippled.

By the time the Bender found that out, it was too late—he was already in love. To be sure, he was engaged to someone else; admittedly he was broke. To some, it might all have seemed pretty hopeless. Not to the Bender. His story is told in "Side Show," by Newlin B. Wildes.

ONE evening William Aberhart, head of the Prophetic Bible Institute of Calgary, Alberta, had a beautiful vision, a vision of leisure and abundance for everyone in Alberta, a vision of milk and honey; in brief, Social Credit in command of the Province. Almost immediately he got himself elected premier on a platform that consisted, so far as the voters were concerned, of a promise of monthly dividends for all. Collier's sent Walter Davenport to Canada to watch "Milk and Honey, Ltd." in action.

CHARLEY DUNCAN'S job was to run the railroad yard at Mackiport on the Western Lakes Short Line, to slam the cars through, to put 'em down the line so New York could have butter and eggs for breakfast. A hard job, a job for a driver. Karl Detzer tells you what happened the night Charley dug a girl out of the snowdrifts and had a fight with his old man, Red Ball Duncan.

ABOUT the most fashionable ailment you can have just now is allergy (choose your own symptoms). It's not all fun, but it's distinctly interesting. The newest developments in this new field of medicine are divulged by Hannah Lees in "Sensitive Souls."

FROM a very early age Freddie, the hell-child, son of Captain Bottom, had practiced kicking, especially kicking shins. Practice, it was Freddie's belief, makes perfect. His confidence was brilliantly vindicated in his encounter with the felon at "Gobble-Rogue Run."

THE added attractions include Sidney Herschel Small, King Clancy and Dink Carroll, Ernest Haycox, Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche, Ruth Moore Morriss, George Creel, the Short Short Story and a fine gust of high spirits.

This Week

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January 18, 1936

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

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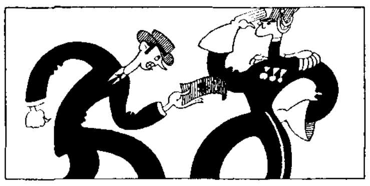
●

Any Week

NATURALLY we're virtually flattened with gladness to know that ordinary people like ourselves are looking into serious matters. It made the day for us not long ago when, as we entered the Treasury Department in Washington, we saw a gentleman walk up to a very noble-looking guard with a dollar bill in his hand. The guard was so impressive that anybody might have taken him for a very exalted official. "Mister," said the man with the dollar, "I'm asking you to look at this." The guard looked and nodded approvingly. "Is that a dollar or ain't that a dollar?" the visitor demanded. "Yes, sir," said the guard, "that certainly is a dollar." "That's all I want to know," said the stranger. "I just dropped in to ask. Out where I come from the lying newspapers tell me that's fifty-nine cents."



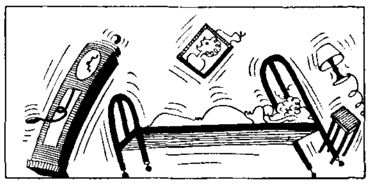
AND we wish we had comfort for Mr. George Linning of Mobile, Alabama. But Mr. Linning will have to suffer with the rest of us. "Like everybody else," says he, "I have to read the newspapers. But can't something be done to silence that cheap little Austrian corporal who is ruining Germany and that side-show barker who doesn't care what happens to Italy as long as his political position is intact? And why isn't the truth told about imperialist England's League of Nations ballyhoo?"

EVERYBODY'S thinking hard these days. For example, Mr. Dale A. Dalton of Marysville, California. Mr. Dalton is, he says, a cook. He and his kitchen associates were eating their dinner in the hotel that employs them and the statement was made that even a cook must have something to be thankful for. "And we found we had," says Mr. Dalton. "After an hour of serious discussion we decided that we were the most thankful for the Supreme Court of the United States. Do you think this decision indicates a gleam of intelligence?"

AND Mr. Jim Turbin of New Smyrna, Florida, comes forward in a patriotic frenzy and offers himself and his fine intelligence to the government, free. "I see," says he, "where the government is advertising for an economist at $4,200 per year. I believe I can tell them what they need to know in a few words and at no expense."

IT CERTAINLY seems that there are lots of important things to think about here in America. For example, Mr. Alfred H. Knowle of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, would like a general concentration on the problem of the Philadelphia Athletics. "We hear," says Mr. Knowle, "that Mr. Connie Mack is now dickering with a fuel company which, he hopes, will buy the fences of his ball park for kindling and has already sold the cracked phonograph record that plays The Star-Spangled Banner on opening day. We hope it isn't true that Mr. Mack is going to abolish third base in the interests of economy but wouldn't be surprised if he started painting used baseballs white and compelled his players to buy bicycles to ride around the circuit."

ALSO, Mrs. Theo. J. Mention of Austin, Texas, does wish that the government would hire fewer "melters." We're glad Mrs. Mention goes on to tell us what melters are. "Every social agency I have ever seen is crowded with them. They're the men and women who gaze into your eyes and, with breaking voices and brimming tears, ask you whether you use metal caps or paraffin to seal your preserves and how little Willie's teeth are. We have a Master Melter down this way who sobs uncontrollably every time she hears that a baby has been born."



IT CERTAINLY is a comfort to be observant and alert. You see so much and hear so many interesting things. And Miss Lauretta Buehner of Cleveland, Ohio, knows it. But Miss Buehner went to sleep at the wrong time and is pretty indignant. To make it worse, she's been troubled with insomnia, too. "But this morning," writes she, "I was congratulating myself. Oh, what a grand and rested feeling. Later, joy in my heart, I went down to the store. All the women in the place were huddled, excited, scared and all telling of their personal experiences. One's lamp fell off the table. Another's pictures fell off the wall. A third said her house swayed and that she was almost driven into the street. Yes, there had been an earthquake. And that was the night I'd have to sleep. And all my life I've wanted to know what an earthquake felt like."

MAYBE it was just Mussolini.

Vol. 97, No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Expense Account

ONE MAN, ONE TELEPHONE, ONE MORNING

TUESDAY, 14th

TONAWANDA, N. Y. $1.35* Called Cummings of Consolidated. He was a little sore about slow delivery on last order. Smoothed that out; sold him a car-load of southern pine.

LOUISVILLE, KY. $2.35* Missed Jim Thompson down there last week. Figured his outfit must be running low on special trim and moldings. Gave him a call and got a nice order that might have gone to the next salesman who walked into his office.

SCRANTON, PA. $ .65* Had a hunch and called McKay Company. They were hunting a special wallboard for hurry-up concrete construction. Arranged to rush 7000 square feet of our No. 835FC direct from mill. Makes me solid with old man McKay—and a neat commission besides.

HARTFORD, CONN. $ .95* Planned a quick trip to see Sullivan about our hand-split cedar shingles. Telephoned first and found him out of town. Saved myself a useless visit and made a definite appointment for next week.

BALTIMORE, MD. $ .60* Post-card query came this morning. Didn't sound so hot, but I followed up by telephone. New customer and $3400 order fell into my lap. I got there first!

* *The three-minute daytime rate for station-to-station calls from Philadelphia.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
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No Bite!

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HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

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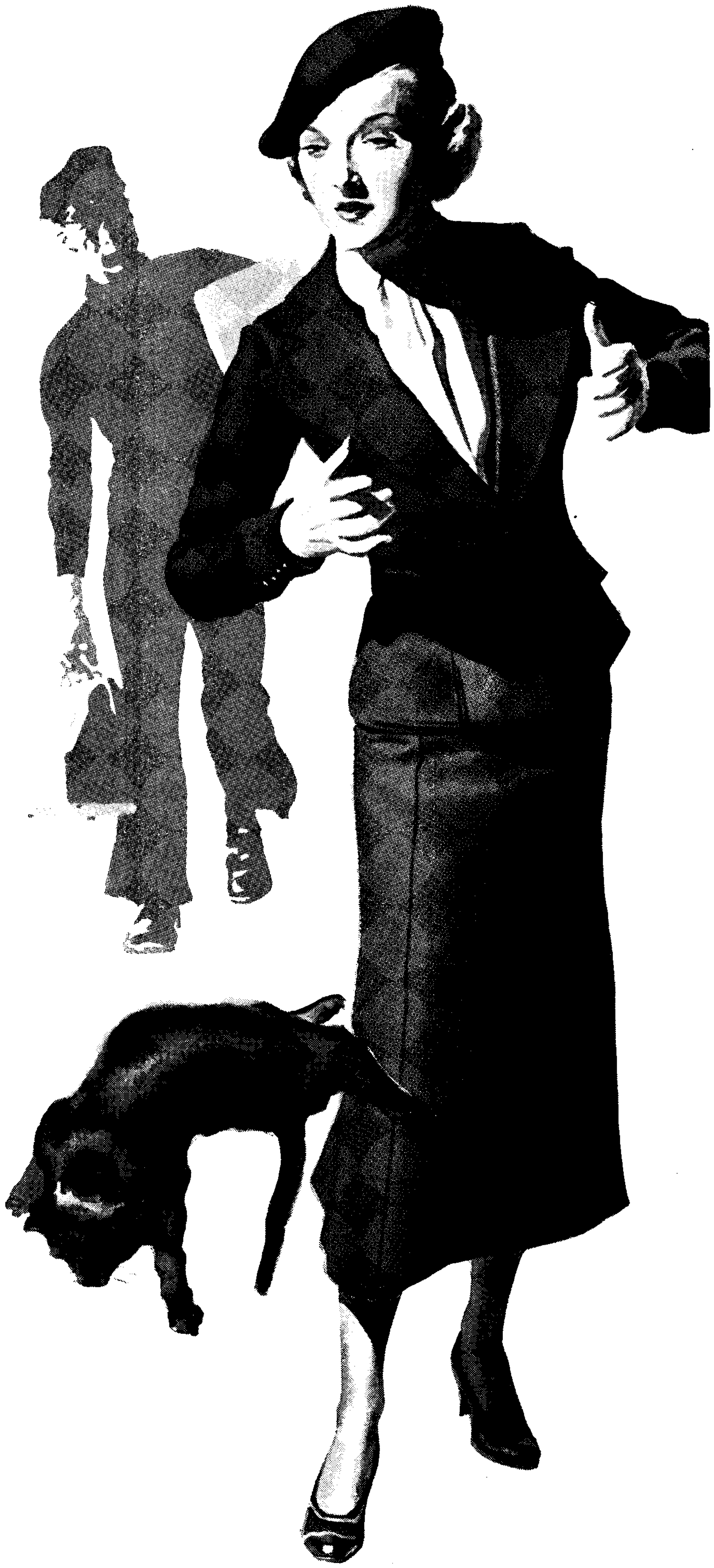
A Black Cat and a Girl

By Jacland Marmur

Do women and black cats bring bad luck at sea? We submit this adventure of a captain who thought he knew the answer



Startled at his roar, she let it go, whatever it was

THE tramp ship Makena, singling up her lines at her Embarcadero berth of a Friday afternoon, was preparing for sea. In the eyes of her commander, Captain Thomas Fulger, a Friday sailing was bad enough. But this Friday happened on the thirteenth day of the month; and that, beyond any doubt, was the certain omen of an evil and disastrous voyage. Tom Fulger was a very superstitious man.

If you did not know the ship and the master, and heard only, from the inner gloom of the dock shed, the roar of his voice bellowing something down to the foredeck, you might have thought Homer's Stentor had got loose on the foreshore of San Francisco. Because he had a voice of a veritable giant. But he wasn't a giant. The fact of the matter is, he was a very small man.

The shortness of his stature may have had much to do with his extremely superstitious nature—and the thoroughness of his seamanship. He had had to fight tooth and nail, very often literally, for everything he ever won; and he never forgot those early days of his boyhood when he served his time in the last of the square-rigged Australian grain packets. They were not pleasant ships for a boy so small he had to stand on an empty crate to learn the art of steering. But because of his handicap—not in spite of it!—he was a master of sail and steam and, still well under thirty, in command of the tramp Makena. . . . She was sailing on Friday, and that was bad. This Friday was the thirteenth, and that was worse. Captain Fulger expected trouble. But not quite as soon as he got it.

It came in the form of a letter his chief officer handed him in his room.

"Port superintendent's office sent this, sir," Mr. Bailey said. "From the old man with the whiskers himself."

The commander looked up at his mate. He had to look up because Mr. Bailey was a full-built, robust sea officer. There was an anxious gleam in Fulger's eye. Then he read the letter, and swore.

"Knew it!" he boomed. "I knew it! Something was bound to happen, and here it is."

"What, sir?"

"A damned passenger!"

The chief mate shrugged. "Well, we've had 'em before, sir. You know how it is. Some sixteenth cousin of an important shipper's got a college kid he wants taken off his hands for six months, and the office can't refuse. So they roll him aboard here and we sign him on as cadet at two-bits the month. Ain't right, I know, sir. But we got to put up with it, I guess. I'll see he keeps out of your hair."

"He?" Captain Fulger fairly roared. "This one, Mister, happens to be a *she!* The port superintendent's niece. Now won't that be nice!"

The chief mate whistled softly under his breath. "A woman?"

"Yes; a woman! There you are. Sailing on Friday the thirteenth ain't bad enough. Now it's a woman aboard. You know what that means, don't you? Hard luck all the way. If the ship drops the bottom out of her it won't be my fault, that's all I've got to say."

"Surely, sir, you don't take any stock in those old women's superstitions?"

"Superstition, you call it? That's all you know. It's the truth!" The master spun away, angry, and stared out of the forward port. "Some broken-down school ma'am it'll be, I expect, pestering all hands and myself all the way to Formosa and back again. Sweet prospect. Sweet, I say!" The captain's voice was full of ragged bitterness. He flung the crumpled letter from him. "Let me know when she gets aboard, Mister. She'll—"

"I am aboard."

Tom Fulger turned quickly. She stood in the open door of the room under the bridge, very pert, very smart-looking in blue, with straw-colored hair tight beneath one of those rakish little hats and a twinkle in her eyes the gods do not often bestow. Mr. Bailey fidgeted. Captain Fulger could think of nothing sensible to say. So he glowered. There was a rattling of blocks from the foredeck, the noise of wire rope running through sheaves, and the hoarse shouts of the bosun nesting the cargo booms for sea. Helen Madison stepped daintily over the weatherboard.

"I WANTED so much, Captain, not to be disappointing." Tom Fulger couldn't help noticing that when she spoke her lips seemed in some sly accord with the twinkling eyes, and that her small nose wrinkled provocatively. It gave the impression that at any moment and without warning she might smile, happily and joyously, and you kept waiting expectantly for it, certain it would be good. "And now, you see," she went on gravely, "I'm not at all what you thought. I'm not a school ma'am, and"—she did smile! "—and not at all broken-down!"

"We aren't used to passengers on board the Makena, Miss Madison," the master growled sourly. "Especially lady passengers."

"So I gathered. I could hear you halfway up Folsom Street in my cab." She turned her charmingly saucy head to Mr. Bailey. "Don't you pay too much attention to his growling and his roaring, Mr. Mate. I understand small men. Like porcupines and armadillos, they've got to have some sort of natural, protective armor. I know," she added in a rueful murmur. "I'm small myself."

The chief officer's eyes went wide. Then he coughed hastily in his red hand. She was treading on pretty tender ice. Men who knew Tom Fulger and knew what he could do when angry took good care to say nothing about his stature. Those who did not know very soon learned. Mr. Bailey coughed again and turned.

"All ready, sir," he said quickly. "Pilot's aboard. I'll stand by on the fo'c'sle head."

He went out, glad enough to be clear of it. Captain Fulger stared hard at the girl, jaws tight, blue eyes cold and stern with undisguised animosity. But he couldn't help acknowledging mentally that she was right. She was a small thing. Facing the master alone in the cabin, it was plain she was smaller by a little than he. But perfectly proportioned. She must have known it, too, or she'd not have worn that sort of figure-revealing dress. Yet there was nothing fragile about her, rather a poised and delicate grace. Even to the insignificant little ear peeping free of that coil of pale gold hair. It wasn't right to come aboard a ship, troubling men that way. Her eyes softened abruptly.

"I didn't mean to be rude, or to hurt," she murmured. "Honestly, I didn't. Does it bother you so very much, being little?"

"Not at all," Captain Fulger bit off with a sharp and acid dignity.

"ME NEITHER." She wrinkled her nose and her eyes at him, instantly gay and bright again. "You don't like women aboard your ship?"

"I do not. It's bad luck."

"Rough, hearty, and honest! That's what I love about sailor men."

"And I'm sorry to say, Miss Madison, you can't sail with us. We go foreign this voyage."

"Oh, I know. That's just why I want to go." Eagerness bubbled suddenly to her eyes. "Places you can't ever see otherwise but in a ship like this. Places you think someone must have made up in a good dream some time when he was very young or very wise. Ampin Hakuchi, Sarawak, Macassar, and Balikpapan. It was Balikpapan really decided me. A name like—"

"Well, that's just why you can't go. We aren't licensed for passengers. You're supposed to sign on as stewardess at twenty-five cents a month. The law won't allow a master to alter foreign articles except in the presence of a shipping commissioner. I'm sorry, but—"

"Oh, don't let that bother you. I knew all that. The shipping commissioner is waiting in the dining cabin below."

She smiled again, brightly. Captain Fulger groaned. "You think of everything, don't you?"

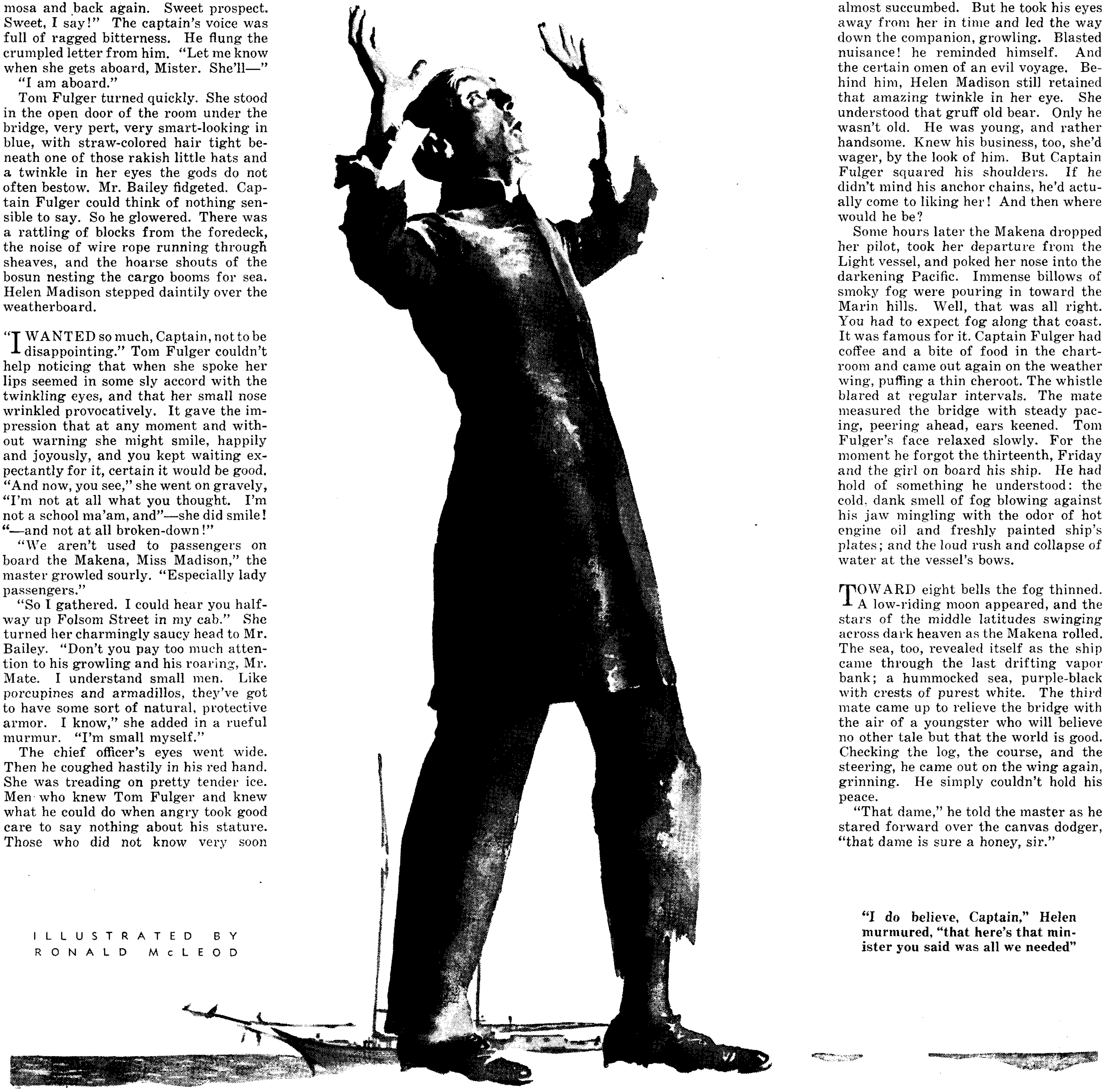
"Everything I can." She touched his arm lightly. "Let's be friends. Shall we?"

For a bare moment, Captain Fulger almost succumbed. But he took his eyes away from her in time and led the way down the companion, growling. Blasted nuisance! he reminded himself. And the certain omen of an evil voyage. Behind him, Helen Madison still retained that amazing twinkle in her eye. She understood that gruff old bear. Only he wasn't old. He was young, and rather handsome. Knew his business, too, she'd wager, by the look of him. But Captain Fulger squared his shoulders. If he didn't mind his anchor chains, he'd actually come to liking her! And then where would he be?

Some hours later the Makena dropped her pilot, took her departure from the Light vessel, and poked her nose into the darkening Pacific. Immense billows of smoky fog were pouring in toward the Marin hills. Well, that was all right. You had to expect fog along that coast. It was famous for it. Captain Fulger had coffee and a bite of food in the chart-room and came out again on the weather wing, puffing a thin cheroot. The whistle blared at regular intervals. The mate measured the bridge with steady pacing, peering ahead, ears keened. Tom Fulger's face relaxed slowly. For the moment he forgot the thirteenth, Friday and the girl on board his ship. He had hold of something he understood: the cold, dank smell of fog blowing against his jaw mingling with the odor of hot engine oil and freshly painted ship's plates; and the loud rush and collapse of water at the vessel's bows.

TOWARD eight bells the fog thinned. A low-riding moon appeared, and the stars of the middle latitudes swinging across dark heaven as the Makena rolled. The sea, too, revealed itself as the ship came through the last drifting vapor bank; a hummocked sea, purple-black with crests of purest white. The third mate came up to relieve the bridge with the air of a youngster who will believe no other tale but that the world is good. Checking the log, the course, and the steering, he came out on the wing again, grinning. He simply couldn't hold his peace.

"That dame," he told the master as he stared forward over the canvas dodger, "that dame is sure a honey, sir."



"I do believe, Captain," Helen murmured, "that here's that minister you said was all we needed"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

"Eh, what?" Tom Fulger bounced back hard to reality.

"The second assistant went an' combed his hair before supper," the third confided merrily. "An' when you get an engineer to clean up before he scoffs his chow . . . well, sir, you know as well as I it means somethin' powerful's happened." He laughed heartily at the westering breeze and the swinging moon. "She's huntin' up buttons an' shirts to sew already, sir. She's a little peach. An' what's more, she's regular."

Captain Fulger suddenly lost his relish of the night. He scowled, and tossed his cheroot overside. "No doubt!" he said dryly, watching it arc faint fire through the air and go out without a sound as it touched the water. "No doubt!"

Yet he couldn't help smiling to himself as he went down the ladder. It is difficult for a man to remain angry on a fine sea night when he is as young as Tom Fulger was, and as certain of his strength and his skill. He reached the boat deck. The ship was rolling a little with her arcing trucks slashing the constellations, rolling just enough to make a man feel at home. Then he stopped short. Someone was whistling, sharp, clear, musical; a gayly lilting air. The skipper winced.

"STOP that confounded whistling!" he roared. "You want to pipe up a hurricane?" The girl stepped from out the ranging shadow of the funnel stays and into the moon's light. "Oh, you, is it?"

He strode forward. Something squirmed in the girl's arms. Startled at his roar, she let it go, whatever it was. A black shape, frightened half out of its wits, went flying across the deck directly before Tom Fulger's feet, eyes glowing green, bushy tail rigidly upright. Captain Fulger started backward, groaning. The girl came up to him, mournfully apologetic.

"That doesn't happen to be a cat?" he demanded of her harshly.

"Why, yes."

"A black cat?"

"Why, yes, Captain; it's a black cat. I found it wandering on the wharf before I came aboard, homeless and starved. I always heard sailors liked mascots, so I brought it. I didn't know you—"

"Didn't know! Didn't you?" Captain Fulger's voice was little short of a snarl. Yet, somehow, he did not look fully at her, sensing how delicious and cameo-like she looked in the moonlight with the wind flattening her dress and tossing her straw-colored hair against flushed cheeks. "Good Lord!" he groaned. "Friday the thirteenth; a woman aboard whistling up the dead; and now a black cat! What next? What next, I'd like to know! You haven't a minister tucked away between decks somewhere to make a thorough job of it? Have you? That's about all we need now!"

"Are preachers hard luck to ships, too?" she murmured sweetly. "I certainly have a lot to learn."

"You . . ." But he was looking directly into the wide eyes now. And he found he couldn't stand it. So he turned and tore open the alleyway door.

She watched him go. She was honestly sorry. She didn't mean to offend. She'd gladly have tossed the cat overboard if it didn't mean the poor thing would certainly drown. But the strangest part of it was she wasn't in the least bit angry at his surliness and his savagery, although she wasn't used to it a bit. She was small herself. She understood small men.

"He's a dear," she whispered to herself as the door slammed in her face. She didn't know why she said that. She just did. And her little nose wrinkled all up to her shining eyes, almost as though she were hugging herself, she felt that fine. "He's a dear."

But Captain Fulger kept waiting for the great catastrophe he felt certain would happen. The signs were plain, and he was a man who believed implicitly in them. Nightly he listened for the scuttling noise of a rat. Just one! It would be comforting to know that they, at least, had not deserted the old Makena as a mark of her inevitable end. All he heard or saw in the starry middle watch was the prowling cat. And black cats, as every sailor knows, carry tremendous gales of wind tucked away in their tails.

BUT the ship kept droning steadily westward, with her bottom still in its proper place. She was a slow, seven-knot ship, and the peace of deep water settled on her as days succeeded each other in endless monotony through the flying-fish latitudes. Even Tom Fulger got so he waited for a sight of Helen on deck with the morning sun, she seemed so much a rightful part of the new day's early freshness. And the watch officer was certain, at times, he saw them at the boat-deck rail at night, two shadows in starlit darkness with the skipper's cheroot-end glowing close to the girl's cigarette.

At last the Makena let go her anchors in a crazy little open roadstead called Ampin Hakuchi on the island of Formosa. Here she discharged lumber and corrugated tin roofing sheet, and took on turmeric, jute, and camphor. Tom Fulger realized he had never seen that place before at all. Through the girl's eager eyes things that had been for him sordid commonplaces of a wandering life became suddenly cloaked with splendor. Sunlight at evening on a row of dilapidated huts perched on bamboo stockades above shoal water; sweating Japanese and Korean coolies hymning ancient melodies at their labor in shallow lighters took on a new meaning. And the gleaming peaks of the hills cloaked in mystery where the head hunters roamed; he had never before noticed how the fishing sampans sailed in their shadow on the sea. He had never been sorry to leave Ampin before; he was sorry now.

(Continued on page 53)

The House Dreadful

A realty romance which moves by leaps and bounds when a young grass widow steps on the gas

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

THE world, Miss Mabel Hodge reflected, is just simply against a woman in business. You take a woman in business—why, if she is at all inclined to be intellectual and has refined instincts she is just simply handicapped. Especially in the real estate business.

"Hey, M'Shodge?"

"Yes, Mr. Funsten?"

"Where'n thunder is that earnest-money contract on Number 7, Lane O' Dreams?"

Miss Hodge arose languidly from her desk outside the glass-enclosed private office of Z. B. Funsten, president of Funsten Realtors. Her pretty face became masklike and serene, an expression Miss Hodge used to conceal pity. Poor Z. B. was just simply not a gentleman. A fella like he, why you felt awful sorry for them; poor Z. B. had a face like an overgrown baby and he appealed to your sympathy even if the lavender shirts he wore and the patches of red beard stubble on his neck where he hadn't half shaved simply betrayed his lack of refinement.

"Does it seem to be missing, Mr. Funsten?"

"*Seem* to be? It *is* missing. Where'd you put it?" Mr. Funsten's fat, hairy hands were pawing futilely in a drawer of his desk.

"I believe," said Miss Hodge calmly, "that Miss Gendbeck filed it yesterday under 'L' or 'Contracts'. Though it would not be very surprising if we found it under 'Old Business,' on account of—"

"Where's Miss Gendbeck?"

"I presume she is out to lunch."

Mr. Funsten snorted. His bulbous and bald forehead popped above the partition wall.

"Gone," he announced. "*You* find me 'at contract."

Miss Hodge could not resist a motherly smile.

"It wouldn't be possible that a buyer has eventuated for Number 7, Mr. Funsten?"

"Buyer eventuated . . . oh . . . uh . . . yeah, we got a prospect. Hurley dug her up. He'll be in here any minute and I gotta have the papers ready."

"A woman prospect interested in Number 7?"

"Yeah. Why not?" Then, chuckling, "I bet Art that Hurley could sell it. That boy could sell the Arena to a troupe of midgets. *Some* salesman!" And then, "You better warm up to Hurley, gal. He's going places in this business."

This remark caused Miss Hodge to blush and stiffen. Mr. Funsten tried to tease her almost daily about that terrible Hurley Stupp. Of course, it was all due to Mr. Funsten's liking to joke so much, but just the same a sensitive girl, why she just feels like speaking her mind right out and saying, "I consider such remarks in extremely poor taste, Mr. Funsten, and I wish you would desist." Miss Hodge would do it, too, only she hated to hurt poor Z. B.'s feelings. After all, it was not his fault he had not been raised careful.

"I BELIEVE I can locate the missing contract," Miss Hodge said, with some severity.

"Huh? Aw, now, don't let me get your goat, kid. I just want to give Hurley a break. He's a mighty fine boy—"

"Here it is, Mr. Funsten! It *would* be filed under 'Accounts Uncollectable.' If Miss Gendbeck or Miss Rawkit possessed a soopkin of humor I'd suspect them of making a bone mott."

"A what?"

"A bone mott is a witty saying or joke."

"Oh . . . like fox pass, hey? Well, they better not go joking about Number 7. We been holding that house since October, '33, and it ain't any joke!"

Miss Hodge laughed gayly.

"It's an awful house, you will have to admit. I can't imagine the person—why, if they bought it they must be touched in the head or blind or somepin!"

Z. B. Funsten blinked. This was lese majesty.

"Hey now," he said, "you keep that wisecrack stuff about Number 7 under your hat. It ain't the best building job in town, but it's a darn' sight better at eleven-five than those messes Herne & Goodby are peddling for fourteen-fifty."

Miss Hodge shook her permanent wave pityingly.

"I'd just simply like to meet her—the prospect that's going to buy Number 7."

"You'd better answer that phone."

"Consider it answered, Mr. Funsten."

Z. B. stared after Miss Hodge, wondering why he put up with her sassy, flighty ways. But even as he began to bridle at memories of Miss Hodge's superiority complex, he reminded himself that she was a good office worker. He had found her chirpy and willing long after the others were sullen about overtime. A good-hearted kid, too, who tipped messenger boys out of her own purse with a grand gesture and pleaded for every veteran panhandler who walked Real Estate Row. Still . . . those two-bit words . . . but still and all, she *was* a nifty looker and impressed men callers, even while high-hatting them. And besides, Hurley Stupp was in love with her. If Z. B. didn't get along with Miss Hodge, Hurley might fly off the handle and jump to Herne & Goodby.

MISS HODGE expertly baffled a phone-conversationalist who wanted to pick up, gratis, some information about a warehouse deal on the river front. Then, sniffing, she returned to her desk. Z. B. had just simply better stop passing remarks about Hurley Stupp. Just as if a girl like she would have no higher ideals in men than to look twice at Hurley Stupp. Let Hurley Stupp sell Number 7, Lane O' Dreams. It was what he was made for. . . .

"Hi-yah, Z. B.!"

"Hi, kid. Where's your buyer for Number 7?"

"It's still hot. She *loves* it! Oh . . . uh . . . good morning, Miss Hodge."

"Good morning."

"I . . . uh . . . I've almost sold Number 7."

"That's fine."

She looked up into Hurley Stupp's boyish and enthusiastic face. She watched from her citadel of blond, impervious beauty the enthusiasm leave Mr. Stupp's eyes. With a tiny thrill of power, she noted the effort he made to keep smiling. His athletic bulk and his handsomeness caused her to recall the supposedly clever remark of a woman prospect who had said, "And do you go with the apartment, Big Boy?" H'mph. And that man-crazy Alice Gendbeck thought Hurley Stupp looked like Gary Cooper. H'mph.

"Yessir," said Hurley Stupp, as painfully as a high school sophomore in the toils, "I'm gonna prove you're all wrong on Number 7. That's a sweetheart of a house. You take that bathroom between the master's bedroom and the kiddos' room. Where'd you find black onyx and chromium and hand-painted flowers and solid brass fixtures in any house at eleven-five on today's market?"

Miss Hodge heard him through, appraising with a cool, insolent, sleepy-lidded regard the awe in his eyes and the quaver in his voice and the fumbling movements of his big hands on a disreputably battered felt hat.

"Who is your prospect?" she inquired.

Hurley Stupp brightened.

"THAT'S the funny thing about it, Miss Hodge," he said, "Mrs. Somervelt is a high class, educated person. And *she* likes Number 7, especially the bathrooms."

"Indeed?"

"She's just your sort, too. I mean . . . uh . . . she goes in for highbrow books and music and things. I'd like for her to meet you. I've told her about you. And say—she's got the cutest kids. A little boy and a little girl—"

"Is Mrs. Somervelt a widow?"

Mr. Stupp's honest face became sad.

"No. Divorced. The guy treated her terribly. Just a bum, that guy. But she's a good sport about it."

Miss Hodge's expression remained haughty and impersonal. But for the first time a vague uneasiness stirred her.

"How old a woman is Mrs. Somervelt?"

"That's another funny thing—she's awful young. Just a school kid, she looks like. The kiddos are four and six—the girl is the oldest. That's Jane and the boy's name is Rufus, only he calls it Woofus. He says 'No, I'm *Woofus*.' Gee, I get a kick out of him—"

"Where is this woman's husband?"

"Oh, he's around town. Drinking himself to death. The big bum. A guy who couldn't appreciate a little honey like Mrs. Somervelt—I'd like to bust him one just for the satisfaction!"

Outwardly calm, Miss Hodge fought for the correct attitude. Hurley Stupp, she knew, was a simple-hearted young man. He believed that every right-thinking American should own his own home, preferably a house on the list of Z. B. Funsten Realtors. Anyone looking for a house to buy was greeted by Hurley Stupp like a brother or a sister.

"*I* believe, theoretically," said Miss Hodge, "that it's usually more the fault of the wife than the husband. Comme çe, comme ça!"

HURLEY STUPP edged closer to Miss Hodge's desk to allow Miss Rawkit, back from lunch, to pass.

"You wouldn't think that in this case, Miss Hodge, if you could hear Mrs. Somervelt tell it. What that poor little girl has gone through—gee golly, it's simply awful."

"I daresay—to hear her tell it."

Mr. Stupp leaned forward, eagerly.

"That's because you haven't met her. You'd be very congenial, you two. Honest. Say-y, how would you like to meet her this afternoon?"

Miss Hodge froze.

"I'm not at all sure that I'd care to, Mr. Stupp."

"She's crazy to meet you—"

"Hey, Hurley! C'mere—"

"Hunh? Okay, Z. B." Then, over his shoulder, "I'll fix it up some time later."

Miss Hodge departed for lunch. She went hastily, not pausing to freshen her make-up. She left without mentioning telephone memoranda to Miss Rawkit.

Every day at 1:25 P. M., Miss Hodge met Miss Ruby Prior at the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria on Locust Street. They had been roommates at the Y. W. for nearly three years. It was Ruby who had advised Miss Hodge to study at night while she was clerking at the Dime Store and really go into business. It was Ruby who had turned Miss Hodge's thoughts to the higher things of life. They had read "Anthony Adverse" together; and were both enrolled in the Y. W.'s Current Events and Creative Writing classes. Miss Hodge wrote short stories about a sophisticated and soignee heroine who broke the hearts of men and left them always with a bitter laugh when she said goodby.

This luncheon hour, Ruby wanted to tell about her troubles at the oil company office, where, according to Ruby, she was being persecuted for proletarian opinions. But Miss Hodge had a tale of her own:

"My dear, I simply can't *stand* it much longer. I guess, why I'll just simply hafta resign."

Ruby had a muddy complexion, bold, hungry eyes and was vicious about men.

"What'd Z. B. do this time?"

"Oh, it ain't—isn't Z. B. It's that Hurley Stupp. It's simply sickening."

"What'd he do this time?"

"To me? Why, my dear, you don't mean to imply that I'd look twice—it's just simply the stupidity of the fella. You remember I told you how they've been trying to sell that awful-looking house, Number 7—"

"Yeah. Lane O' Dreams. Whatta dumb name that is! Dreams. Ha. Bad dreams, if you was to ask me—"

"Well, this Hurley Stupp goes and finds a divorcay that's prob'lly about forty years old, with two children, mind you; and he tries to sell *her* that just simply hideous house!"

RUBY munched on a salmon salad sandwich.

"Yeah? What's that got to do—"

"*Listen*—he wants *me* to meet her!"

"What for?"

Miss Hodge tapped an ash from her cigarette so inexpertly that the cigarette fell out of her long holder and burned a hole in a paper napkin.

"He's tryin' to pull a coop dee etatt in his usual stupid way, my dear—"

"Coo day taw—"

"Well, anyway, he just simply imagines in his usual brainy manner that I'm going to be nice to this Mrs. Somervelt and help he and Z. B. to stick her with that goshawful Number 7!"

This statement had the desired effect. Ruby's lips twisted in a scornful grin which she had learned from speakers at the Public Library Communist rallies.

"They *would* do a gyp like that."

Miss Hodge waxed more indignant.

"Imagine his nerve, asking *me*—as if they can force a woman holding the position of private secretary to associate with all classes of persons—when I suppose she's a common, cheap thing of that type—and there he stood, big as life, grinning like as if I would fall for his line!"

Ruby nodded, vigorously.

"It's a dirty gyp. They're trying to exploit you, Mabel. Don't *I* know? Mahoney comes to me and—"

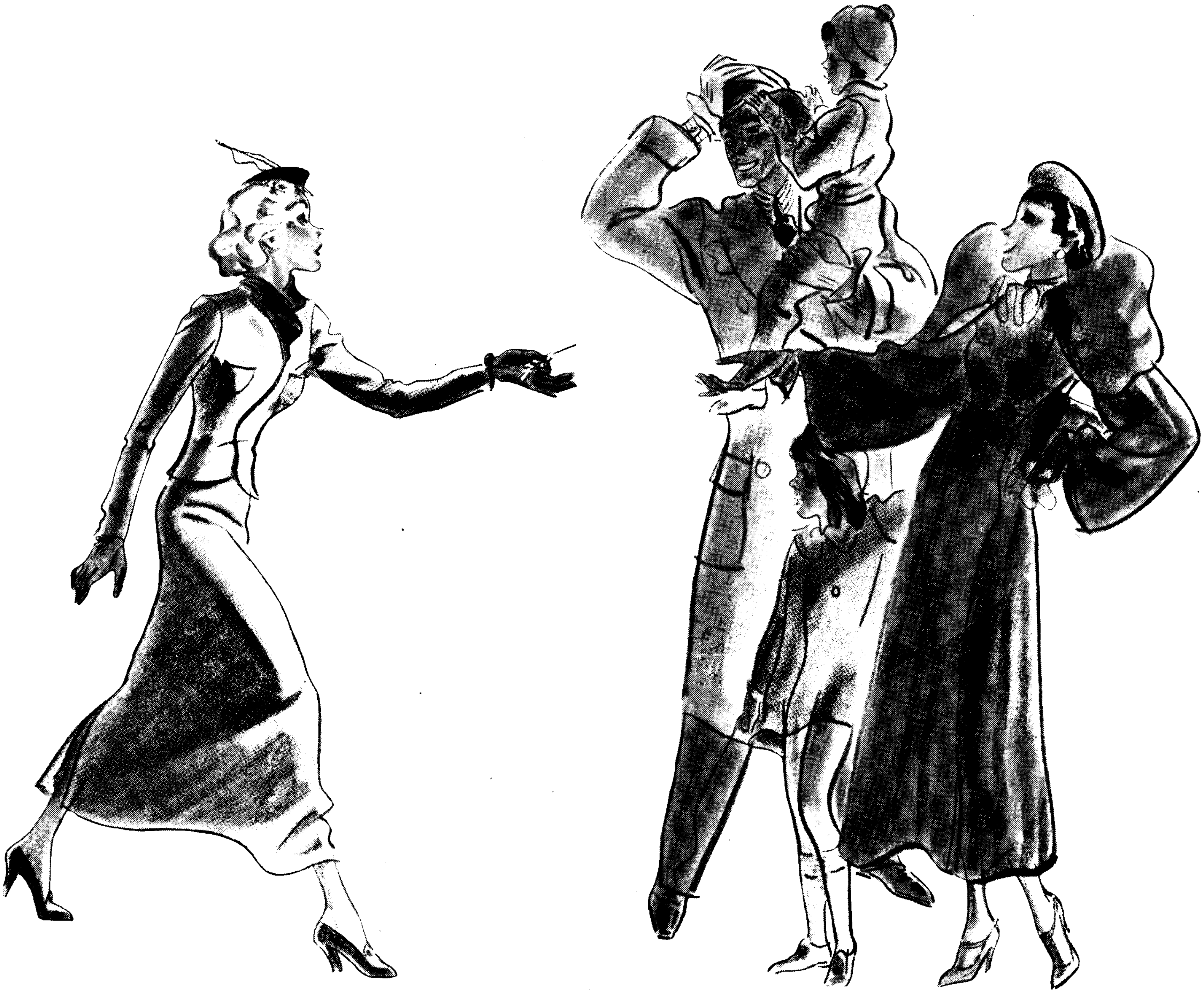
"So I said, 'I got my good taste and my ideals, Mr. Stupp, and you don't get me to praise that so-called House Beautiful at Number 7. It's the House Dreadful if you ask me!' And he says—"

"The house dreadful. That's a good line, Mabel! That's very clever."

"You hafta get me mad and I say things on the spur of the moment, why they just simply seem to fit the situation, and what I mean is, do you see any earthly reason why I should hafta take any part of a dirty gyp like selling Number 7?"

"I certainly do not!" Ruby declared.

(Continued on page 57)



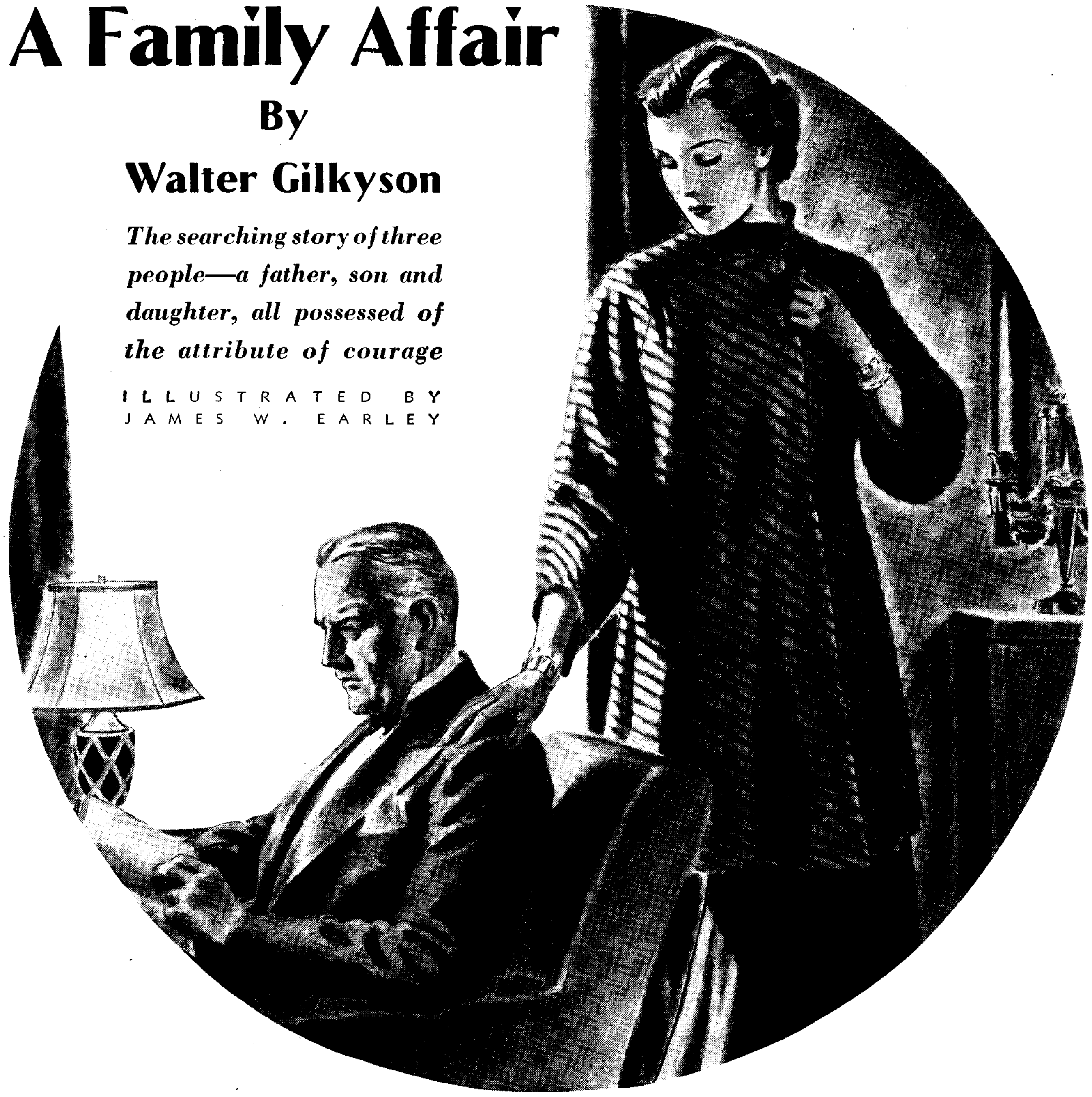
"So stupid for us to forget the keys," she said, smiling. "I bet Hurley the drinks that we'd have to wait an hour"

A Family Affair

By Walter Gilkyson

The searching story of three people—a father, son and daughter, all possessed of the attribute of courage

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY



"I hurt you terribly, didn't I?" she said. "It isn't as bad as it sounds, Father"

MISS BOYLAN covered the typewriter with a black rubber hood, then snapped the elastic around her notebook and put it into the drawer. "Good night, Mr. Embrie," she said. He watched her go out of the office and join the girls who were waiting around the elevator shaft. The Embrie Nail Company employed fifty girls in the executive department, and he was the president. He ought to be able to bring up his own daughter.

"I wouldn't let Philip Klemm come into my house," Markham had said.

If Kate were alive she would know what to do. Young Gale was like her mother; the photograph on his desk might be one of Gale. She had, if he knew her at all, her mother's reckless devotion to what she loved, and the same self-obliterating spirit which had turned all Kate's talent and imagination to the illusory magnification of her family and friends. No doubt Gale magnified Philip Klemm. It was the only explanation of her interest in this young man from Cardiff County. Big, blond and slyly insulting, with a cleft chin and combmarks in his yellow hair, he suggested a Teutonic knight turned thug. His friends in Waterford, the Clarkson Drakes, completed the picture.

It was time to play golf if he were going to play at all this afternoon. There was no rain yet, although the sky was gray and the hills were deep blue. The hills came down to the river, and along the bank green willows hung over water that looked muddy and cold. Across the railroad tracks, at the foot of the hill that led up to his house, stood a row of white plum trees.

His son Joel wanted to buy the land beyond those trees. Joel was like his grandfather, who had taken the mills from his father and made them famous. The depression meant nothing to Joel; he followed change with the pleasure of one born to instability, accepting the new economic order as something already old, and finding opportunity where his father saw nothing but disappointment. There wasn't a boy in Waterford, or in Devon County, or indeed in the whole state of Pennsylvania, who was up to his son. Slowly, with hesitation, William Embrie rose, then crossed the room. Joel might have some building figures ready on that land. Also, it wouldn't hurt to ask him what he knew about Gale and Philip Klemm.

WHEN he opened the door between the two rooms, Joel looked up. "Can you come in a minute?" William Embrie said. "We might talk over the question of that lot." Then he went back to his desk.

Joel came in and sat down at his father's right. He spread a blueprint out on the desk and then put a paperweight at each end to hold it down. "This is the plan," he said.

While he explained William Embrie listened.

"I'll think it over," said William Embrie, when Joel had finished. He was really thinking about how to open the subject of Philip Klemm.

It was hard to begin. He cleared his throat and looked uncomfortably at his son. "What do you think of this man Klemm who comes to the house all the time?" he asked.

"Have you heard anything?" Joel demanded quickly.

"In a way, yes."

"What?" He leaned forward, the color flying in his cheeks.

"Markham said something at lunch. He won't let Klemm come to his house."

"Was that all he said?"

"Yes." So there was something more!

"You tell Gale she can't see Philip Klemm."

William Embrie retreated from the shock of the words. "Is there gossip about them?" he asked weakly. He looked at the photograph on the desk. The girl's mother was the one to handle this.

"Keep the man out and forbid Gale to see him."

Joel was savage. Gale had put herself into some sort of a—position, and Joel knew it. "You'd better tell me," William Embrie said. "Then we can work together."

"There's nothing to tell; you know yourself what kind of a man Klemm is. Gale's in love with him and she's a fool. Good women are always fools at least once in their lives. They like cold-blooded thugs who wouldn't marry them on a bet. The finer the woman the less sense of self-preservation she has, and Gale has none. I wish you'd put your foot down hard."

On what? God forbid that he should make a joke, but how exactly could he put his foot down on Gale and Philip Klemm? You couldn't lock up a grown daughter in a tower. He sighed helplessly. "She won't do anything really foolish, I'm sure, but I'll ask him to stay away."

Joel took the paperweights off the blueprint and folded it up. "Through with me?"

"Yes." William Embrie felt that he had only just begun. "Do you think you could talk to her yourself, maybe—"

"No, sir. She says Philip Klemm is none of my business. I can handle him if necessary, but I can't do anything with her."

"I've never tried," said William Embrie. He wanted to lay bare his weakness, to explain how impossible it was for him to hurt Gale, the one person in the world for whom every pathway must be cleared, but instead he looked out of the window and said nothing more.

After a few minutes he went downstairs. The car was parked in front of the building, so he turned around on Lancaster Road and then drove south toward the country club.

NO DOUBT the whole town knew quite as much about Gale as Henry Markham did, at least that part of the thirty thousand people who were important to Gale. She would be the last person to discover that she was being talked about, and the last person in the world to care.

On the way out to the club he convinced himself that he was wrong. After all, Gale had only become temporarily attached to a vicious, unpleasant man. Klemm was nobody's husband, and Waterford had known scandals before where somebody's husband was involved.

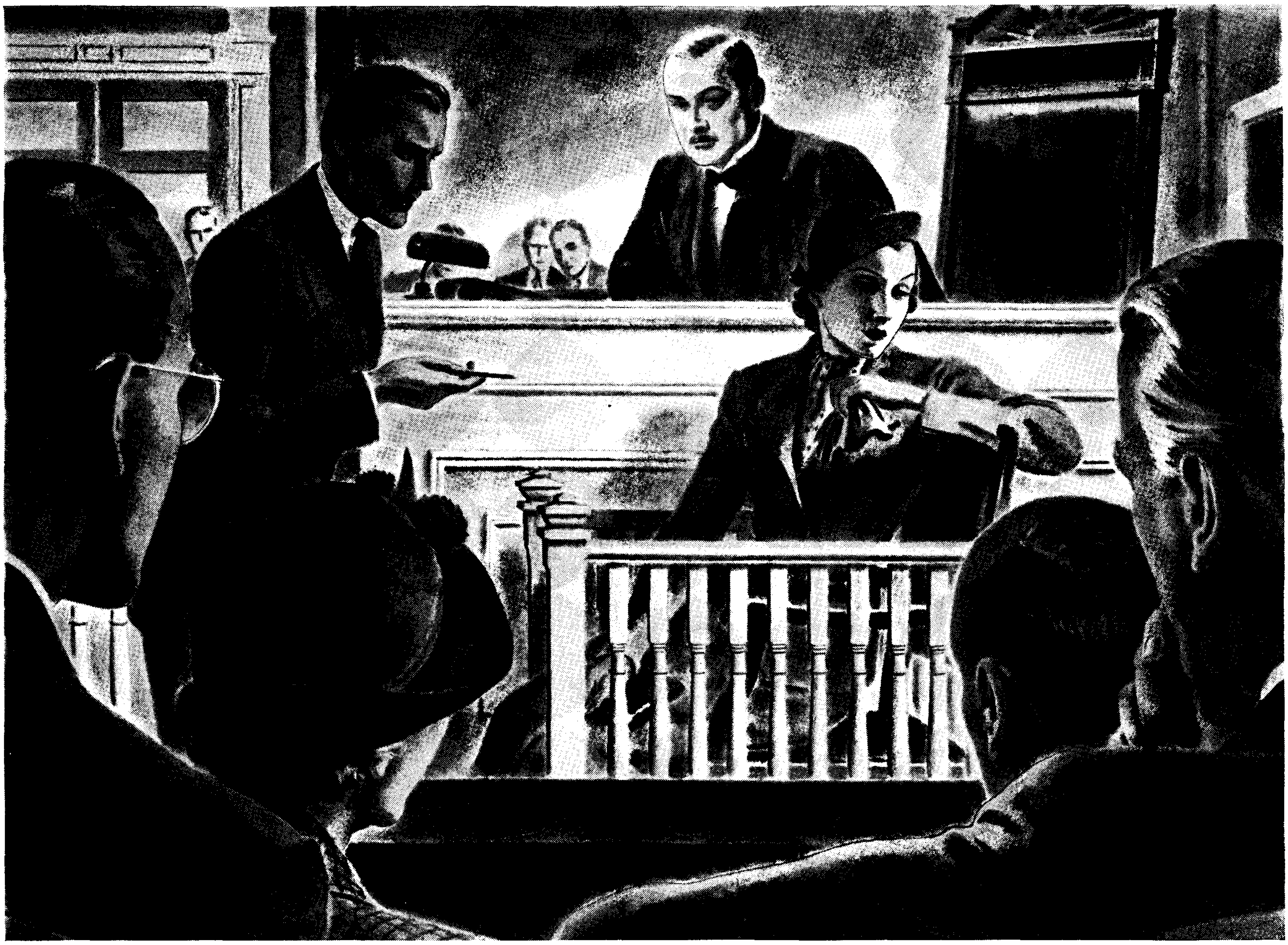
Feeling better about it, he joined his friend, Judge Alexander Yates, in the locker-room.

They played golf for more than an hour, two elderly gentlemen who plodded over high river pastures and around woods of cloudy green, comforted by the air and the exercise and the game, and by a vague, half-conscious appreciation of the awakening land upon which their fathers had lived for so long a time; so long, indeed, that something of its fertile, devious persistence had gone into their blood. Not until he reached home did William Embrie begin to worry again about his daughter.

She and Joel kept him waiting for dinner as usual, but this time he was glad of the delay. It would be hard to face them together; at one word they were likely to burst out into an open fight over Philip Klemm. He walked up and down the long drawing-room under the crystal chandelier that threw a dusky light upon portraits of men and women who had long since gone to their graves, leaving quiet reputations behind them, and a tradition of domestic peace. There had been no scandals in his family. He and the children's mother had taken their troubles of the heart at second hand, being sufficient unto themselves. A good way to live. He wanted Gale to live that way. There was no other way for a girl to be happy.

He looked up. She had come into the room. She moved toward him, a figure in green, with the lifted chin and the swift, sure step of her mother. The light caught the dark curve of her head and the wave of hair above her dark shoulders. She was a thin, eager child with freckles and eyes of startling gray. "I'm late," she said. It was what she always said. He bent down and kissed her.

Joel came in a moment later. He hadn't changed his clothes, so he must be going back to the office after dinner. They went into the dining-room, William Embrie aware that neither Joel nor Gale had yet said a word to each other. When Joel looked at her Gale's broad, even lips had the resistance of stone.



"I didn't know," she repeated. She sat down quickly. Her shoulders quivered as if she were cold

Now was no time to speak of Philip Klemm; he could do that when he was alone with Gale.

Lester said someone wanted her on the telephone, and she left quickly. William Embrie met Joel's eye. The boy's face was frightening. "I think you ought to speak to her, Father."

"Lester," said William Embrie, "if we need anything more Miss Gale will let you know."

WHEN she came back to the room, apologizing for the delay, her voice had a careless, singing tone. She asked whether they wanted coffee there or in the library, including Joel in the question. She seemed overflowing with friendliness now.

"Was that Philip Klemm?" William Embrie asked.

"Yes. He's coming out here to take me to the Hunt."

"Where is he now?" Joel demanded.

"At the Clarkson Drakes'." She put her thin brown hand on his sleeve. "I don't like them either, Joel."

"You have no business to see Philip Klemm."

She controlled herself beautifully. "Don't be despotic," she said. "I can't help it if you don't like the man."

"You know why."

"I do not."

"That isn't true."

"Isn't it?" She was furious now.

"I'm going to have this out with you. Even Father's heard something—and I've heard a lot. I asked Father this afternoon to forbid the man the house."

"Yes," said William Embrie, "he did, and I agree with him."

"Oh!" She looked at her brother with cold deliberation. "What business is it of yours? You don't like him and that's enough, so why don't you let us alone?"

"You know why."

"I do not, unless it's because you're naturally destructive and disagreeable."

"I may be that, too, but I have a better reason."

"What?" She threw the word in his face.

"Have you got nerve enough to tell the truth?" he asked slowly.

"Darling, I wouldn't be afraid to tell you anything!"

"Children," William Embrie warned, but he knew it was too late.

Joel looked down.

"Go on," she urged.

"I don't want to—"

"Then why start something you can't finish?" She got up. "I don't care what you think, but you have no business to poison Father's mind."

"All right. Just wait a minute and see whether you can answer this. Didn't you go to New York with Philip Klemm last Friday week, and stay with him at a hotel?" He picked up the napkin and wiped his face. "You pushed me into that, Gale."

She looked down as if she were sorry for him. "I did," she said, "but you might have thought about Father before you asked the question." Then she walked out of the room.

William Embrie heard her steps clicking across the hall. Joel had taunted her into saying that, and it wasn't true. He looked at his son. "That isn't true," he said. He waited. It was reassuring to know that Joel would say so in a minute. The silence was growing heavy. Fear and misery were close upon him, waiting to be thrust back by Joel's voice. "It isn't true, Joel!" he cried. "You said that because you were angry." His hands were shaking. Joel had no business to keep him in such pain.

"It is true," Joel said, "and I ought to be shot and so ought Philip Klemm. I knew Gale wouldn't lie." He rose without looking at his father and went into the hall.

WILLIAM EMBRIE walked around to the end of the table, felt for the bell with his foot, and then pushed it. As long as he did something he wouldn't have to think. He went into the drawing-room. It was empty. Joel passed through the hall and closed the front door behind him.

Joel was going to work. William Embrie said the words over and over again to himself. Behind their droning mechanical sound lay an agony that grew more and more intense. It wrenched him apart to think of Gale. He saw her plunged into the slime of a promiscuous adventure, a furtive, hungry thing with heavy eyes and a devouring mouth. That was his daughter. The daughter of his wife. He cried out silently. The picture hurt him beyond endurance.

She loved this man and that made it different. She had gone off with him as if they were married. What was marriage after all but a handful of words, a public promise which added nothing to the wordless agreement already made? He clung to the thought, deceiving himself as long as he could. Marriage meant everything to a woman, and he knew it.

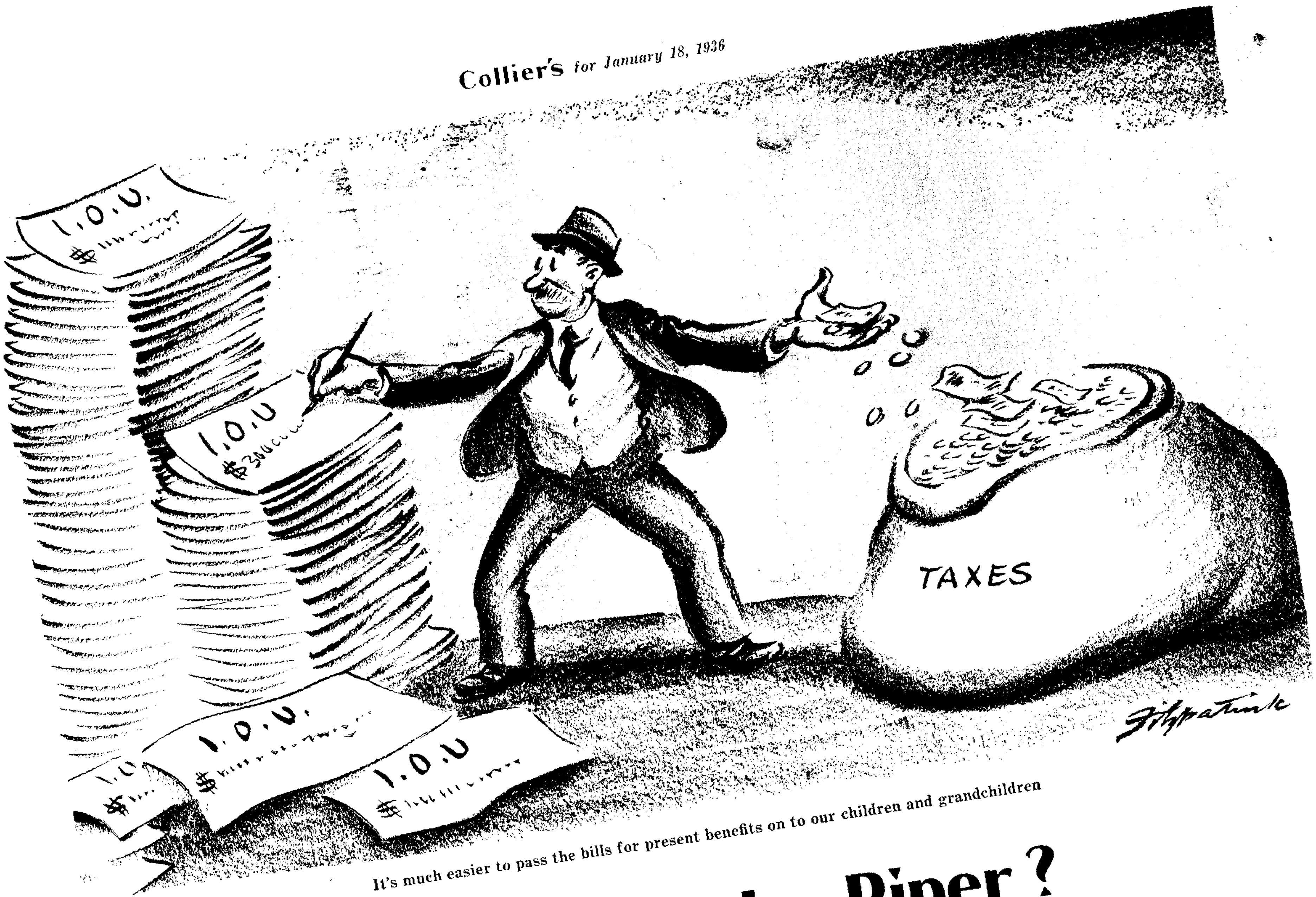
She would be cast off in a year, with memories clinging to her like scabs, a sullen, brokenhearted girl who might very easily become shameless and avid, the talk of clubs and the ambition of drunken men. But it wouldn't do any good to preach. Preaching was nonsense; it was the wind moaning in the trees while someone lay dying on the ground. Forbid Klemm the house! He could kill the man with his own hands.

He sat down and tried to read. Time passed in a livid stream that washed incessantly about Gale. If her mother had lived this wouldn't have happened; an old man like himself didn't know how to bring up a daughter. "My dear, if you do this way men won't respect you." What difference did that make to a girl in love? "Then you must respect yourself, at least." But what had passion to do with self-respect? Passion founded on self-respect was ludicrous.

He heard someone behind him, turned around and saw Gale with her coat on, looking more than ever like her mother.

"I hurt you terribly, didn't I?" she said. "It isn't as bad as it sounds, Father, because I didn't go to New York

(Continued on page 44)



It's much easier to pass the bills for present benefits on to our children and grandchildren

Who Pays the Piper?

"We are the most heavily taxed people in the world." "Our taxes are too light." "Governmental extravagance." "Spending orgies." "Piling our troubles on the shoulders of our children." These are just advance whispers of the controversy over taxation that will be raging later this year. Here Mr. Flynn provides you with shelter against the storm—the facts in the case. You will find them very important if you are interested in what the government is doing with your money or in the future of the Republic

By John T Flynn

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

THE last set of rulers to get anywhere with the dirty business of taxation were the gentlemen who ruled Rome—old Rome, I mean, before Mr. Mussolini got to bossing the place; two thousand years before, in fact. They handled the taxation job in the most sensible manner. That is, they just didn't have any taxes. You can imagine what a hit that made with the C. of C. and the Real Estate Board of Rome. The town had to have money, of course, what with its armies, its politicians, its senators, its old soldiers, and the like. Whenever money was needed, which was pretty nearly always, the consuls picked out some neighboring country which seemed to have it, put themselves at the head of the legions, marched into the country elected for the next big tax levy, jumped on it convincingly, grabbed all the loose metal, precious stones, articles of value in sight and then notified the people that thereafter they were expected to send so many thousand talents a year to the Roman treasury. It was a great system. The Romans, instead of taxing themselves, taxed their neighbors. It was fine as long as it worked—and it worked for a long time.

In this country, instead of squeezing the necessary funds to pay the army, the veterans, the government servants, the civil and uncivil, and the relatives of congressmen, out of our neighbors—Canada and Mexico and perhaps Brazil, Argentina and points south—we insist on squeezing them out of ourselves. This squeezing process we call taxation. And right now the squeezing has taken on such an acute form that the squeezers are getting apprehensive as they prepare to give the screw another turn and the squeezees are beginning to yowl. There is every evidence that this year when the patriots set out to save the peepul, when the gab begins in the great quadrennial blather derby, when the figures begin to lie and the liars begin to figure, this business of taxation is going to come in for a lot of cheap talk on the soapboxes and a lot of expensive talk on the air.

Who's Right About Taxes?

Already there's been plenty of talk about it—enough to get us all pretty well mixed up. Mr. Hoover says we are the most heavily taxed people in the world. Mr. Morgenthau says we are not nearly so bad off as the English. Senator Borah says taxes are destroying us. Senator LaFollette says we will destroy ourselves if we don't tax more. President Roosevelt says we're in such good shape now that we will not have to increase taxes. Senator Vandenberg says we really haven't got going yet in the matter of taxation. Mr. Lewis Douglas says that we have been escaping the tax collector by borrowing a dollar for every dollar we get in taxes and that we are treading the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bankrupt court.

Who's right? Are we the most heavily taxed? How much more taxes can we stand? Who's paying these tax bills? Is it the rich? Or are we soaking the poor? Do we have to do some more soaking? And who is going to get soaked? What, in fact, is the truth about all this?

Well, these are points about which you can, and probably will, argue until the cows come home. Argument is one of our national pastimes. Nothing spoils an argument like a few grim facts. Perhaps it is a shame to introduce such prosaic things as facts into the situation and spoil some deliciously violent arguments. But there are some facts available. So we will stick to the facts here, let the arguments fall where they may.

First of all, remember all the taxing is not done by that dear old combination skinflint and spendthrift—Uncle Sam. There are, according to the 1932 census study, 183,000 taxing units in this country. Besides the nation, we have the states, cities, towns and villages, counties, school districts, drainage districts, highway districts and various other wielders of this sovereign function. And all together they took out of our pockets in 1934 a sum estimated at *nine billion five hundred million dollars*.

Your Biggest Dollar's Worth

Let's put it this way. If the great total tax bill were split up among us all, every man, woman and child in 1934 would have had to pay seventy-five dollars and fourteen cents. Here's still another way to slice it. If the total national money income for 1934 were split up equally among us all, every man, woman and child would have drawn down $395.

If we had been paid by the week, each of us would have gotten a little envelope with $7.60 in it. If we had to split with the tax collectors right then and there each week, we would have had to lift $1.45 out of that envelope and hand it over to the collectors. That is, it would be $6.15 for us; $1.45 for the tax collectors. We would have had to part with 19 per cent of our income for taxes.

This is a pretty big cut. If you listen to a Chamber of Commerce orator groaning on the subject, you will conclude that it is just $1.45 thrown in the sewer. You would get the general idea that this money—this $9,500,000,000—was just extracted without ether every year from businessmen to support a standing army of crooked politicians and indolent civil servants.

We ought to be fair about this at the start. What can you get for $75? That sum will pay your dues in an ordinary golf club in a small town for a year. It will cover a moderate electric-light bill for a year. Or it will pay the wages of six ordinary carpenters in New York for one day or the charge of a second-class Wall Street lawyer for two hours. Paid out to the government last year, it provided us with police, fire protection, street cleaning, traffic control, health protection, hospitalization for millions, education for our children, libraries, museums, art galleries, scores of colleges, scientific and industrial research, regulation of industry and protection from the exactions of predatory groups of all sorts, agricultural aids, child welfare, protection of forests, maintenance of order, patrolling our coasts, maintaining an army and navy, countless aids to commerce, payment of interest on the national debt and all the endless activities of the government—wise or unwise—to protect us from the ravages of a great depression.

This $75 is a good slice out of our income, but it's the biggest seventy-five dollars' worth we get in any market. And there's another little fact about it. It is really not withdrawn from business, as is so often claimed. The money is paid to the governments. But it is promptly paid out by the governments and is all right back in business as soon as it is paid out, circulating among the grocery stores, drugstores, movie houses, department stores, etc. We may cuss when we have to pay. But we might just as well recognize that we are not throwing the money away.

Consider the Englishman

Are we the most heavily taxed people in the world? There has been a good deal of loose talk on this score. It is difficult to compare the tax bills of different nations. The data are none too certain. The comparisons are misleading because the relative purchasing power of the currencies of different countries within the countries themselves is difficult to arrive at. Besides, the latest figures I have been able to obtain are for 1933. Here are the per capita taxes in Great Britain, United States and Germany:

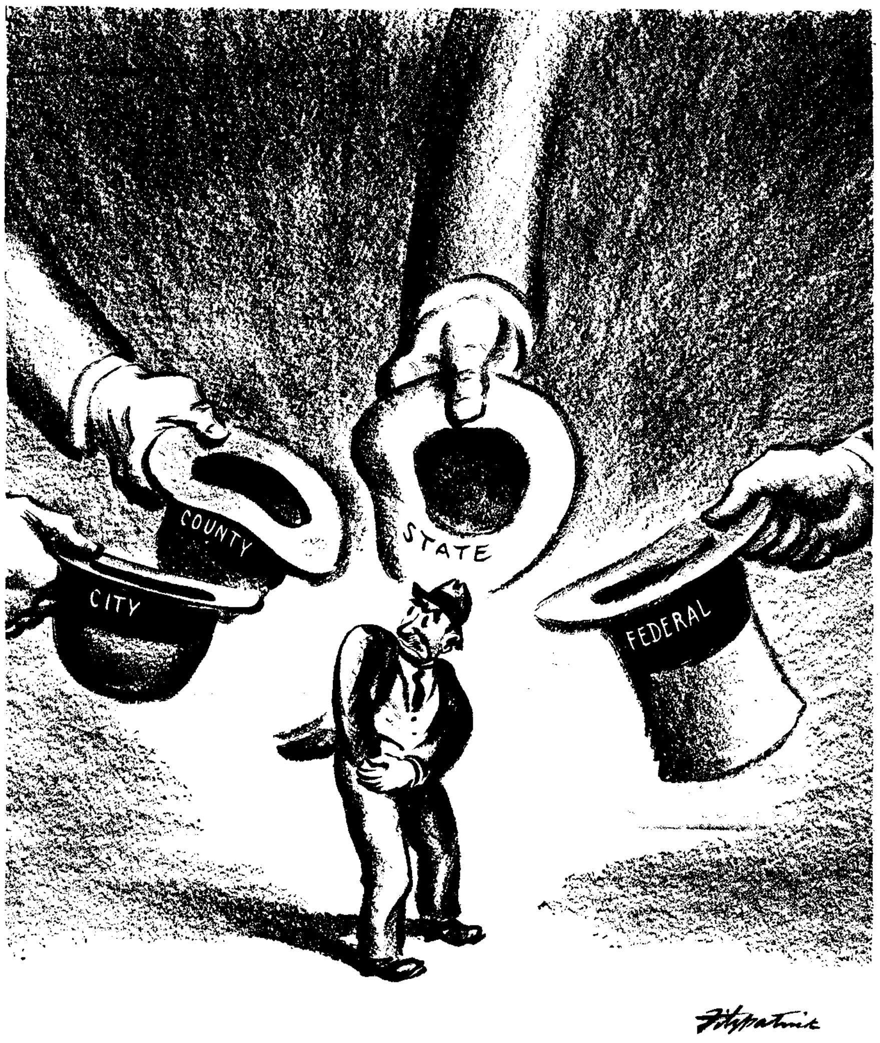
Great Britain	$93.85
United States	65.59
Germany	37.65

So we were pretty well behind the heavily laden Briton in 1933, measured in actual dollars. We can understand this better, however, if we can decide just what portion of the taxpayer's income is taken. Because, after all, $93.85 may mean a great deal more to an Englishman than to an American. A German may be worse off paying out $37 than an American paying out $65, because he has less to pay from.

Here is a comparison based on the percentage of the taxpayer's income which is taken in taxes in these three countries:

Great Britain	25 per cent
Germany	21.9 per cent
United States	18.5 per cent

And so in 1933 we were better off than these powerful neighbors of ours.



Uncle Sam isn't entirely to blame for your mounting tax bills

In 1932, the Frenchman had to pay out 25.2 per cent of his income. In 1934 British taxes are estimated to have been a little less than in 1933. So we can compare England and America for 1934. The Englishman paid out $92.53; the American $75. There are simply no figures available on total tax bills for 1935, even in America.

Here we have been comparing taxes as if everybody paid equally the same sum. But of course taxes are not paid that way. They do not fall on the just and the unjust like the gentle dew from heaven. So let us make a comparison for that happy and favored minority which makes enough money to be called on to pay federal income taxes.

Here are some figures which will enable you to see what happened to you here and what would have happened to you in Merrie England in the matter of income taxes if you had been a subject of King George in 1934. The figures are based on the net income of a married man without dependents in America and England:

Net Income	*U. S.*	*England*
$1,000	$0	$5.63
1,500	0	50.63
2,000	0	95.63
3,000	8	272.81
4,000	44	452.81
5,000	80	632.81
10,000	415	1,645.31
20,000	1,589	4,754.69
50,000	8,869	18,242.19
100,000	30,394	45,304.69
500,000	263,944	294,804.69
1,000,000	571,394	613,554.69

This is an illuminating table. There are several things to be noted about it:

1. An income of $1,000 here means a net taxable income. It means, in fact, an actual income of at least $3,500. These incomes are those of married men, who in the United States are entitled to a deduction of $2,500 which escapes taxation. But in England, a married man's deduction is not so much—only $750.

2. Far more liberal deductions of all sorts are permitted in the United States than in England. For instance, England does not allow deductions for charity nor for taxes paid in other ways and to other units.

3. These incomes do not include tax-exempt securities in the United States, while in England there are no such things.

Hence in the United States an income of $10,000 might shape up as follows:

Total income		$10,000
Exemption for married man	$2,500	
Interest on mortgage	300	
Taxes, real estate	250	
Gasoline and other taxes	200	
Charity	200	—3,450
Net taxable income		$6,550

This man would pay a tax in America on an income not of $10,000, but of $6,550, while in England he would pay on $6,833.

It will be seen at once that married persons in the United States with incomes under $50 a week escape federal income taxes altogether.

A Case in Point

It must not be supposed, of course, that all these people in the lower brackets escape the taxgatherer. In fact, they probably pay most of the taxes. But their taxes are concealed in federal taxes, state and local sales and real estate taxes of all sorts. Their contribution is eased out of them under the influence of the anesthetic of indirection.

A better way to compare the relative taxes of the Englishman and the American may be to compare two persons earning $5,000 each in England and America. These two gentlemen are married and their unions have been blessed with two little tax deductions each—that is, two children.

The Englishman and his wife would get a deduction of $750, and $250 for the first child, $200 for the second. Total, $1,200. The American and his wife would get a deduction of $2,500 and $400 each for the children. Total, $3,300. The Englishman would have a net taxable income of $3,800; the American of $1,700.

The Englishman's being earned, he would pay on but five-sixths of it. The American would pay on all. The comparison of the taxable incomes on which they would pay would be $3,166.67 for the Englishman, and $1,700 for the American.

One point, however, must be remembered. In America the taxing is done by the federal government and our states; in England it is done only by the government. To get a full picture of the relative income taxes of America and other countries, we would have to lump together the American's federal and state income taxes.

Americans Come Off Best

The following comparison is arrived at that way. An American living in New York, where income taxes are highest, is compared with an Englishman, a Canadian, a German and an Italian. The American's income taxes to the state of New York and to the national government as made out last year for 1934 are combined:

Net Income	*Percentage of Taxes Paid*				
	U. S.	*Eng.*	*Ger.*	*Italy*	*Can.*
$20,000	13.5	26.3	26.9	3.7	12.5
30,000	18.4	31.1	31.3	4.3	16.1
100,000	37.7	45.8	40.	7.2	26.9
200,000	51.	52.7	40.	8.6	34.8
300,000	56.7	55.9	40.	9.	39.
1,000,000	65.3	61.4	40.	9.7	50.3
5,000,000	69.9	63.3	40.	9.9	54.8

According to this table things were easier in America for all under $200,000, but heavier for all above, compared with Germany and England. This, of course, is true only in New York and a few states where income taxes are heavy. As a matter of fact, of course, it is not actually true anywhere in America, where deductions for charity, capital losses, interest, taxes and various devices possible through corporate schemes, plus enormous exemptions on *tax-exempt bonds*, enable even the New Yorker to escape far under his British cousin.

One other sweetly solemn thought pops out of this table. That is that the two Fascist countries are still the happy lands for the high-income groups. In those countries the taxes are taken out of the hides of the masses and supplemented with heavy government borrowing.

Whatever the facts about these comparisons, the grim truth remains that our tax burden—whether bigger or smaller than other people's—has been growing at an alarming rate. In 1903 our total tax bill—local, state, national—was $1,382,000,000. In 1912 it was $2,131,402,000. In 1922 it was $6,349,120,000. In 1933 it was $8,212,921,106.

These tax bills, if divided up among us equally, would have been $18 in 1903, $23 in 1912, $60 in 1922, $65.59 in 1933 and $75 in 1934.

Of course some of this increase has been due to the change in the value of our dollar as a result of the war. We will see the picture better, therefore, if we will examine the proportion of our income devoured by taxes. It was 6.2 per cent in 1912, 9.6 per cent in 1922, 18.5 per cent in 1933 and 19 per cent in 1934. It will probably be the same or less for 1935, for while taxes have increased, income has also increased.

What we get for all this money is

(Continued on page 40)

Reluctant Menace

Peter Lorre is a man who knows what he wants. And gets it. Poverty, ridicule and neglect all tried to block his path—and failed. Now he has tackled Hollywood, and the first two hits have gone to Peter

By Quentin Reynolds

PETER LORRE sat down at one of those sidewalk cafés in the Kurfürstendamm. A woman and her child sat at the next table. The child smiled at Lorre, and he turned those big, soft eyes of his on her and smiled back. The mother took one look at Lorre, her face went white, she clutched the child to her and hurried from the café.

After finishing his lunch Lorre walked along the street. Often he'd surprise glances of horror on people who recognized him. He walked all the way to Unter den Linden and into the lobby of the Adlon Hotel.

"That's M," he heard whispered. "That's the murderer," he heard a man say. And at that moment Lorre felt the thrill that any actor feels when he realizes that the stamp of greatness has been put on him. His picture, M, the story of a pathological child murderer, had just opened in Berlin and it was a terrific success. So great was Lorre's characterization of the murderer who was compelled by some inner force to commit murders which in saner moments horrified him that the public had confused the actor Lorre with the murderer. Wherever he went in Germany he was met by hard stares from men and frightened glances from women.

"For a time it was flattering," Lorre says now, "but then it became annoying. It was my first talking picture and I had worked hard on it. But now the public had me tagged as a menace, a murderer, and I was offered dozens of similar roles. I wanted to do them but the attitude of the public made me think. Here they were trying to type me. Once you are typed your field is limited and your screen life is apt to be short. I said, no villain roles for me for a while. I'll do comedy to show them that I can act any role if given the opportunity. I had to wait and turn down picture after picture, but finally an opportunity came to do a comedy and I did it. It was successful and now people began to forget M and the belief that I was strictly a horror actor."

The Man Who Gets What He Wants

In Hollywood they tell you that Peter Lorre is on his way to being one of the greatest of screen stars. His newest picture, Crime and Punishment, has been a great success. Let's find out something about this moon-faced, sad-eyed young man who seems to be contributing something new to the screen.

Between the year of his birth, 1904, and the time he starred in M many things happened to Lorre. A dozen times he was discouraged, felt that he couldn't act, was told by others that he couldn't act, and a dozen times his stubborn Hungarian nature refused to accept the edict of the critics and his own critical judgment. Once when he was a youngster he told himself, "I am going to be a great actor." This man has always gotten what he wanted. He stuck to it and has become a great actor, the only man in Hollywood who is expected seriously to rival Charles Laughton.

Rosenberg, Hungary, is a small village in the Carpathian Mountains, so small that anything like a theater was unheard of. Lorre was born there of poor but strict parents. When he was very young his parents, Alois and Elvira, moved their brood to Vienna. When Lorre was seventeen he graduated from the equivalent of the American high school and it was then that he decided to become an actor. He broached the subject to his parents, who were horrified. So Lorre ran away from home.

He got himself a job in a bank and he and several of his friends began experimenting with plays. They built a stage in a barn, and having no plays they made up plays of their own. Lorre was the star and the director. The amateur players would ad lib their lines and find costumes of their own. It was a rather pathetic attempt by several young men who were trying so hard to follow their star of destiny.

"I am amazed when I look back now," Lorre says. "We acted out these plays we had concocted. They were bad and we were bad—but we were acting. And do you know my parents had been so strict that I had never been inside a theater; had never seen a play? I was an actor before I had ever been part of an audience."

Actors Should Act

Lorre in those days—he was seventeen—had an idea that the first job of an actor was to be something other than himself. An actor, he felt, should not use his own natural voice or walk and he should never look like himself. If he did—why, that wasn't acting. There was an old broken-down actor around Vienna, the only actor Lorre had ever met. His cracked voice (Lorre afterward found that whisky had contributed to the hoarseness of it) interested Lorre. Lorre adopted it. The old actor was stooped and he carried his head to one side. Lorre adopted these mannerisms, too.

This little troupe worked late at night and Lorre had to report early at the bank where he worked. But he fixed that.

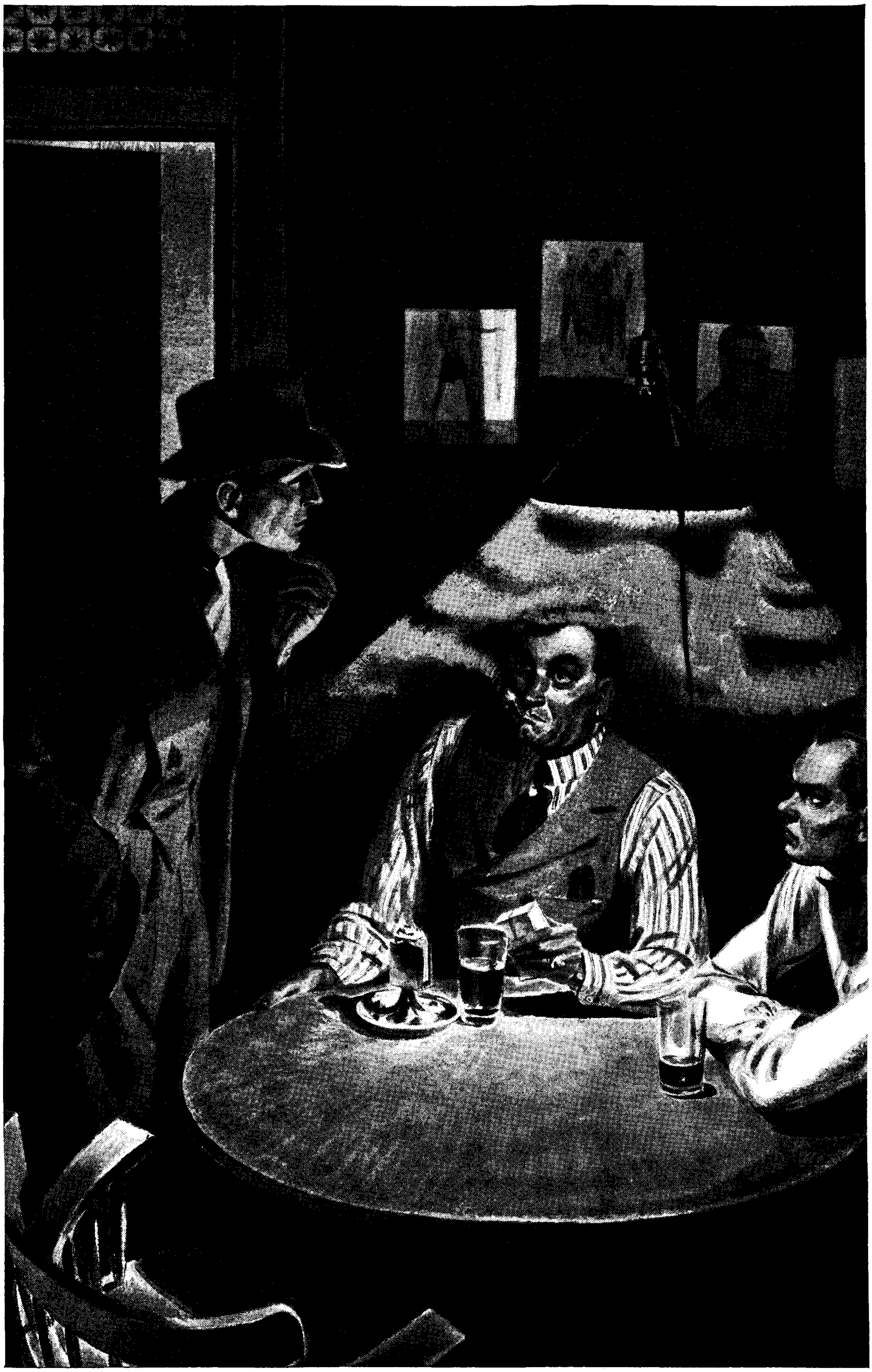
(Continued on page 30)

The Peter Lorre interpretation of Raskolnikov, the student of Dostoevski's Crime and Punishment

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Honestly, you're in a lousy racket," Braggiotti said. "Why don't you join up with us?"

The Story Thus Far:

BILL CANTAVO, leader of a famous New York orchestra, incurs the enmity of two dissolute playboys: Walter Callingham, who (if circumstantial evidence is to be trusted) is having an affair with Mary Byran, an attractive Park Avenue girl; and Willy Jernegan.

A short time later, Cantavo's closest friend, Tim Marsten, is married—to Mary Byran!—and Cantavo is an usher at the wedding. He no longer believes the rumors concerning Mary and Callingham; but immediately following the ceremony he receives a terrible shock. Inspector Henderson, of the New York police force, appears on the scene, announces that Callingham has been murdered, and demands to see the bride—"*Callingham's girl*"—who promptly disappears!

Frantic, Marsten makes every possible effort to find his wife. But he does not succeed; and a few hours later, the newspapers are shrieking the news that she has committed suicide.

After the tragedy, Amy Martin, a chorus girl, endeavors to meet Cantavo for a talk. Again and again she telephones the orchestra leader and makes appointments with him. But—apparently because both she and Cantavo are constantly shadowed by Jack Rapport, whose reputation in the Broadway area is none too good—she keeps none of her appointments. Finally, he receives a note from her imploring him to come to her apartment, "when it is dark."

Inspector Henderson, an old friend, drops in for a chat. He asks Cantavo pointedly if he has seen Amy Martin. Cantavo says he has not. "Well," says the inspector, "she's trying pretty hard to see you. If you do see her, tell her I want to have a talk with her. I want to ask her a few questions about Jack Rapport."

V

DINSMORE was talking to Jack Rapport in an apartment above a garage on East 74th Street.

"I've got to be going," Dinsmore said to Rapport. "I've got a date to meet Braggiotti at Bibi's saloon."

"Will you do something for me? Will you deliver this package to him?" Rapport took from a drawer in a table a small package and handed it to Dinsmore. "Don't give it to anyone else. If Braggiotti isn't there, I'll get the package from you later tonight at the Monroe around nine o'clock."

"Is it valuable?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't want to take it. I don't want to be worrying about it for the next three hours."

"You won't have it three hours," Rapport assured him. "I told Braggiotti that I would deliver the package at Bibi's at five o'clock. He'll be there."

"What is it?" Dinsmore asked. "If I lose it, I don't want you popping up with the idea that it's a diamond tiara that I've lost for you."

"You won't lose it." Rapport took another package off the table and handed it to him. "Take these reefers to him, too," he said.

Dinsmore protested. "I don't like to deliver reefers, Rapport. I'm afraid of the dicks."

"You carry your own reefers around in your pockets all the time."

"But that's not the same as peddling them."

"You could pick up a lot of extra dough if you would help me out now and then."

"I'm afraid of the dicks, I tell you."

"I'm not afraid of any but Henderson," Rapport said. "Do you know him?"

"I have seen him often enough. He comes into the Monroe occasionally, and I used to live near him up on West 67th Street."

"He has been looking for me. What do you suppose he wants?"

Dinsmore shrugged his shoulders. "The whole town is hot about that Callingham murder."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"You knew Callingham. Henderson is probably just feeling around. Have you got an alibi?"

"Sure. Where did you say Henderson lives?"

"On West 67th Street, next to the building that Jack Weiner lives in."

"Who is Jack Weiner?"

"You ought to know. He buys his reefers from you."

"He blabs, does he?"

"He knows I buy from you."

"WHAT time do you suppose a cop goes home for supper?"

"I wouldn't know that. But when I used to live up at 67th Street, I often passed Henderson coming home around nine o'clock at night, as I was starting to work."

"I'm going to snatch him tonight."

Dinsmore got very excited. "And I suppose you'll be a damned fool in other ways, too. You'll probably leave a list of all your customers lying around handily, so that it can be found when they lock you up in the cooler, and search your house for evidence."

"What are *you* afraid of?" Rapport asked scornfully.

"Buying marijuana is a federal offense, as I understand it."

"I haven't any list of names lying around. You must be crazy."

"Look, Rapport! I'm not going to land in stir," Dinsmore said stubbornly.

"I'm not going to land in stir either," Rapport assured him. "I'm going to put Henderson out of the way. He's been on my tail for a year now. He's been asking too many questions about me the last few days."

"If the heat is on you, I'm not going to carry this package to Braggiotti. I might be picked up going out of here."

"Don't be a mug," Rapport said paternally, as if he were talking to a child. "Do you think I'd let you get into trouble?" He patted Dinsmore on the back affectionately and led him to the door. "You're okay. Don't be a mug."

AT BIBI'S saloon Dinsmore joined Braggiotti and Sandy Berman at a table in the rear of the room.

"Where have you been?" Braggiotti asked Dinsmore. "You're late." If Braggiotti could be said to have affection for anyone, it was for Dinsmore.

"I stopped by to see Rapport." Dinsmore took the small package out of his pocket and handed it to Braggiotti. "He asked me to give this to you. I was afraid to walk out of his place with it. The heat is on Rapport."

"What about?"

"The Callingham murder, maybe."

"He didn't do that."

Dinsmore shrugged with indifference. "He's going to snatch Henderson tonight."

"What?" Braggiotti and Sandy both gasped simultaneously.

"Why?" Sandy asked.

"Where?" Braggiotti asked.

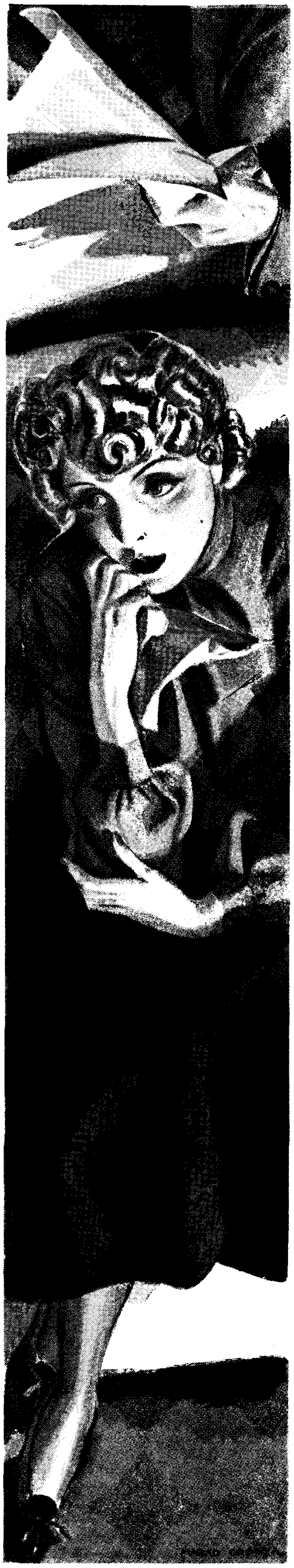
"At West 67th Street. Henderson lives up there."

"At what time?"

"Nine or ten; I don't know."

Braggiotti smiled. "Maybe he just thinks he is," he said. "Let's eat now."

Sandy and Braggiotti ordered steaks.



Amy stopped him. "Don't read any more. Just tell me if it says anything terrible about me"

Dinsmore ordered a ham sandwich and a bottle of beer.

"Why don't you order a regular dinner? You never eat anything."

Dinsmore looked at his watch. "I have to go all the way to 44th Street and dress and get over to the Monroe."

"Why don't you throw in with us? What the hell do you want to work for?"

"I like to play the saxophone. That's not work."

"It doesn't count as dough either."

"It hasn't been working out badly for me," Dinsmore said complacently. "You owe me a leaf on billiards."

"You must be playing tiddley-winks," Sandy said.

Dinsmore finished his beer and got up.

"Yeah," Braggiotti replied. The thought depressed him. "Dinsmore can't afford to play for dough." He turned to Dinsmore and said, "Honestly, you're in a lousy racket. Why don't you join up with us?"

"The law is a terrible thing," Dinsmore said.

"What about playing tonight at Doyle's?" Braggiotti asked.

"I'll meet you there at 3:15."

"Billiards is a sucker game," Sandy told him. "The best man always wins."

AS DINSMORE drove downtown, his eye lighted upon a furtive little figure walking down Lexington Avenue. Her sad eyes peered out between a fur coat that was pulled up around her head and a hat pulled low over her face. She leaned into the wind and looked hesitantly around.

Dinsmore stopped his taxi at the next corner. "Wait," he said to the driver. He walked back to meet her. "Hello, Amy," he said. He took hold of her arm anticipating that she might faint.

She paled and said, "How strange to run into you here, Jack!"

"I've been worrying about you."

"Really! Why?"

"Because you're in trouble and may be arrested at any minute."

"Jack, I'm so terrified."

"You'd better come along home with me."

"I couldn't do that."

"Why not? You're not safe where you are. If I found you, someone else can."

He hurried her down the street and helped her into his waiting taxi. "You're going home with me. You need someone to take care of you," he said with authority.

"Why does it happen that you are always doing something kind for me, Jack?"

"Maybe it's because I'm in love with you."

"No—please don't say that."

"You're in love with Jernegan, I suppose?"

"I am, Jack. Terribly in love with him."

"Well, anyway, he can't complain if I hide you away from trouble, can he?"

"It isn't that, it's just that . . ." Tears began to run down her cheeks. She put her head on Dinsmore's shoulder and sobbed quietly.

"Don't try to talk, darling. Just cry. It will do you good."

He held her hand in both of his. "Why doesn't the louse, Jernegan, take care of you himself?" he asked her.

"He doesn't know where I am."

"Why doesn't he?"

"I don't want him to know."

"I thought you loved him."

"I do. But he doesn't know about me."

"That you were Callingham's girl?"

"How did you know that?" she asked in surprise.

Dinsmore didn't answer and nothing more was said until they descended at his door at East 44th Street. "It's a dreary little apartment but it's the best I have," he said with a half apology.

He started to unbutton her coat.

"I can't stay here, Jack."

He ignored her protest and took her coat and laid it on a chair. "I'll get some brandy. You're cold." He looked to see if the heat was turned on fully.

"I can't stay here, Jack. I really can't."

"Why not? You'll be safe. No one would think of looking for you here."

"I DON'T want to get mixed up with any trouble, Jack. I'm not what you think I am. I didn't know that Callingham was not all right. I didn't know he was a racketeer. I thought he was wonderful. And he was wonderful to me, Jack. Honestly, he was—as well as he knew how to be. He was very kind and he loved me until he found out I was in love with Jernegan and then he got mean and then I found out what he was." She coughed. He quickly poured some brandy and handed it to her.

"Oh, Jack, Cal was a dreadful person. Really dreadful."

"Wouldn't he let you marry Jernegan?"

"Yes, he wanted me to. He insisted that I should marry him."

"Well, since you love Jernegan, what was wrong about that?"

"I knew by that time how mean Cal was. I didn't dare marry Jernegan. Callingham would have blackmailed me for the rest of my life. It was funny. It took me a long time to figure out why he wanted me to marry Jernegan—he was tired of me by then, I guess, and thought he could blackmail me after I married Willy Jernegan to keep him from telling that I had been his girl. Either he really wanted it that way or he was trying to frighten me out of marrying Willy. I don't know which. But every time I mentioned marrying Willy Jernegan, he'd say, 'You'll have to pay me.'"

"I wouldn't be surprised. Why didn't you tell Jernegan all about it? Then Callingham couldn't have blackmailed you."

"Because he wouldn't marry me if I told him."

"Then he couldn't love you so very much."

"Of course he does. But honestly, Jack, you know no one in the world wants to get mixed up in a mess like that. No one is going to marry a racketeer's girl." She had a spasm of coughing. "I'm hopelessly lost, Jack. There isn't anything in life that I can look forward to."

"GO ON, drink the rest of the brandy. That's what I gave it to you for. How'd you happen to get mixed up with Callingham?"

"I was in the chorus of Lady Lightning. He was always there at rehearsals, and he seemed to me the most marvelous person I'd ever seen. He was wonderful, in a way. I didn't know he wasn't all right until one of the girls in the show told me. Then it was too late to do anything about it."

"You're in a tough spot for fair. But we can try to do something about it. Now tell me everything you know about Callingham, about business affairs and who killed him."

"But I don't know anything. I never met any of his friends. He was very nice to me that way. He really was in love with me. I don't know anything about his business, or who his associates were."

"Did you murder him?"

"Of course I didn't. I didn't know about it until I read it in the paper."

"Then why did you run away from your apartment around one o'clock?"

"How did you know that I did?"

"Because the police went there to look for you at one o'clock the day of the murder and have been watching the apartment ever since."

"Watching where?"

"Your apartment. At the Santiago."

Amy sighed with relief. They hadn't

(Continued on page 36)

Signed, Sealed and Denounced

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

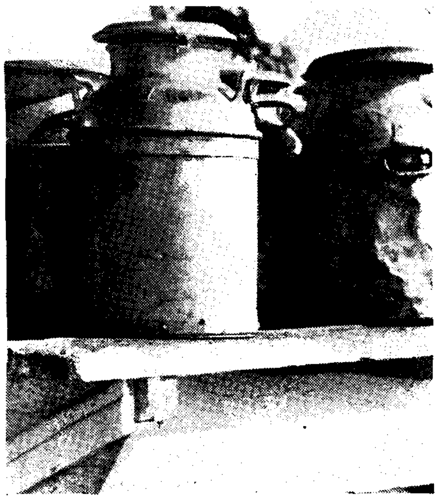
THE Italian advance on Addis Ababa is not more overwhelming and determined than the drive against Secretary Hull and his reciprocal trade agreements. The bellows of senators, congressmen, lobbyists and politicians beat a steady tattoo on his eardrums, and when he locks himself in, the maddened hordes try the chimney, coal holes and transoms.

Now and then a passionate solo rises above the din, but the general effect is that of a well-trained chorus. All are eager to have other nations throw down trade barriers, giving free and unlimited entry to American products, but in the same breath they demand that the United States maintain its tariff walls.

When the pact with Brazil cut in half the 110 per cent ad valorem duty on manganese, American producers purpled with rage and wanted the whole agreement thrown overboard, this despite plain proof that the domestic output was never more than ten per cent of our consumption, and that the industry gave employment to less than three hundred.

It looked as if this might stand as an all-time high for lopsided argument, but the lumber, dairy, cattle, seed potato and whisky groups, now attacking the recent Canadian agreement, make the manganese producers seem bashful, blushing and tongue-tied.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



WILLIAM M. RITTASE

About five per cent of our lumber consumption and an even smaller portion of our cream needs can be imported from Canada under the trade pact

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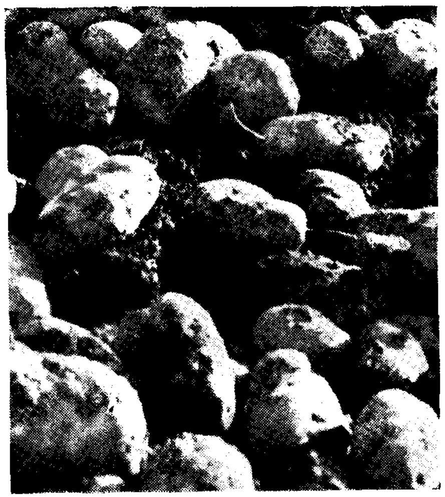


R. I. NESMITH

Duties have been lowered on Canadian cattle and Irish seed potatoes, but quota limitations prevent the gutting of the American market

Prior to 1930, Canadian lumber entered the United States free of duty. The Smoot-Hawley bill, however, imposed a duty of $1 per thousand board feet on certain softwood lumber, and the Revenue Act of 1932 authorized an additional excise tax of three dollars. The new agreement merely reduces the combined duty and tax from four dollars to two dollars. Moreover, the amount that can enter from Canada in any one year is limited to 250,000,000 board feet, about *five per cent of our consumption.*

With respect to livestock, the duty is lowered from three to two cents a pound on Canadian cattle weighing over 700 pounds; the duty on calves from two and a half cents to one and a half, and on dairy cows from three cents to one and a half. The imports of cattle, however, may not in any one year exceed *three fourths of one per cent* of our domestic consumption; not more than one fourth of one per cent of calves, and not more than 20,000 dairy cows can be shipped in annually.

Not As Bad As It Sounds

A specific and bitter attack on the Canadian agreement is that it "brings hardship to hundreds of thousands of dairy farmers." What are the facts? The duty on cream, fresh and sour, is cut from 56.6 to 35 cents a gallon, but no more than 1,500,000 gallons can be brought in annually. If this entire amount were divided fairly, it would give each American less than half a gill of cream a year.

From the rock-bound coasts of Maine rises the moan that ruin is invited by lowering the duty on Irish seed potatoes from 75 cents per hundred pounds to 45 cents. Maine herself will undoubtedly suffer some hurt, but the reduction is a boon to the potato growers of every other state, and Maine will be more than compensated by the Canadian concession that puts our potatoes, both Irish and sweet, on the free list.

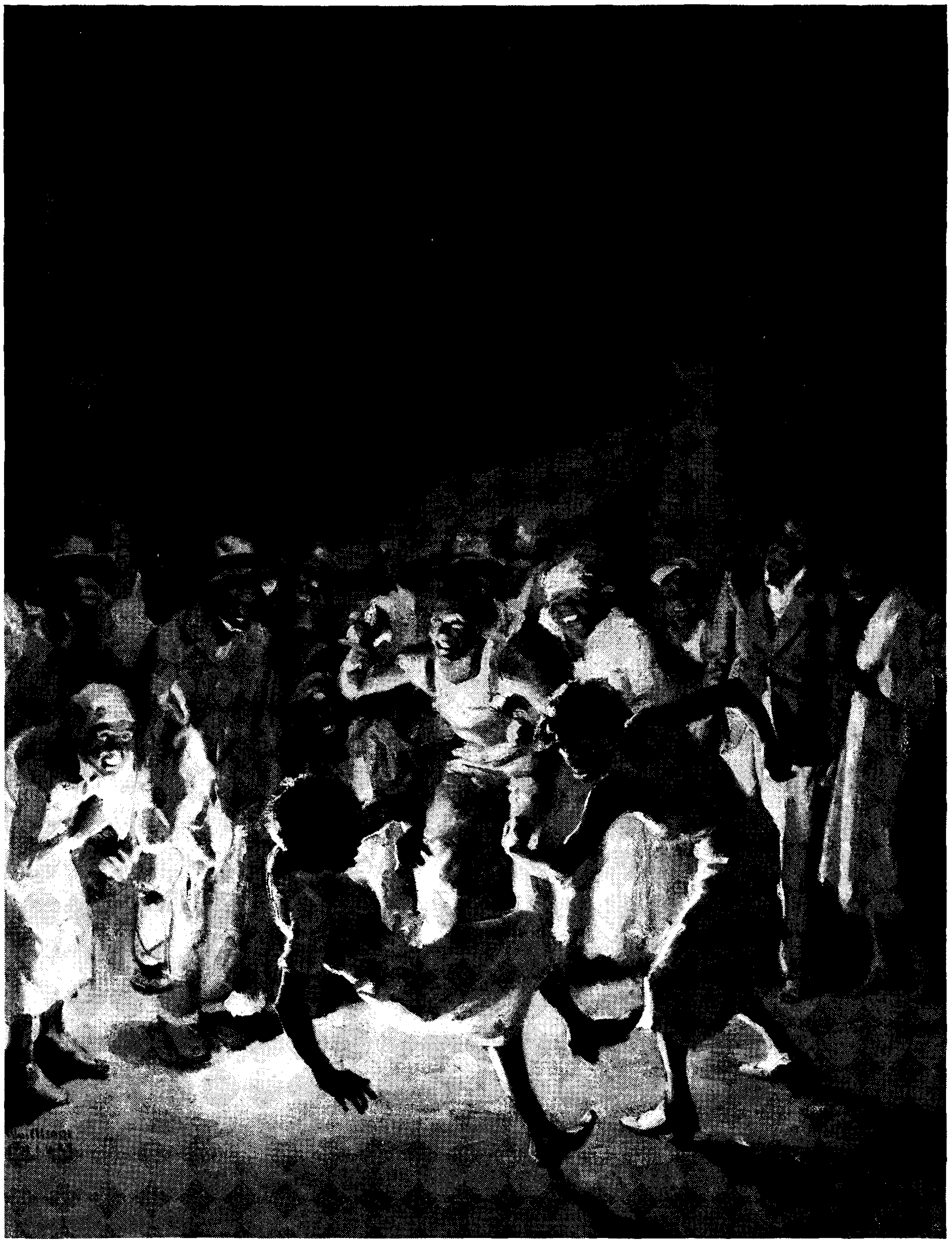
Coming to the outcry of the whisky people, the fifty per cent reduction in the high duty of five dollars a gallon applies only to whiskies aged four years or more in the wood. Judging from the quality of the hard liquor sold in the United States since prohibition, whisky from Canada cannot possibly enter into

(Continued on page 56)

The Widow Man

By Roark Bradford

"Us don't have no widder mens makin' crops on Little Bee," said the foreman. So Jabbo had to marry up with somebody. That, of course, caused trouble. Plenty of it



"Let 'em quar'l, darlin'," said Zurline. "'Tain't nothin' but a cat fight"

JABBO came to Little Bee Bend plantation in the middle of winter and asked for a job. Giles, the foreman, looked him over with the practiced eye of a mule buyer examining a prospective purchase. Jabbo, Giles noted, was young and tall and very black. It was a good sign. Young black men who are tall are usually stout in the back and calm by nature. A black man will grin and work harder when the going gets tight, whereas a man of lighter complexion may get fractious and go to grumbling, which always makes a bad situation worse.

"You's sho' a dark child, ain't you, son?" observed Giles.

"I'm de pyore-D," Jabbo grinned. "You kin ax de fo'ks down around Shaw's. When hit gits summertime and I gits all sunburned f'm de sun, I *really* gits dark. A heap darker den I'm is now."

Giles laughed out loud. "I thought hit looked dark and cloudy down twarge Shaw's, and I figgered hit was de weather fixin' to rain. But hit must er been you, efn you gits darker in de sunshine den you is in de shade."

He studied over the situation for a minute. "You married?" Giles asked abruptly.

"I'm a widder man," Jabbo said. "I was married, but my gal runned off and di-vo'ced me."

"You figgerin' on makin' a cotton crop widout no woman to do yo' choppin'?" Giles asked.

"Ain't dey no womens up hyar?" Jabbo wanted to know.

"Got anybody in mind?"

"Nawsuh, not yit," Jabbo said. "But I seed some mighty peart-lookin' gals about de place I figgered I might git married up wid."

"Our womens," Giles pointed out, "is kind er particular about marryin' up wid strange niggers. And might' nigh all de real good ones done got dey husbands."

JABBO shifted his weight modestly. "O' cou'se," he admitted, "I wouldn't want to git messed up and make hard feelin's wid none er de yuther mens. I likes to friend along wid eve'ybody, and not quar'l and squabble. Maybe I better be gettin' on down de road."

Giles gave Jabbo another looking-over. There was strength in Jabbo, and there was a fourteen-acre field that would make twenty bales of cotton if it were properly worked.

"I'll try you out," Giles decided. "Be at de lot at daylight in de mawnin', and ax Uncle Henry to p'int out Lightnin', Eagle and Dinny-mite. And den hook to a fou'teen-inch middle-buster. I jest want to see what you been eatin'."

"Ya'ah." Jabbo grinned again.

"And git over to Rube's house and stay tonight," Giles added. "Eat a good supper and a light breakfast in de mawnin'."

After Jabbo had gone off toward Rube's cabin, Giles turned to Newman Dyke. "How long you reckon *he'll* last?" he asked.

Newman chuckled. "I give him to de bell ring at noon," he estimated. "Efn old Lightnin' don't git him befo' den, old Eagle is bound to git him befo' de sun go down."

They both laughed. Testing new men on the biggest and fastest middle-splitter team in the Red River bottoms was always amusing. If a man could walk behind that team for one whole day, Giles figured he had both the strength and the grit to make a crop. Newman, who plowed the team regularly during the winter breaking-up, always predicted the worst and, more frequently than not, he was right.

JABBO, however, fooled Newman and delighted Giles. At noon the next day the new man made no comment about the team. He had plowed steadily all morning without a word of complaint. He was sweating freely when the bell rang; even Newman sweated a lot behind that team.

Late in the afternoon, Giles rode up behind Jabbo and watched him at work. What Giles heard both surprised and pleased him. Jabbo was talking to the mules in his lazy, friendly drawl:

"You Dinny-mite! Whyn't you drag hit on down wid de yuther mules? Efn you don't stop dat laggin' back, I'm gonter take de end er dis line and whup you good. You big as dem yuther mules and yo' laigs is as long, and I bet you eats as much. Now, you better mind how you rats, or I'll git after you!"

Giles rode off to spread the news.

Jabbo was not only stepping behind the big team, but he was after old Dinny-mite for not keeping up. Everybody else begged Lightning and Eagle to walk slowly, as Dinny-mite did. But not Jabbo.

"Dat's what he told 'em," Giles related. "He was tellin' old Dinny-mite to drag hit on down wid de yuther mules. 'Old Dinny-mite!' he say, 'drag hit on, or I'll take my line and tear hit off'n you!' Dat's what dat Jabbo boy was tellin' 'em!"

It was big news and it spread like wildfire growing out of control.

Jabbo wore out the end of his line trying to keep old Dinny-mite up to the other mules. Jabbo held the plow with one hand and snapped the line at the mules with the other. The mules walked too fast for everybody else on the place, but they walked too slow for Jabbo. That Jabbo! He was "a man out'n de book"! If the mules didn't walk faster, old Jabbo might turn them loose and pull the plow himself. Lord, what a man!

WHEN he came to the lot that night, Jabbo was a very tired plow hand, but he made no complaint. If he realized that the day's ordeal had been planned to test his mettle, he said nothing about it. And he was not aware of the reputation he had built for himself.

"How'd you make out?" Giles asked him.

"All right, I reckon," Jabbo said. "Us kept turnin'."

"Well," the foreman said, "I'm fixin' to put you to restin' tomorrow. Ketch up old Kit and Elder and jine de plowin' on de Windmill."

That order, as far as Giles was concerned, ended the whole matter. Jabbo had passed the work test satisfactorily, and had been allotted an easier job.

But Newman Dyke did not forget it. Other men on the place had plowed the powerful trio for a whole day without arousing Newman's ire. Yet, until Jabbo's advent, Newman was the only man who had ever complained of Dinny-mite walking slower than his teammates. Newman, too, was the only man who had ever brought the team into the lot after a day's steady plowing and not asked for slower and less fractious mules. Jabbo not only had not asked for a lighter job, but he had shown absolutely no indication of appreciating a lighter job when the foreman handed him one.

That night, on the bayou path, Newman grumbled to Zurline. She, it was generally understood, was going to marry up with Newman as soon as winter plowing was done and the crop lands allotted to the share hands. She was considered the best young cotton chopper on Cash Point, and when Newman found himself a "widder man" after a row with Maggie, he "went and got" Zurline from Cash Point, and arranged for her to "visit wid some kinnery" until the courting days were over. Then he intended to wed and establish her as his official cotton chopper and housekeeper.

There were no obstacles in the way. Newman was known not only as "de best man on de place," but his reputation included the Red River bottoms from Benton to Bossier City. When Zurline, after a few days on Little Bee Bend, suggested, "Le's git married up and git goin'," she learned that Newman was as smart as he was strong.

"Le's wait," he told her, "to plantin' start, and save all dat money. Cause quick as I marries up to you, I has to draw double rations, and long as I'm a widder man I don't draw but single rations."

"You ain't only as stout as a mule," Zurline said admiringly, "but I be doggone efn you ain't as smart as a mule, too."

"Well, some mules is smarter den de yuthers," Newman said modestly. "Now, my mule is name old Lightnin' and he de smartest mule on de place. And de stoutest."

"And de fastest," Zurline giggled. "And you jest like him."

ALL of that happened before Jabbo came to Little Bee Bend. But when Jabbo came, things changed.

Now Newman was grumbling bitterly. "Dat nigger," he told Zurline, "ack like he too big for his britches. He plowed my team all day long and den had de cheeks not to tell nobody how tired he got."

"You mean dat Jabbo, f'm down de river?" Zurline asked. "I hyard he went down de row, all day long, jest a-whuppin' dem mules, so's dey'd wawk fast enough to suit him. I hyared he had 'em jest a-thumpin' wid de thumps, dey was so hot. I hyared Giles had to go and make him put dem mules in de shade so's dey c'd rest up. And whilst de team was shadin', dis Jabbo was out runnin' up and down de middles by hisse'f, jest to keep f'm coolin' off too quick."

Newman grunted his disgust. "You hyared wrong," he said. "He jest plowed 'em like anybody else, and de rest is jest lies."

"Dat's what I hyared," Zurline insisted, "and I hyared he is a mighty handsome man, too."

Newman was in no frame of mind to listen to such chatter. "You a fool," he told her, and he walked away.

When Newman plowed the big team the next day, Zurline did not come to the field to watch him work. Instead, she found business down on the Windmill cut where Jabbo was plowing.

And when Jabbo got his first look at Zurline, his heart almost stopped beating. She was tall and willowy. As she stepped across the uneven rows, her body swayed gracefully from her knees to her waist, but she held her head and shoulders high and steady.

"Lady," Jabbo observed, "I bet you c'd tote a bucket smack full er water on yo' haid and never spill a drap."

"Efn I had me a good man to tote a bucket smack full er water for," Zurline said saucily, "maybe I could."

Jabbo looked her over carefully. "Ain't you married up wid no man?" he asked.

"Not me," Zurline said. "I ain't never been married wid no man."

As he studied her once more, he allowed the whole matter to simmer in his mind. "A good-lookin' gal like you and not married," he reasoned aloud. "Well, hit must be somethin' wrong wid you, or else you'd be married up."

"Or," Zurline retorted, "hit might be somethin' wrong wid de mens."

Jabbo did not understand. "Maybe a good-lookin' gal like me don't want no mans," Zurline explained, "onless he's big and stout, and de tawk er de place on account er he's such a good man."

"Aw," said Jabbo, "I knowed hit was somethin'." And to his mules, "Git up, Elder! Kit!"

AS HE stepped down the furrow, his heart hurt him. Zurline had walked into his life and walked right out again, all in one little minute.

"I got pyore love for dat lady," he told himself, "and she won't pay me no mind on account er I ain't but jest a middlin' good man. She want a gi'nt for her husband." He shook his head sadly. "Well, I sho' wisht I was a gi'nt, so's she'd marry up wid me and chop my cotton. De way dat gal twis' herse'f, steppin' down de row, is enough to burn de grass out'n de cotton. Let alone de way she c'd whup hit out wid a hoe."

The more he thought of how much he loved Zurline and how impossible it would be to come up to her specifications, the sadder he felt. Presently, he put his feelings into a little song:

"Lawd, I had me a good woman,
But de fool laid down and died;
Or else she didn't love me,
So I hung my haid and cried."

"Man, she must 'a' been a good woman to make you carry on and sing like dat!"

Jabbo looked up and saw another woman standing near. She was tall and handsome, too, but Jabbo saw only that she was not Zurline.

"She was a good woman, all right," Jabbo admitted. "Maybe not de best in de world, but de best I ever had."

"She must 'a' died off, den," the woman suggested, "cause I don't b'lieve no lady is fool enough to jest quit a man like you."

"Whoa!" Jabbo said to his team. And to the woman: "Lady, dat sound like cou'tin' tawk. You didn't come out hyar to cou't at me, did you?"

"Sho', I comed out hyar to cou't at you," the woman said. "I'd come out anywhars to cou't a big man like you."

Jabbo eyed her closely. She was not as attractive as Zurline, but she was big and tall and, apparently, she meant business. If Zurline was out of his reach, maybe this woman would answer.

"What's yo' name?" he demanded.

"Maggie my name," the woman informed him. "I used to be de wife er Newman Dyke, on account er he was de best man on Little Bee Bend. But when you got hyar, you's de best man, so I'm gonter marry up wid you, to a better man come along."

"WELL, I tell you what," Jabbo said. "I wouldn't marry up wid no lady onless I had pyore love for her."

"You come cou'tin at me tonight," Maggie suggested, "and maybe you'll git love for me. I stay at Nud's house, now. Dat's fo' houses down de bayou f'm whar Rube live at. Come on by. I'll be settin' on de front po'ch, waitin'."

Jabbo plowed a full round, thinking it over. "Dat Maggie gal," he decided presently, "ack like she know her business. I bet she c'd chop my cotton good. And I sho' don't want to marry up wid no old cooter haid like Dawthy Dawn, so's I'd have to plow my heart out and her not ha'f work de crop."

But a few moments later he sang his real feelings:

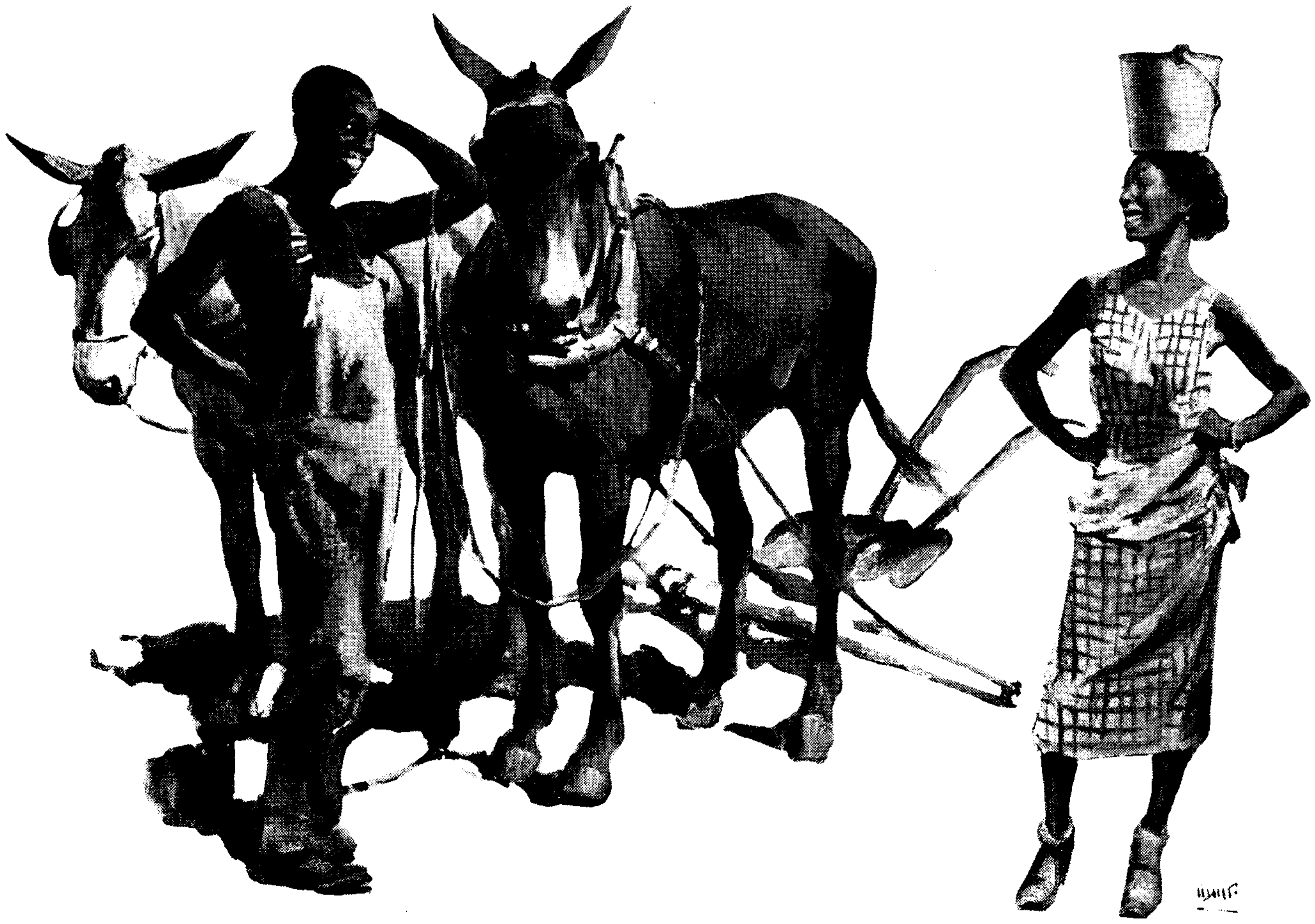
"Had me a mighty good woman,
And her name hit was Zurline;
I love her wid my pyore love,
But she treat me doggone mean."

"Singin' bout me, hunh, big stuff?"

It was Zurline walking behind him,

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



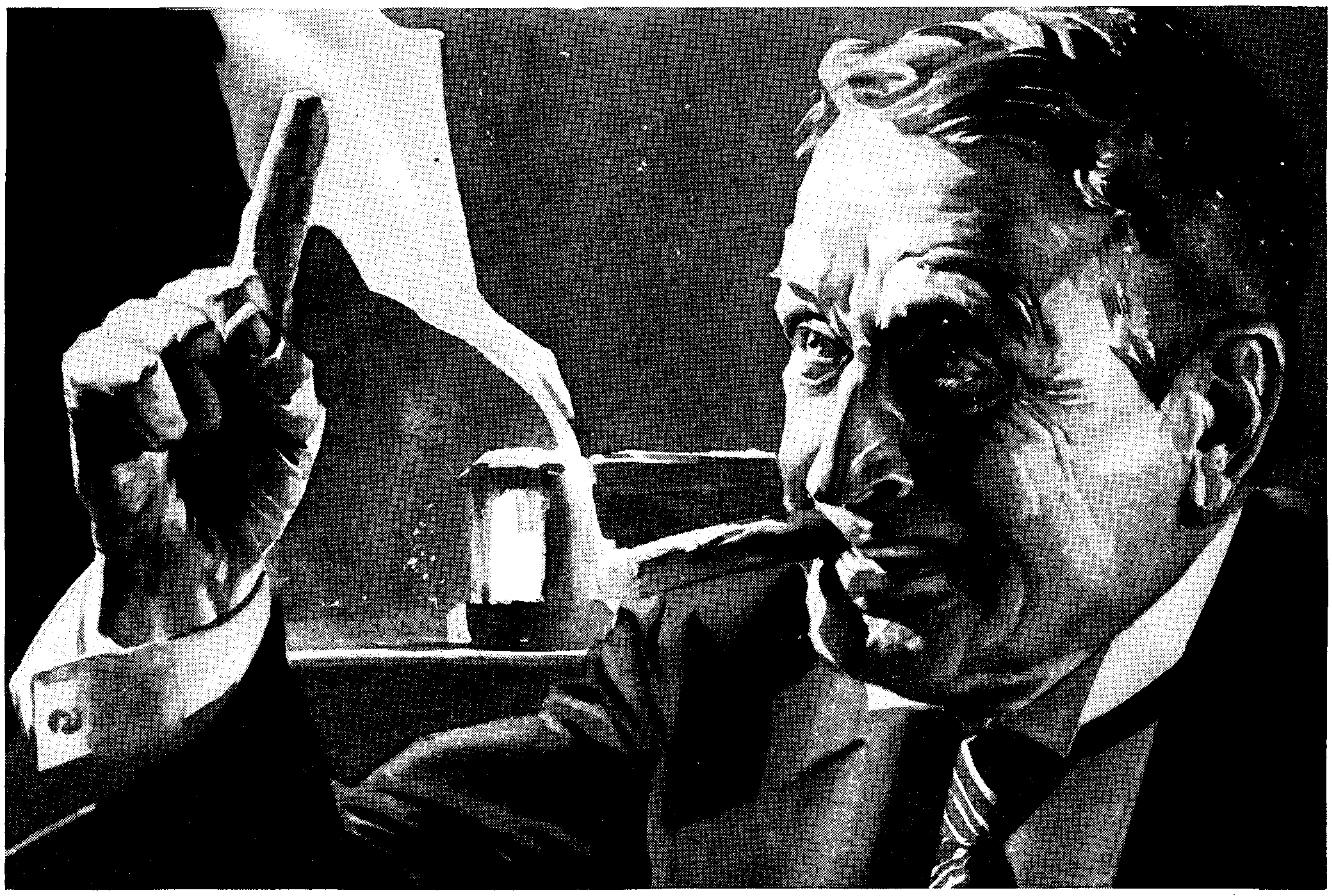
"When my man say he want water brang in a bucket on my haid," Zurline said, "he gonter git it"

The Right Man

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Denver Lindley

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



“Appoint that whippersnapper?” he yelled. “How many votes do you think he's good for? One—maybe”

LOTS of guys are good once in a while. Thing about the Old Man, he's always good. I've been his secretary thirteen years and he can still surprise me. Like the time he brought McAuliff into camp. . . .

This was a morning after the night before and the chief was fit to be tied. He snapped our heads off one by one and then went inside and slammed the door. Just the same, when McAuliff called he said to send him in.

This McAuliff is a very tall skinny guy with a nice grin. And pretty young.

“Governor,” he said, “I'm here to make a protest.” The chief stayed right where he was; he don't like to stand and look up at guys. He just waved his hand at McAuliff and said: “Go right ahead, son. That's what I'm here for, to listen to the voice of the people.” Then he sort of pulled himself together and turned on the charm. That always gets 'em.

He didn't tell me to go, so I sat down at my desk and listened in.

McAuliff could see he was being kidded, but he sort of squared his chin and went right ahead.

“It's about Spurgeon,” he said. “There's a rumor you're going to appoint him chief of surgery at State Hospital.”

“That's more than a rumor,” the chief said. “Dr. Spurgeon assumed his new duties this morning.”

McAuliff looked sunk. “Governor, you've got to reconsider,” he said. “You know Spurgeon isn't competent to attend a molting chicken, let alone carve open the citizens of this state. Why, the mail-order mill where he got his diploma was run out of business years ago. He oughtn't even to be allowed to practice, and as for setting his foot inside an operating-room—”

“Tut, tut,” the chief broke in. “You're young, Mr. McAuliff. Not much older than my boy Frank at State U. You've had the best, just like him. You've been to Harvard Law, and we're right proud to have you practicing in our city. But, shucks, son, lots of us old-timers didn't have that much education. Take me. Take Senator Bilbridge. Neither one of us more than got through High—if that. But we make out just the same. We've had experience, see? Same as Doc Spurgeon. What he didn't get in school, he got later, see?”

“I don't see at all,” McAuliff said, commencing to get sore. “I can't see any possible parallel between a doctor, who is supposed to be a man of science, and a politician, who—isn't.”

The chief had to sit back and laugh at that one.

“So you don't think experience counts in medicine? Well, that's where we differ, son. But Doc Spurgeon's got more than experience; he studied in Detroit.”

“And why did he leave?” McAuliff asked, sharp and quick. “Because he was forced to, because they ran him out for malpractice.”

“That ain't so, son,” the chief said mildly. “Doc Spurgeon had bad luck in Detroit; he come back here where he was born an' brought up so he could be a country doctor like his dad.”

“Yes,” said McAuliff, getting sarcastic, “and maybe have a little hand in local politics. No one respects country doctors more than I do. Spurgeon isn't one. Never was. You don't find them angling for hospital appointments; they wouldn't take one if it was offered. Spurgeon is and always has been a cheap fraud and a quack. You know it, Governor, and you're putting him where he may have our lives—your life and mine—in his hands. I thought I could make you see reason; now I'm going to talk to the people.”

HE SORT of unfolded himself from his chair and stood up, leaning over the chief's desk, sore as hell.

This guy was a pretty good talker and the chief could see it was serious, so he pushed the hair back out of his eyes and turned on some more charm. “Sit down, son,” he said, real mild. “Keep *your socks on. If you're lookin' for someone* to talk to, I'm your man. I'll listen till the cows come home.”

McAuliff sat down. “You'll listen,” he said, “but will you do anything?”

The chief dug out his best box of cigars and offered one to McAuliff. McAuliff said “No, thanks” and lit a cigarette. The chief bit off the end of his cigar and held it in his teeth a minute, just like he was thinking over what McAuliff had said. I knew what he was really thinking over was how many votes McAuliff could deliver and how to keep from losing 'em.

Pretty soon he said, sort of musing, “Do anything about it, Mr. McAuliff? Why, if I didn't think the doc was the best possible man for the job he'd be out on his ear in five seconds. Nothing is too good for the citizens of this state. They get the best even if I have to work my hands to the bone giving it to 'em.”

McAuliff's eyes flashed. He shot straight at the chief: “Then why didn't you appoint Wainwright?”

That was too much for the Old Man. He got halfway out of his chair and shouted at McAuliff. “Appoint that whippersnapper?” he yelled. “How many votes do you think he's good for? One—maybe. If he'd register. Probably he ain't even registered.” Then he took a hold on himself and smiled. He could see this wasn't the right tack with McAuliff. “I'll talk turkey to you, Mr. McAuliff,” he said. “You're a bright young fellow. Someday, maybe, you'll be in politics yourself. It pays to take account of things. Spurgeon, now, he's a right man—”

Just then I got a buzz and had to beat it. Things in the outer office were in a swell mess. A couple of the boys were *standing there looking jittery and white.* The stenog was wringing her hands and saying for God's sake to get the Old Man to come out and for God's sake please don't make her tell him.

“Tell him what?” I shouted, trying to shake some sense into her.

Then I got the story. Young Frank, the Old Man's son, had got himself smashed up in an auto wreck. He's in pretty bad shape, with things busted loose inside, and they've rushed him to State Hospital and are all set to operate. Yeah, you've guessed it: Doc Spurgeon is going to do the job. They're just waiting for the Old Man's say-so.

A very handsome kettle of fish.

Here's this college-boy reformer talking the Old Man's ear off and over in State Hospital good old Doc Spurgeon has his knife out all ready to go after the Old Man's kid.

“He'll die,” wails the stenog, “and him so handsome. He hasn't got a chance.”

Well, it looked to me as if she was absolutely right. The kid didn't have a chance, unless something was done quick. Still and all, I couldn't tip the Old Man's hand—not with that reformer nut hanging around.

Well, there's times when you gotta go to bat for the boss. He's on the spot now, see? So I got the hospital on the wire and told 'em to get hold of this bird Wainwright and tell him to get ready to operate. Then I tapped off a memo to the Old Man saying how things were and if he just nodded his head Wainwright would go ahead and no one the wiser.

I took it in to him—and the chief hit the roof.

“TELL Wainwright to get the hell out of there,” he bellowed. “I want Spur*geon to operate. Tell him to use his judg*ment.”

You could have knocked me down with a feather. This is the Old Man's son, see? The kid he likes better than anything. And here is the Old Man pulling a grandstand play.

McAuliff went out, plenty impressed.

“Aren't you taking a chance, Chief?” I said, sort of hesitating. He looked at me and then I saw why he gets 'em all. You can look straight into the chief's insides—when he lets you. “No,” he said, “I'm taking no chances. I trust Doc Spurgeon. I've known him for thirty years. He's my friend.”

“For Pete's sake,” I said. “Whyn't you tell McAuliff that?”

The chief smiled. “It's too simple,” he said. “He wouldn't have believed me.”

The kid? Sure, he got well. In spite of Spurgeon? Not a bit of it. Spurgeon didn't operate; called in Wainwright instead. I tell you any time the chief trusts a guy, you can bet your bottom dollar he's to be trusted.

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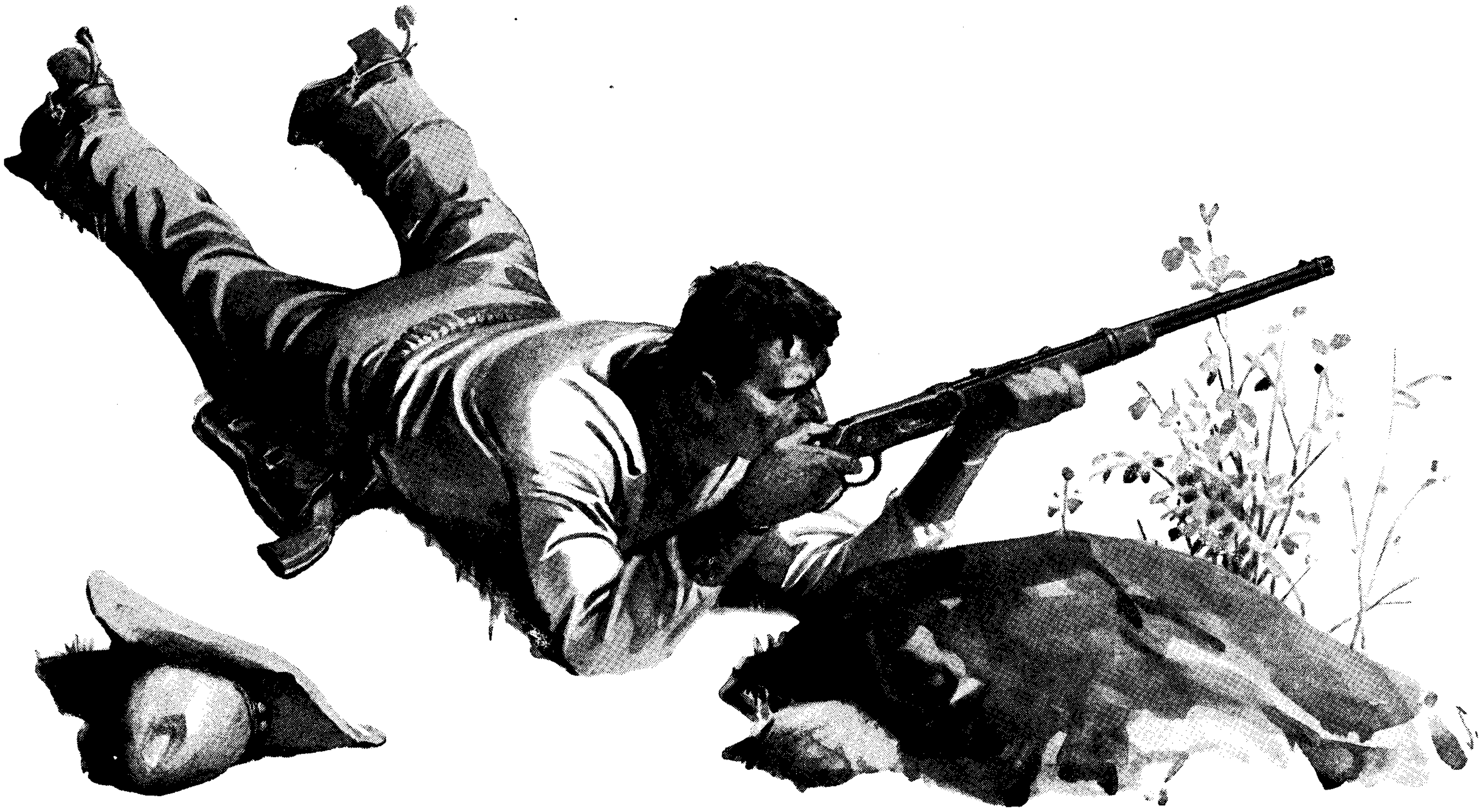


Pokey lifted his gun and had a clean chance at the little man

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

IX

The Story Thus Far:

THE little cattle center of Morgantown is shocked by the assassination of Les Head, one of the sons of "Old Martin" Head, a prominent cattleman. Buck Surratt, an itinerant cowboy, is suspected of the crime.

Surratt is not guilty. But he refuses to reveal anything concerning his past. Whereupon, impressed by his courage, Sam Torveen, a sheep raiser, gives him a job.

Because he is a sheep man, Torveen has many enemies, prominent among whom are Les Head's brother, Bill Head, Ab Cameron, Dutch Kersom and the Peyrolles boys. And because Torveen is in love with Judith Cameron, Ab Cameron's daughter, Bill Head hates him; for Bill, too, loves Judith.

Within a few days war breaks out between the Torveen and Head forces. Torveen has only a few men: Surratt, Ferd Bowie, Nick Perrigo and a few others. Attacked by overwhelming numbers, he is wounded and finds refuge in a near-by cave.

Meanwhile, Surratt, too, has fallen in love with Judith Cameron. He has reason to believe that she knows more about the murder of Les Head than she cares to reveal; for near the scene of the tragedy he had found a glove which belonged to her.

Bill Head is instrumental in having large rewards offered for the apprehension of Torveen *and* Surratt. . . . At the cave, Torveen is badly in need of a doctor. At the risk of his life, Surratt slips into Morgantown, where, assisted by the friendly George Bernay, Billy Temple and Jud Horsfall, he finds Doc Brann and sends him to the cave. But, trapped by Head's followers, he is arrested.

Surratt does not remain behind bars long—a band of men, led by "Blackjack" Smith, rescues him; and presently, accompanied by Judith Cameron, he rides back to the cave. There, bursting into tears, Judith kisses the wounded man; and Surratt, quite naturally, assumes that she loves him.

Later, alone with Judith, Surratt again sees tears in her eyes. "You're a wise man, Buck," she says softly, "but not wise enough to know why I am crying now."

AT NOON of the following day Pokey crawled to the edge of the river and saw, diagonally across the stream, the face of the tunnel. Surratt stood there in the heavy sunlight with Judith Cameron, and the sight of the girl jerked up Pokey's eyebrows and left him slowly considering it. He had his rifle with him and when, half an hour later, Perrigo came out of the farther trees and dropped down the bluff to the tunnel, Pokey lifted his gun and had a clean chance at the little man. Pokey lined him up through the sights; he took up the trigger's slack and suspended his breathing for the final pull. But he never made it. Instead, he lowered the gun and had a little talk with himself. He shook his head with some disgust and crawled back into the timber. After that he rode a mile down the river, crossed over and approached the hideout again. Putting his horse in the brush, he squatted by the edge of that trail which led to the hideout, waiting with an inevitable patience.

WHEN Perrigo came up to the tunnel, with Pokey's distant gun trained on him, he had completed a morning's swing through the hills. He crouched in front of Surratt and the girl, resting himself. Sweat ran freely along his very dark and very thin cheeks. "Plenty tracks around here," he said. "That fellow you saw last night in the meadow was within a hundred yards of this spot. A big bunch has been see-sawin' back and forth about a half mile below. They keep cuttin' a higher trail each time. I saw men over on the pass road. The fords are pretty well covered. No chance of sneakin' over any bridges either. I think Head's workin' the country from the falls this way, piece at a time."

"Methodical," commented Surratt.

"One time I had my gun pointed on a fellow not more'n seventy feet off," grumbled Perrigo. "He was scoutin' alone." He looked at Judith. "One of your dad's men. He up here?"

"Bill Head sent for the men," said Judith bitterly. "Dad has no say in the matter."

"Your father," grunted Perrigo, "has been under the Heads a good many years. He never had the claws and teeth to fight back. Where's Ferd?"

Surratt had started into the tunnel, but he wheeled when the question came. "He left here an hour ago, to hunt for you."

"No," said Perrigo. He considered that a long while. His face turned thin and noncommittal. He met Surratt's glance. "No," he repeated more slowly, "Ferd never went down that trail. His tracks don't show."

Judith knew what they were thinking. She said: "I have always thought Sam made a mistake using that man. He was nervous as a cat around here this morning." She stopped, then burst out: "You don't think he'd betray Sam?"

"Not Sam," countered Perrigo.

"Who then?" Judith demanded quickly.

Perrigo put his finger out toward Surratt. He didn't say anything. He slapped a hand sharply across his thigh and stood up, going back to the trees on foot. He was traveling at a sort of crouched dogtrot when he vanished in the green undergrowth.

"There's another man I doubted," murmured Judith. "Somehow, I don't now."

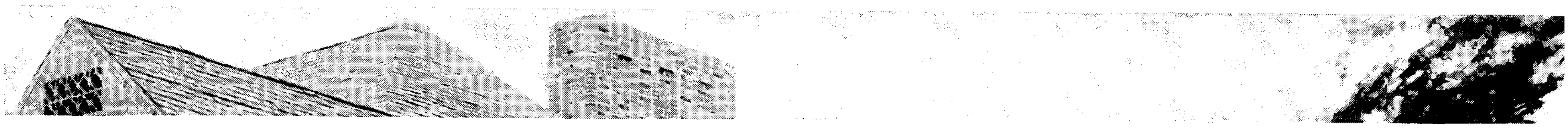
THEY turned into the tunnel. The closeness of water made it damp and chilly in here, and the light was bad. Brann sat on the gravel with his coat collar turned up. His eyes were bloodshot from smoke and want of sleep. Ed was in another corner of the tunnel, dead to the world after putting in half the night patrolling. Torveen lay quietly underneath his blankets, but he grinned at sight of Judith.

"No chance of getting back to town before dark?" asked Brann.

"Hills are full of Head's men," countered Surratt. "You tired of waiting?"

"I left a full house on Neal Irish's poker table," grumbled Brann. "I—"

A far-off shot's echo stopped his talk. It came through the cave's dead air and turned them all. There was a second echo, and a third one, with a deliberate space of time between. Somebody deeper in the green slopes was signaling. The group held that attitude of waiting, constrained by the meaning of the sound.



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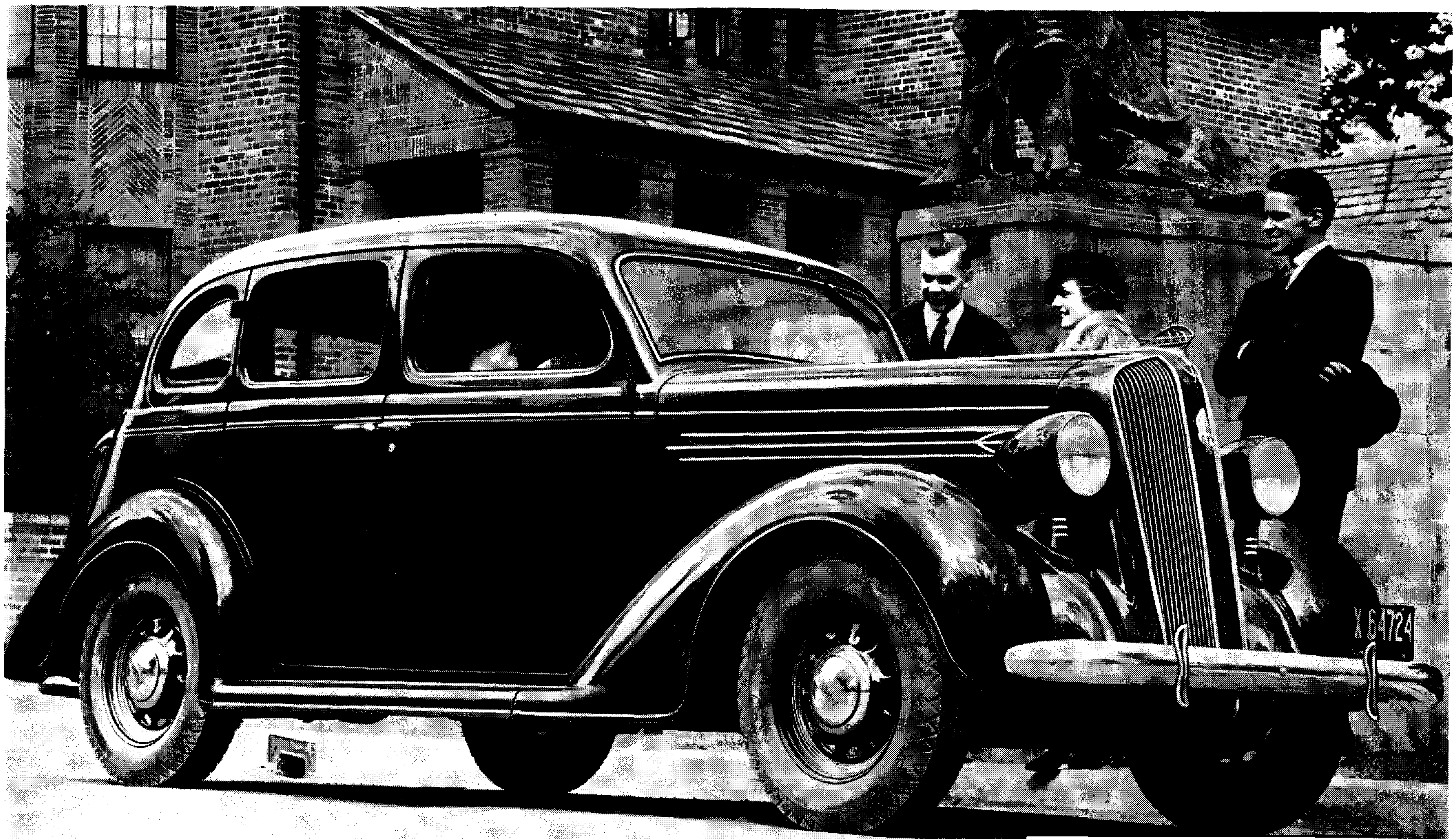

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"It's gettin' nearer," observed Brann.

Judith looked at Torveen, a darkness across her fine, gray eyes. "I hate to think of you being caught like a rat in a trap! What would happen if we went out and found Sheriff Ranier and surrendered to him?"

But Brann and Surratt and Torveen said, "No," almost in unison. The unanimity of their reactions surprised her. She looked at Surratt and found him humorlessly smiling. "Surrender isn't in the book of rules Bill Head carries, Judith."

"Ranier," grunted Brann, with the full shading of contempt, "is a weather vane."

Judith said nothing more, but her eyes glowed with a fresh anger, and her shoulders straightened and color came to her face. Surratt watched this, his faint smile turning sad. "Don't worry," he counseled her quietly. "There's one more deal left in the deck."

Torveen turned his face toward Brann. "Brann," he said, "look at those two people. There they are—the two finest friends I've ever had. By God, I'm happy for my luck—and I don't know what I'd do if I lost 'em. Don't they make a fine pair, Brann? Look at 'em!"

Brann said, "Uhuh." He had his glance at Surratt and the girl—a quick, keen glance—and dropped his eyes. Surratt swung away, his question brusque. "What time is it?"

Brann looked at his watch: "Past two-thirty. Long day."

There was then the full rush of a shot's report, so near at hand that it rang against the rock walls. One shot and only one. Brann jerked himself upright; and Ed, sound asleep a moment before, sprang out of his blankets. Surratt was instantly on his way down the tunnel. He threw back a curt order. "Stay here," and halted at the edge of the sunlight a moment. But he thought he knew where that shot came from and ran up the side of the bluff and entered the trail. A horseman went smashing through the yonder brush. Perrigo's voice, beyond sight, was thin and fading; guided by its diminishing tone, Surratt plowed his way into the thicket. There was, twenty yards off the trail, a small clearing. Coming upon it with a rush, he found Perrigo lying there, trying to support himself on an elbow. When he saw Surratt his elbow collapsed and he fell on his shoulder. "Watch out, Surratt!"

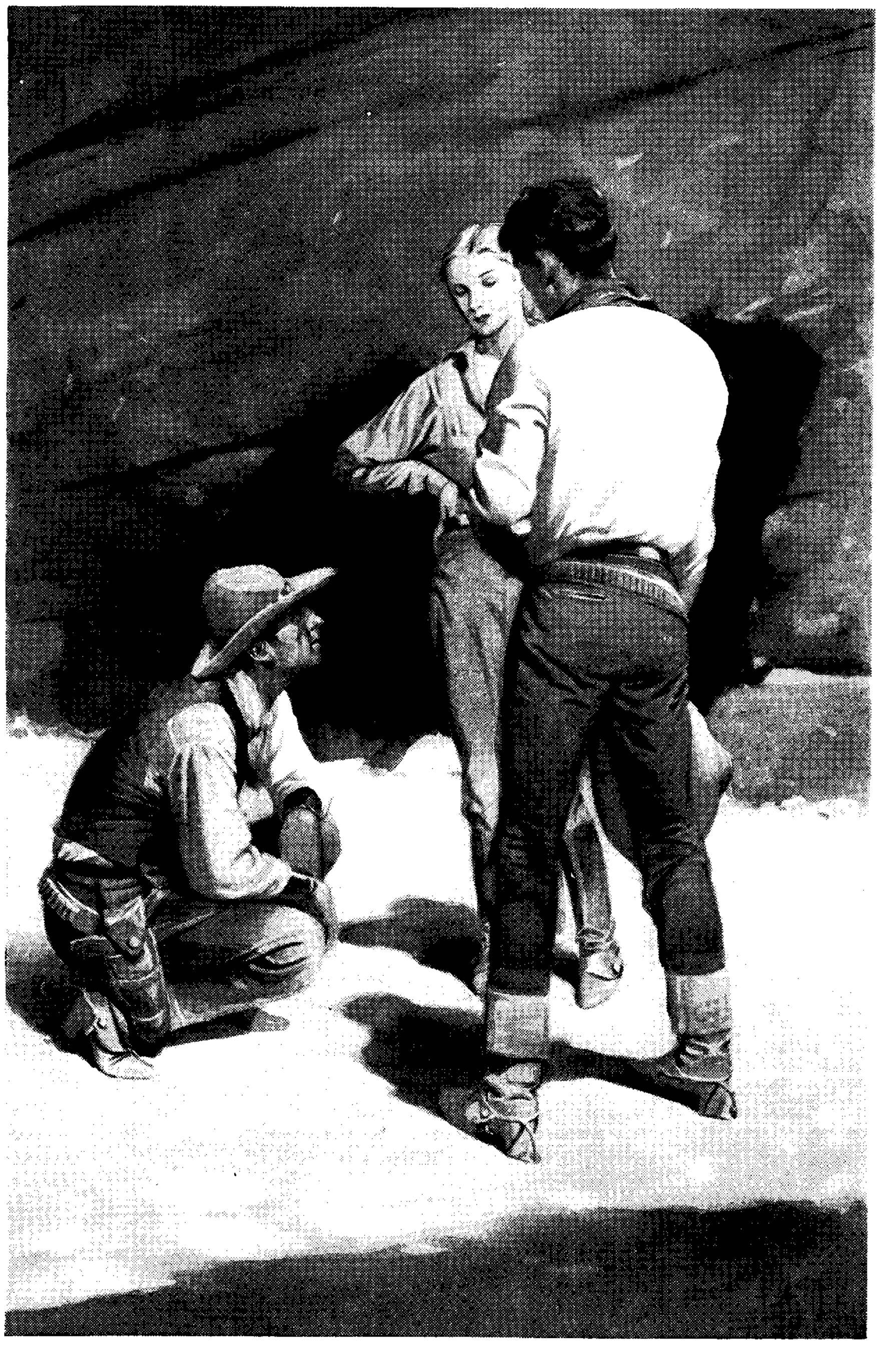
Surratt bent. "He's runnin'. Who was it?"

PERRIGO began to cough in a slow, terrible way. Fear sprang into his black eyes and dilated them tremendously. He choked off the cough, little body racked by that effort. "I knew it would come like this some day."

"Bowie?"

Perrigo said faintly: "Him — no. Never mind. Damn Martin Head—he knew! He knew all the time! There's a terrible man to have against you."

Blood bubbled through a small round hole in Perrigo's chest. Perrigo lifted his head and saw that rent in his lungs and his hand reached up to cover it, like a gesture of decency. His lips stretched, they sagged at the corners; yet watching him, Surratt observed the fatalism and the grit at the bottom of Perrigo's nature come up to fight this mortal darkness into which he was slipping. Perrigo's voice kept ebbing, even while the desire to talk powerfully urged him. "Listen," he murmured, "I shot Les Head. It was why I mistrusted you. Thought you knew I'd done it. Surratt, keep watch over my girl."



"That fellow you saw was within a hundred yards of this spot"

"What?" said Surratt.

"Annette," murmured Perrigo. "That's my secret and Mrs. Carvel's. Annette don't know, but she's my girl. It was a mistake of long ago, and it has been on my mind a long while. She was a kid that grew up like a flower wantin' sun. She trusted men too much, and always wanted men to like her. I saw that coming up with Les Head, who was a dog and took what he could get. I have no regrets for puttin' him out of the way. It was why I did it—so he'd never hurt her."

He stopped a moment, bitterly holding himself alive. His voice afterward was merely a suspiration of failing breath. "I have had her on my mind since she got to the age of attractin' men. By God, Surratt, I have hated all the breed of men, out of fear! It is why I disliked you. But it is a mistake, for I've watched you and found you an honest man. If you wasn't, you wouldn't be here fightin' Sam Torveen's fight. You take care of her for me, Surratt. I remember seein' her go to school when she was seven, with a red bow in her hair. Hell is a place that has no worries for me. I've had my hell watchin' a daughter I couldn't own—"

Looking down at him, Surratt saw that he was dead.

He heard a sound then, small and scurrying; it struck the back of his neck, and pure reaction rolled him aside and around—and thereby avoided the bullet that scuffed up a thin furrow of soil where he had been. The rush of the shot filled the little clearing; and Ferd Bowie was there at the edge of it, his gun wheeling to catch Surratt's awkward shape on the ground. Surratt reached and seized the butt of his revolver and snapped a quick shot. But it had been a chance aim and it went wide. Bowie ducked his head as that bullet's breath breathed on his cheek and then he whirled, as though his nerves and his courage could not hold him against Surratt's firing, and crashed out of sight in a low, long dive. Surratt tried that area with a second bullet. He was on his feet, running against the brush. He heard Bowie cursing off there, behind the trees—and he stopped, faced by the risk of another ambush. Bowie had reached his horse. In a moment he was in the deep timber, racing away.

HE LOOKED back at Perrigo lying sprawled in that senseless, bottomless sleep, and for a moment he permitted himself to feel the tragedy of Perrigo's life, as Perrigo had felt it—the defeat and deep loneliness which so long had racked that small frame. Judged on the scales of human behavior, this man had been bad and his snuffed-out life was no loss to the hills; yet he had died thinking of a little girl with a red bow in her hair walking under the sun, clutching at that memory with the regret common to all men, good and bad alike. For a moment Surratt understood this and for a moment he gave Perrigo his dues; then he closed it out of his head and turned back to the cave, knowing then what his own duty was.

Judith and Brann and Ed were at the mouth of the cave. He said: "We've lost Perrigo."

Judith's eyes clung to him, wide and dark. But Brann didn't seem surprised. "What were those other shots?"

"That was Bowie having his way," murmured Surratt. "But he missed me—and he ran."

"The dog," murmured Ed, "will give us away."

"What time is it?"

"After three," said Brann.

"The shots have already given us away," reflected Surratt. "Anyhow, the fellow that got Perrigo knows we're around here. Crow Track will come over and beat up this section. It's four hours till dark. Brann, when can Sam be moved?"

"Tomorrow, maybe—but not under his own power."

SURRATT turned into the tunnel. He had to stand a moment near Torveen before his eyes adjusted themselves to the semidarkness. Torveen's face, turning around to him, was strained and depressed.

"Somebody got Perrigo from the brush—and Bowie's run away."

"I heard the shootin'," sighed Torveen. He tried to lift himself—and fell back, breath thumping in and out of him. "I'd just as soon be dead as this!"

Surratt noticed the feebleness of the man then. Brann hadn't told them the whole truth concerning Torveen's condition. He said, "You hang tight," and picked up Torveen's gun belt. He thumbed half the cartridges from their loops and put them into his pocket.

"Kid," said Torveen, "we've played out our string. I think you better dust over the pass and be on your way."

Surratt grinned. "I've observed Bill Head to be a man who gets his ideas on the third bounce. It's the way we work this now. But you'll have to grit your teeth to it, Sam."

"What?"

SURRATT turned back to the mouth of the tunnel. Ed had gone off somewhere, leaving the girl and Doc Brann here in the hard sunlight. The smell of the late day was resinous; the air clung to the ground, motionless and smoky and hot. There was, he observed, a fear in these two people. Brann's indifference couldn't hide it, and Judith Cameron's eyes were dark with what she thought. He said to Brann: "I can give you tonight—I think I can. But it is all I can give you."

"How'll we move him?" grumbled Brann. "He's weak as a dragged cat. The boy's hurt, you understand?"

"Let him take his choice of chances," said Surratt evenly. "There's little left to choose from. You've got tonight."

"Why?"

"Because I'm giving it to you," explained Surratt. "When dark comes you fix a way of moving him. Not farther up the hills, like Head might expect, but back down. It is around six miles, I'd guess, to Temple's house. How could Head think of him bein' there, that close to Morgantown?"

"No," said Brann, "I—"

But Surratt spoke with a real anger. "I thought you were a poker player!" He turned instantly away from them. Judith called his name. He didn't look back; he kept on, going up the bluff and into the brush where the horses were. Ed was there, standing without much purpose against his pony. Surratt swung into his saddle. "Ed," he said, "if you hear firin' after dark tonight, up in the north, that's your signal to get out of here." Judith was once more calling; he heard her running up the bluff. Turning his horse, he drove through the brush and reached the trail and galloped along it.

When he had gone two hundred yards he slid into the trees. There was a ridge

(*Continued on page* 50)

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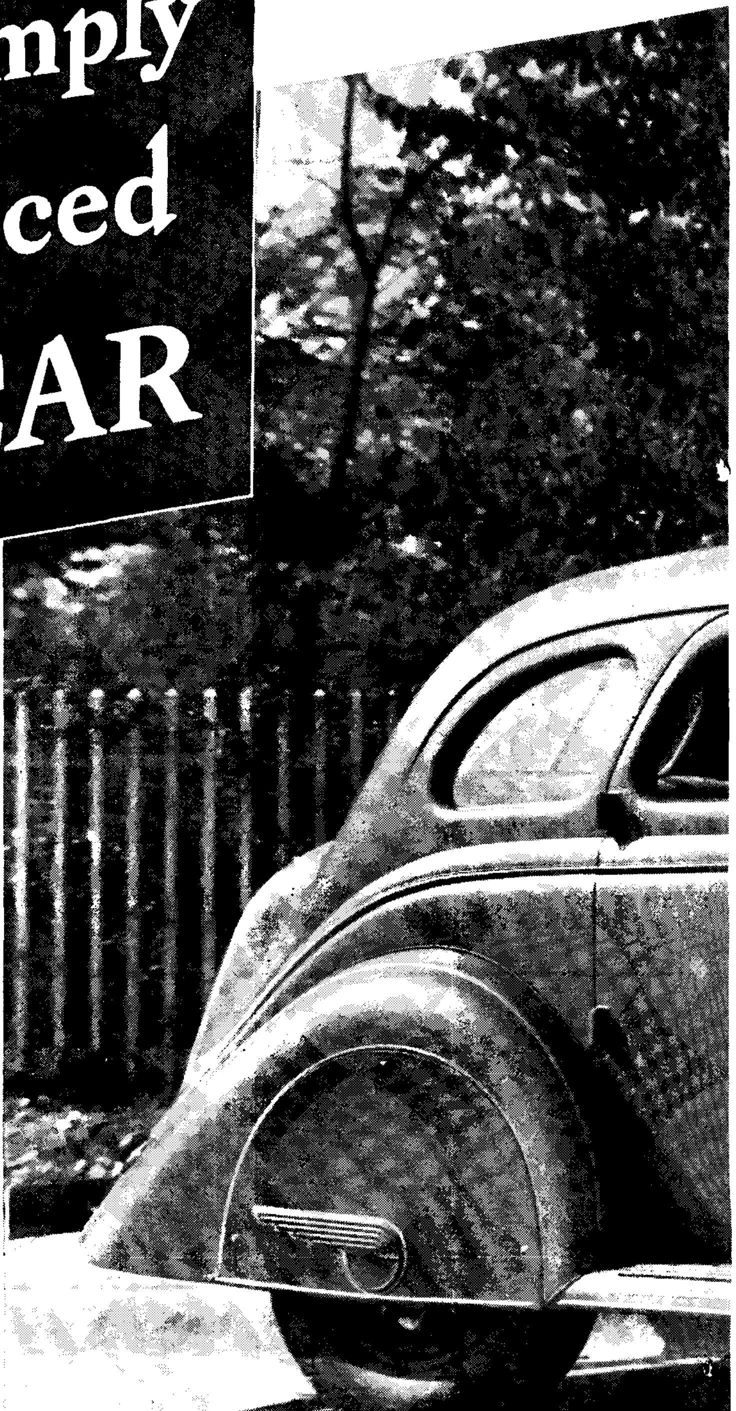

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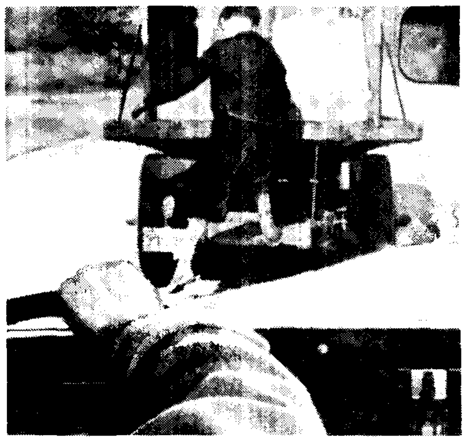

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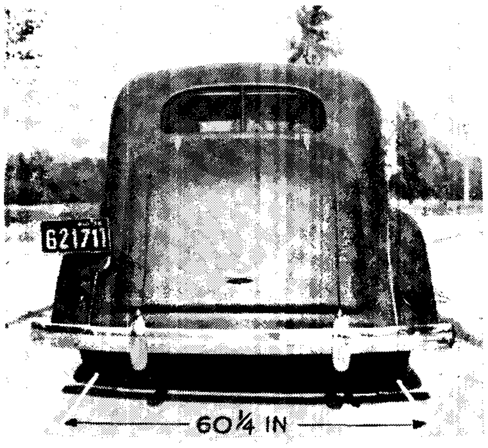

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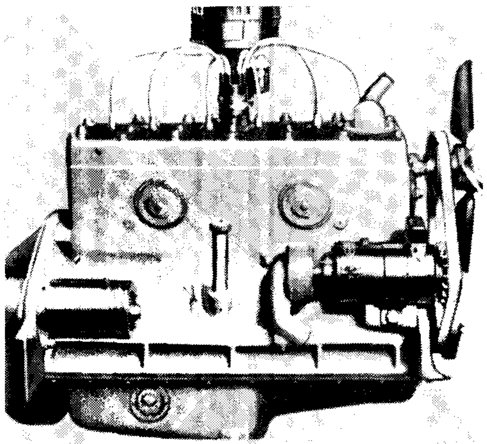

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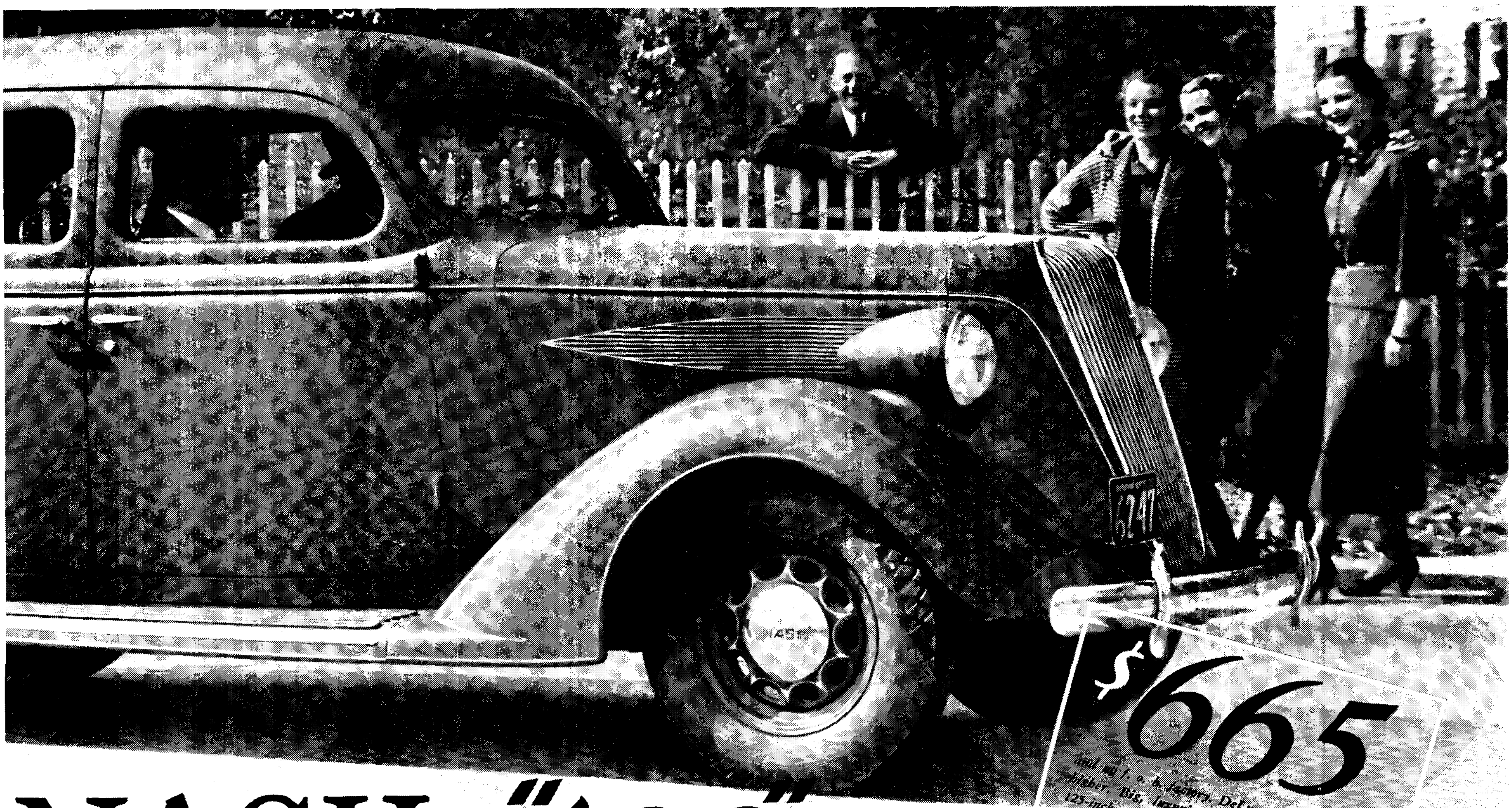

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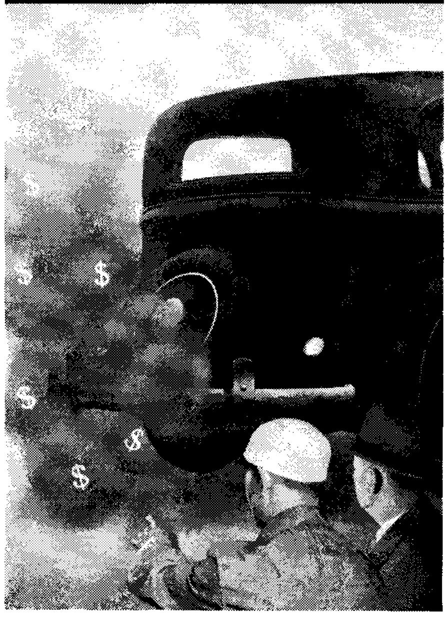

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Reluctant Menace

Continued from page 16

He had a friend who was the night watchman of the bank. When his friend went off duty early in the morning he always punched the time clock with Lorre's card, so that the young thespian-banker was always checked in not only on time, but early. But, alas, their little scheme was discovered and Lorre became an ex-bank clerk.

By now he had another actor friend. This man got Lorre a small part in a regular production in Breslau. Small? Lorre had three lines to say, but how he studied them! His salary was to be 100 marks a month—hardly enough to live on. But the twenty-two-year-old Lorre was living on dreams now, and what did food matter?

At that stage of the game he was probably literally the world's worst actor. But he stayed on and improved. Tenacious, stubborn, willing to work all day and all night, he kept at it, and finally when the company's leading man went to Zurich for an engagement he took young Lorre with him. He saw possibilities in the sad-faced boy. From Zurich he went to Vienna, where he played a variety of roles, specializing, however, in comedy.

Then in 1928 he went to Berlin, the Broadway of Central Europe. He arrived in Berlin with a light heart and a light pocketbook—to be exact, a ten-mark pocketbook. He was given a leading part in a play of adolescence in which he had to portray a sixteen-year-old lad. It was a study of a boy's mind, a psychological study; a difficult part for any actor to play. The play opened and twenty minutes after it opened people were asking, "Who is Lorre? Who is Lorre?"

At its conclusion the audience arose and cheered for Lorre. He stood there on the stage, shy, half afraid, his large, soft eyes looking out fearfully at this cheering crowd.

"I was afraid," he says now, "that it was mock applause, that it was like the laughter which greeted me when I rehearsed my first part in Breslau. Then I realized that these people were really cheering me. It was heady wine. I thought, 'Now I can buy a new suit.' "

The manager threw his arms around Lorre. He saw a long, long profitable run in sight. He realized that for no money at all he had a potentially great drawing card under contract.

He said, "Lorre, my boy, you were wonderful. What do you need? Money, perhaps? Ask me for anything and it is yours."

Lorre told me: "I was still in a daze. I didn't have, literally, a mark in my pocket. I said to him, laughing, 'My friend, you might give me 30,000 marks.' The manager reached in his pocket and peeled off thirty thousand-mark notes. I had never seen money like that—no, not even when I worked in the bank. I took it and said, 'In the morning I will buy a new suit.' "

Breaking into the Talkies

In the morning he went to Hoffman's, a large department store. He said he wanted to look at suits. The manager of the store said, "But let us look at your suit."

"Everyone in the store came to see my suit," Lorre says. "They felt it and shook their heads. I had worn it for years, you know. I don't think they had ever seen such a suit. Then they began bringing material to make me suits. 'I will take that and that and that,' I told them. I bought a dozen suits. I was in a daze yet, you know. I was a famous actor now. Last night I had been a kid from Vienna trying to gain a foothold in the theater. So I went crazy. I bought twelve suits. When you have been poor, dreadfully poor, all your life and someone waves a wand and you are rich, that is hard to take without going crazy."

His next play was Wedekind's Spring's Awakening. Fritz Lang, then Germany's greatest film director, took an interest in Lorre. Talking pictures were just becoming popular. Lang as yet hadn't directed one. He told Lorre that he wanted him to star in his first picture. The first film he was given to direct was M. The fact that Lorre was given that sinister role was a sheer accident. Had Lang's first picture been a comedy Lorre might well have become known to this country as a great comedian. But in M he was a murderer and the screen public still thinks of Lorre as a murderer "type."

That brings us to our sad-faced actor being pointed out on the streets of Berlin as a child murderer. His portrayal had been too faithful. Wisely he decided against immediately doing another horror film. He had to wait months and months before being offered anything else but he waited to be rewarded with a picture, Thirteen Trunks of Mr. O. F. Two more comedies followed and then he received an offer to make a picture for British Gaumont. He accepted.

Nothing but a Menace

"But, you know, when I arrived in London," Lorre says, "they were horrified to discover that I couldn't speak any English. 'We start shooting when?' I asked them. They told me we began in three weeks. 'Oh, I'll learn English by then,' I said, and I did."

It is an old custom to decry the brains and eyesight of Hollywood producers. Actually they can think pretty well for themselves and can see farther than the mountains which border the village of Hollywood. They had seen Lorre in M; had marveled at his performance but had been apprehensive lest he be strictly a type actor—a menace and nothing else.

In the comedies he made after M and in The Man Who Knew Too Much he showed a versatility that they didn't realize he had. The latter picture was an espionage picture in which Lorre played the part of a spy-kidnapper, but it was an entirely different part from the one he portrayed in M.

"Get that fellow," the producers cried to their little men. The little men went hustling to Europe and one day Lorre woke up to find that he was a much-sought-after young man. And so he came to America. He made Mad Love, which scored something of a hit and then came Crime and Punishment.

I watched Joe von Sternberg directing him in Crime and Punishment. When Columbia signed Lorre to a contract they intended to star him immediately. They had a picture in mind which they asked him to read. He read it and shook his head sadly. "Of course I'll play this if you want," he said, turning those sad eyes on Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, "but really it is a very bad script. I would be—what do you say here?—lousy. Yes, I would be lousy in it. Why not put me in Crime and Punishment? I would like to play that."

He Knows What He Wants

One script after another they brought to Lorre. Always he shook his head sadly and suggested as an afterthought, "Why not Crime and Punishment? It is a great story. I feel that I could play that part."

Gradually he got Cohn and the Columbia executives Crime-and-Punishment-conscious. Month after month went on and Lorre hadn't been before a camera yet. His year contract was about up—it had but one day to run—when the studio capitulated and decided to make Crime and Punishment. Lorre is a man who gets what he wants.

He likes to smoke between scenes, for instance. The Columbia studio is practically plastered with "No Smoking" signs, yet when Lorre walked off the set for a ten-minute rest he calmly took out a cigarette and lighted it.

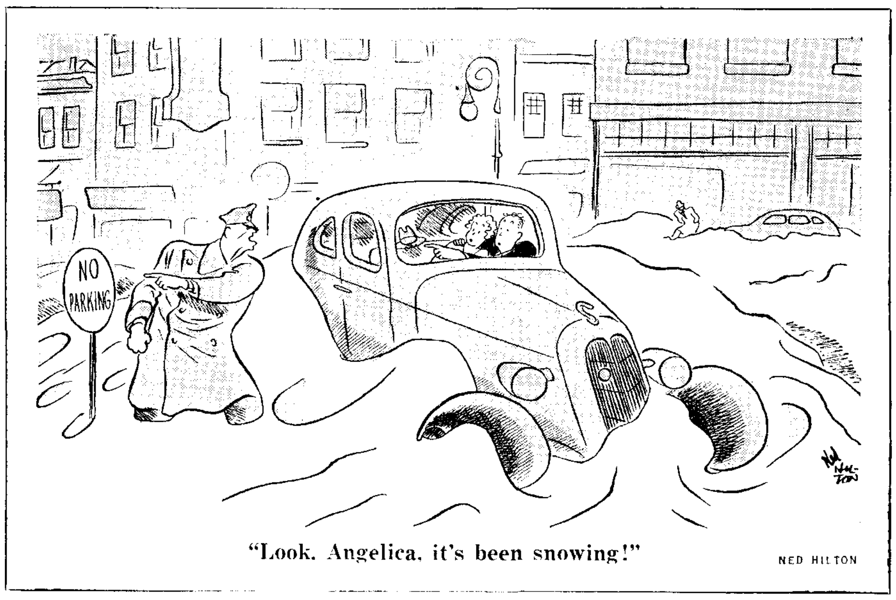
"Have one?" he said.

"You can talk English, but can't you read it?" I asked him. "Look at those signs."

Lorre smiled very gently. We smoked and we talked and Lorre told of those early days of dreadful poverty and of his sudden success. And he told, too, of his hopes for the future.

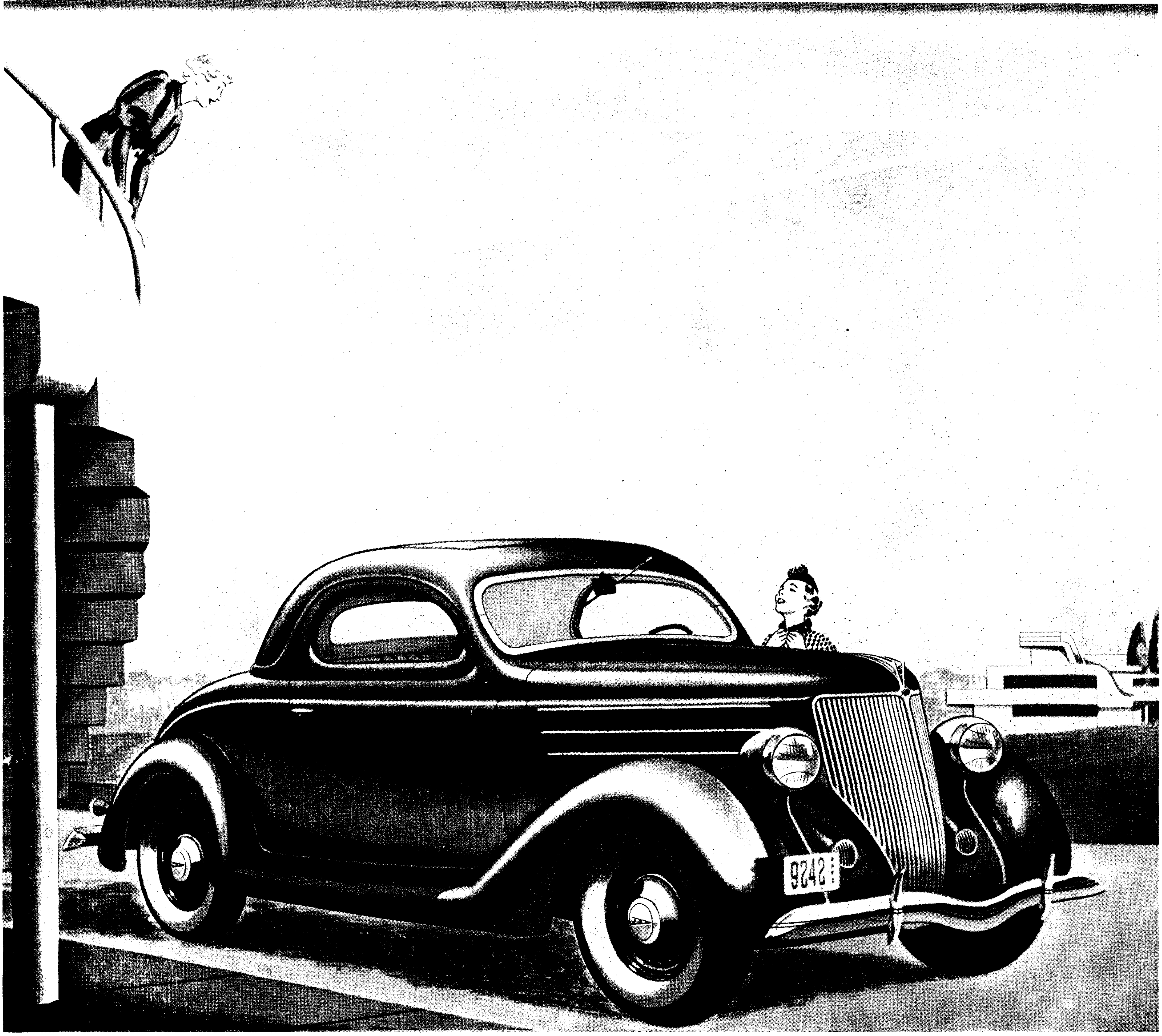
"I have bought a book," he said, "called Good Soldier Schweik. It is a book about a dumb soldier, a half comic, half pathetic character. It is a psychological study of this soldier. I want to play that soldier very much. Everyone reads the book and laughs. 'That is not screen material,' they tell me. I say, 'All right, forget it.' But you know some day I will play that part. Some day someone will make the Good Soldier Schweik. I know what I want," he said calmly and so softly. "And usually I get what I want."

Well, I'll bet you ten to one we'll be seeing Lorre play the Good Soldier Schweik one of these days. He knows what he wants and he hasn't missed getting it yet.



"Look, Angelica, it's been snowing!"

NED HILTON



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The New Ford V-8 for 1936 is beautifully timed for these modern days. It is personable without being pretentious—as up-to-date in performance as in appearance. . . . The V-8 engine maintains its leadership in power, acceleration, smoothness and all-round efficiency—gives you many advantages formerly available only in high-priced cars. This V-8 engine is an important reason why the Ford is such a satisfying car to drive. . . . You will find, too, that there is something equally outstanding about the safety, comfort and roominess of the 1936 Ford V-8. . . . You drive with unusual security because of ease of handling, the welded steel body, big powerful brakes that stop the car with ease and certainty, and Safety Glass (all around in all Ford body types at no additional cost). . . . The compact design of the V-8 engine means extra inches of body room and makes the Ford a really big car inside. Center-Poised seat position contributes to easy riding comfort on every type of road—in the back seat as well as in the front. . . *You will like everything about the New Ford V-8 for 1936. For it has everything you would like to have in a modern motor car.*

BODY
by
FISHER

GENERAL
MOTORS

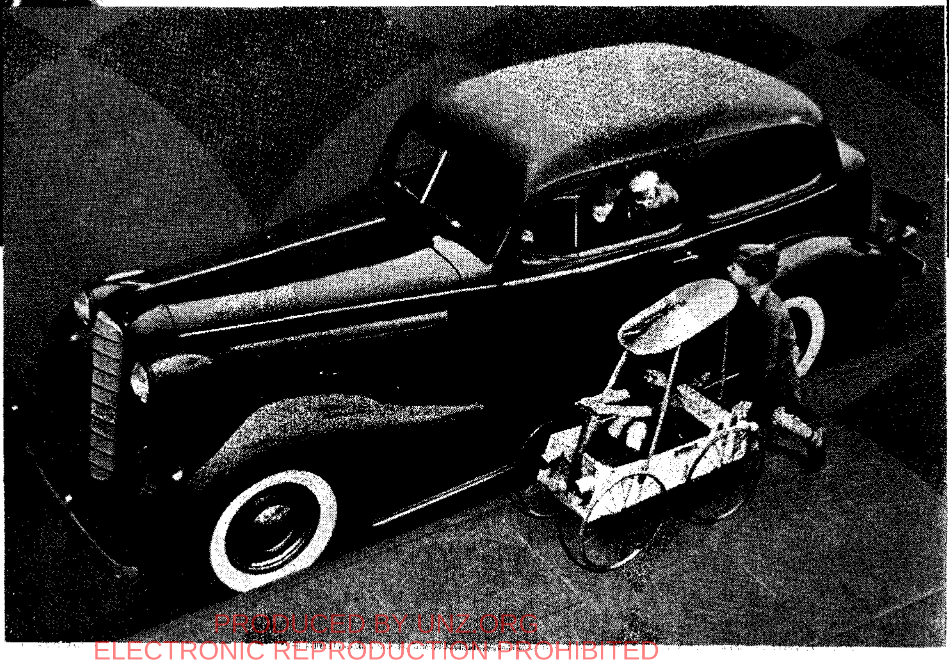
The Sincerest form of Flattery

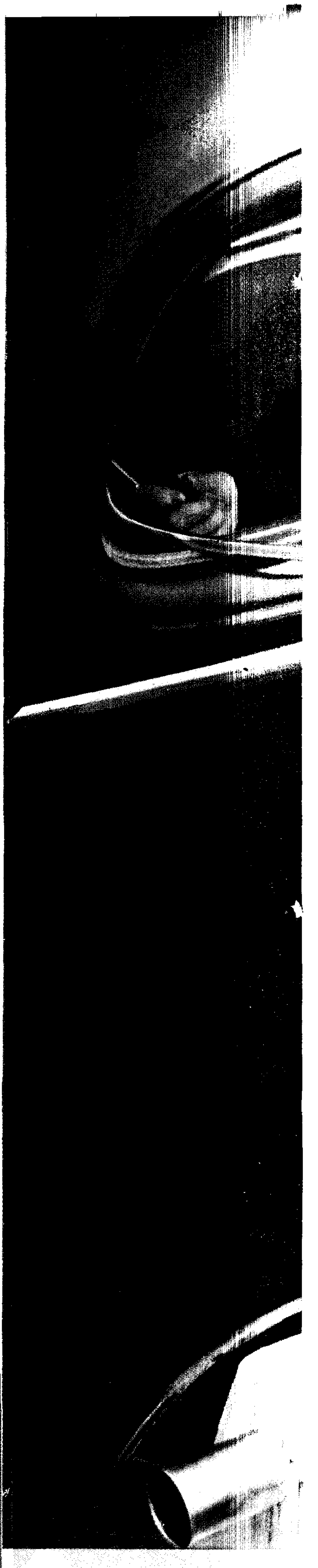
IT'S easy to see from this picture how the younger generation feels about the solid steel "Turret Top." Not even a "pushmobile" can be called up-to-the-minute without its imitation of this mark of the modern car! Certainly, no car can be called safe in the modern sense if it lacks the protective strength of seamless, one-piece steel overhead. And no car can be called modernly beautiful without the clean and flowing roof-lines which now distinguish the "Turret Top" Body by Fisher. The extra rigidity which "Turret Top" adds to the whole car will keep away rattles, squeaks, drumming, and every quiet, steel-shielded mile will be made more comfortable by Fisher No Draft Ventilation, essential to your family's health and pleasure. Look for these twin advantages of Body by Fisher. They insure you a car that is luxuriously comfortable, beautifully finished, modern in comfort, safety, style. Body by Fisher is found only on General Motors cars.

IN WINTER'S BAD WEATHER—*in summer's torrid heat, Fisher No Draft Ventilation is vital to motoring comfort and well-being. It shuts out rain, snow, and drafts, supplies fresh air to suit the taste of each individual car occupant. It makes bad-weather driving safer by preventing fog on the inside of the windshield—makes torrid days bearable by scooping in extra breezes when you want them. No car is modern without this all-weather comfort feature*

SAFER . . . AND MORE BEAUTIFUL

As the picture below so clearly shows, the one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher that now graces the La Salle plays a vital part in the distinguished beauty of this famous member of the Royal Family of Motordom





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F THE MODERN CAR "TURRET TOP"*
ECE SOLID STEEL **TURRET TOP** BODY BY *Fisher*

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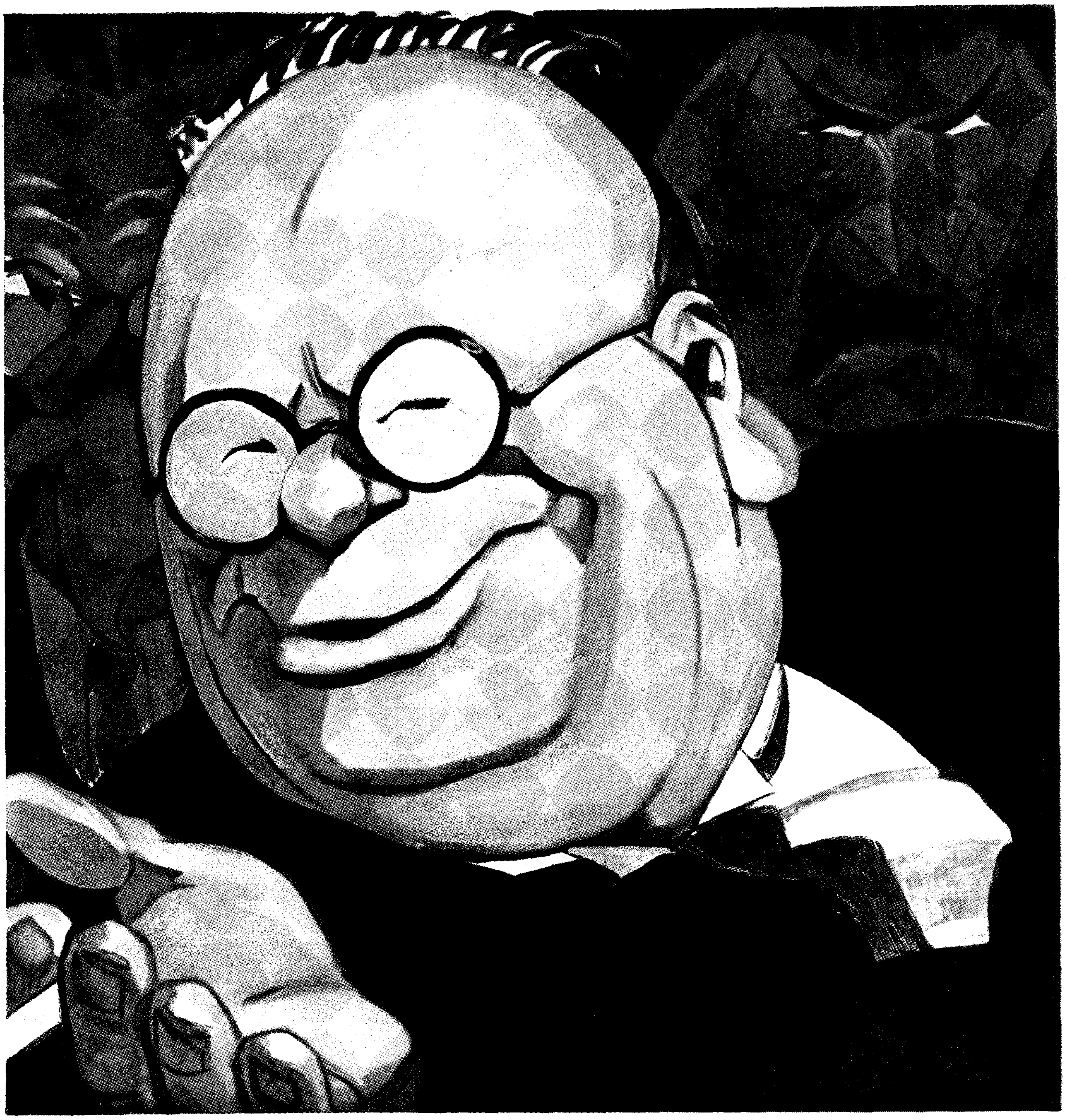


CARICATURE BY
ANITA PARKHURST

Maxim Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Commissar, the most pushing go-getter in the realm of international horse-trading

Traveling Salesman

By T. R. Ybarra

Once the most snubbed statesman in Europe, Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff is now listened to with attention in the gatherings of the mighty. Undiplomatic in appearance and quietly amused in manner, he makes his deals and goes his way. Afterwards, much to the surprise of everyone, he usually turns out to be the heavy winner

WHILE the great majority of those involved in the World Economic and Monetary Conference at London in 1933 grouped and regrouped themselves, by floating in and out of committees, sub-committees, and sub-sub-committees, into meaningless rearrangements of a basic pattern of futility, there was one delegate who actually managed to get something done.

Pudgy, bumptious and bespectacled, looking far less like an international statesman than a New York cloak-and-suit salesman, ridiculed because of the accent of his English (acquired through years of association with London's East End slum, Whitechapel), scorned by fossilized old-school diplomats because of his directness and bluntness, this strange individual, after worming his way into numerous committee rooms, suddenly announced:

"I have taken advantage of my stay in London to conclude ten treaties of non-aggression between my native country and other nations."

"What!" shrieked the World Economic and Monetary Conference, sitting bolt upright. "How many did you say?"

"Ten!" he repeated. And, leaving the apostles of millions-of-words-for-discussion-but-not-one-syllable-for-action petrified with astonishment, he trotted away to report on his astounding achievement to his boss, Comrade Joseph Stalin, of the firm of Soviet, Bolshevik & Co., the Kremlin, Moscow, Russia.

Master of Diplomacy

That was by no means the first sensational success in the career of Stalin's bustling representative at that lethargic London Conference.

Already, as Russia's agent in various complex messes of international negotiation, he had won for himself a great reputation for cleverness. And, since that London victory, his triumphs abroad on behalf of his Muscovite masters have often been such as to overshadow those of all other Europeon fellow diplomats. Star performers in the domain of international diplomacy, such as Mr. Anthony Eden, of Britain, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, of Germany, and Signor Flavio Suvich, of Italy, have to keep on the jump to make their doings rank with those of Comrade Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff, Commissar for Foreign Affairs in the Soviet Russian government. As traveling salesman for Soviet, Bolshevik & Co., Litvinoff may fairly lay claim to the title of most pushing go-getter in the whole realm of international horse-trading.

One of his biggest victories was at the expense of the United States of America.

In his capacity of Soviet Foreign Commissar, Maxim Maximovitch came to this country toward the end of 1933 and

(Continued on page 48)

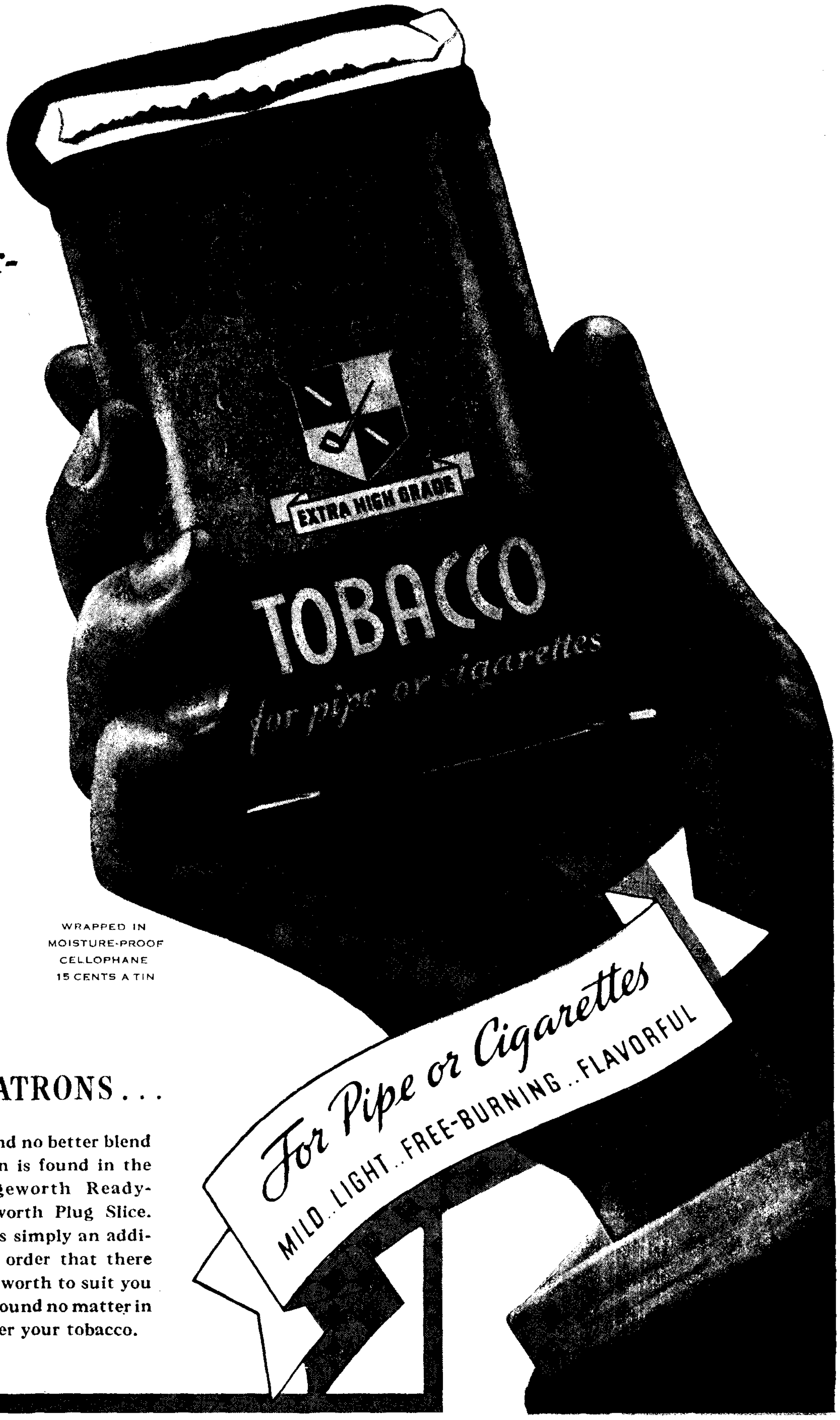
ANNOUNCING *Another Edgeworth*

EDGEWORTH JUNIOR–
the tobacco you've been looking for–
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTES

● A new thrill for smokers! Edgeworth *Junior*—bringing you the rich flavor of Edgeworth in a new tobacco, extremely mild and free-burning, *for both pipe and cigarettes.*

Just as Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are the aristocrats of *pipe* tobacco, so is Edgeworth Junior in a class by itself among double-duty tobaccos —*for both pipe and cigarettes.* Its blend is the result of long and painstaking testing by experienced tobacconists. Edgeworth Junior is worthy of the Edgeworth name—with Edgeworth flavor, quality and skillful blending in a *free-burning* pipe and cigarette combination. Try it today.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Tobacconists since 1877



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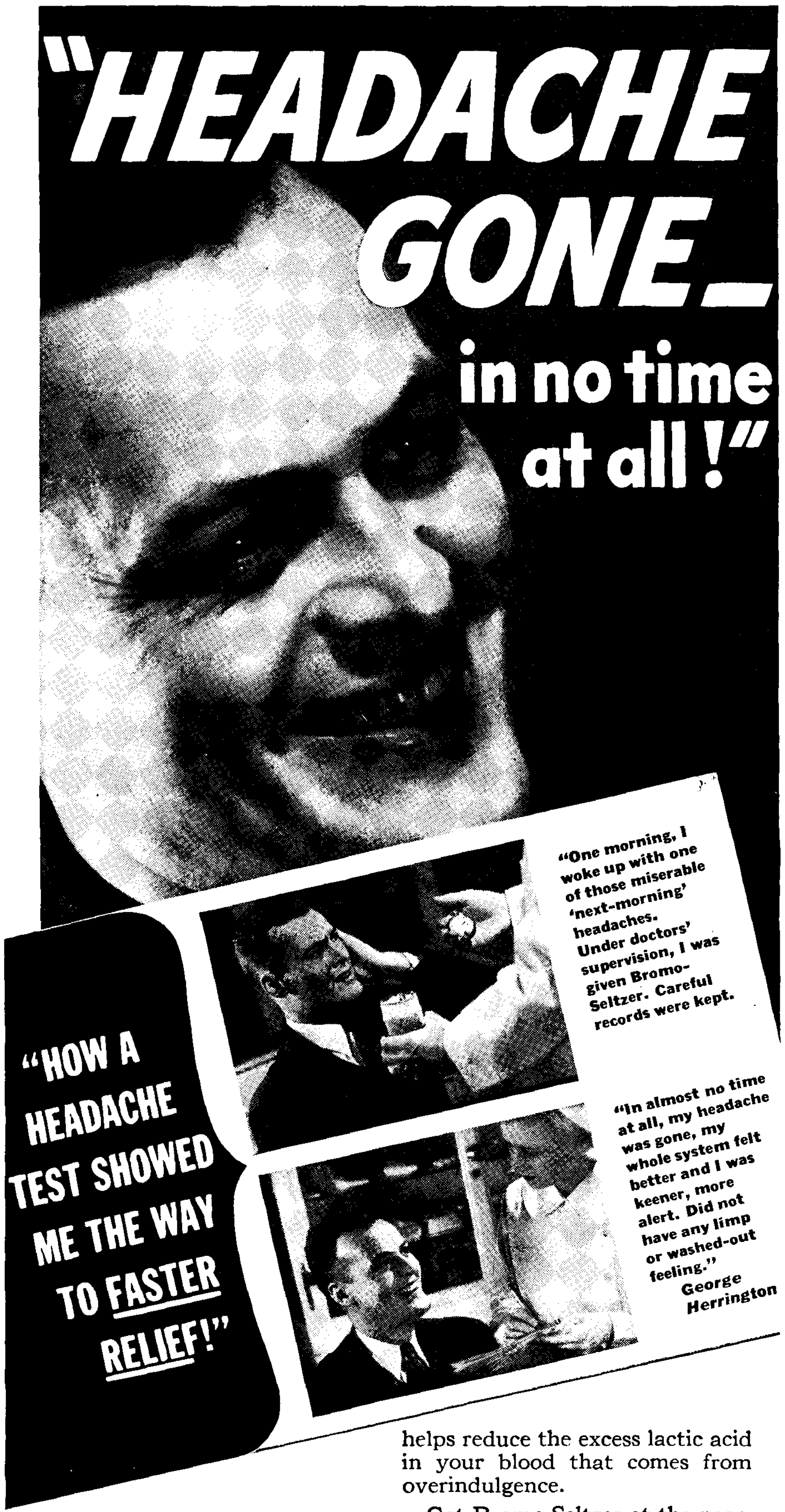
15 CENTS A TIN

TO OUR REGULAR EDGEWORTH PATRONS...

We cannot state too emphatically that Edgeworth Junior is *not* intended to take the place of our regular Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Edgeworth Junior is a *different* blend and process, intended for smokers who prefer a double-duty, extremely mild tobacco for both *pipe* and *cigarettes.* On the other hand, we can still find no better blend for pipes alone than is found in the long famous Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Edgeworth Junior is simply an addition to our line in order that there may be a tin of Edgeworth to suit you right down to the ground no matter in what form you prefer your tobacco.

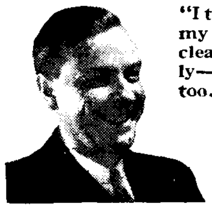

"HEADACHE GONE— in no time at all!"
"HOW A HEADACHE TEST SHOWED ME THE WAY TO FASTER RELIEF!"
"One morning, I woke up with one of those miserable 'next-morning' headaches. Under doctors' supervision, I was given Bromo-Seltzer. Careful records were kept.
"In almost no time at all, my headache was gone, my whole system felt better and I was keener, more alert. Did not have any limp or washed-out feeling."
George Herrington

"I TOOK PART in similar tests of different headache remedies," Mr. Herrington adds. "Not one gave me as quick or as complete relief as Bromo-Seltzer."

Mr. Herrington is one of many headache victims who have taken part in recent tests supervised by doctors. These tests prove that Bromo-Seltzer gives relief *faster* than any other remedy tested!

Bromo-Seltzer *does more for you,* too. Helps settle your stomach—soothes jangling nerves—helps reduce the excess lactic acid in your blood that comes from overindulgence.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at the nearest drugstore or soda fountain. Keep a bottle handy at home.



"I tried Bromo-Seltzer when my head was throbbing. It cleared away the pain quickly—settled my stomach, too. Left me feeling fine."
Allan McKay

"I took Bromo-Seltzer for a splitting headache. In a short time my head was clear, nerves calm. I was amazed how fast it works."
Kenneth Brereton

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 18

yet found out about her Raynor Studio apartment. She had been afraid they had found it and hadn't dared go back there today. She had asked Cantavo to meet her there after six o'clock. It would be safe to meet him there now since the police had not yet discovered her hideaway. She'd tell Cantavo everything—that she had been in Callingham's apartment the morning he was killed, but had left before he was murdered. She'd tell Cantavo everything, but she wasn't going to tell Dinsmore anything—anything at all.

"I don't want to stay here with you. I don't want to get mixed up with any more underworld things."

"IN WHAT way am I of the underworld?"

"You smoke marijuanas, for one thing. You must buy them from somebody. That is frightening enough by itself."

"I've only smoked them for three months. That doesn't make me a low character, does it?"

"As far as I am concerned, it does. You go around with such terrible people. I'm afraid of them."

"What terrible people do I go around with?"

"Rapport and that kind of people."

"How do you know I do?"

"Jernegan told me. He said you are mixed up with gangsters. I'm frightened of everybody."

"You *are* respectable, aren't you?" Dinsmore said with anger.

"I am more than respectable. I'm nice. I come of nice people. I don't know what all this is about that I got mixed up in and I don't want to get into anything more that's shady."

He took the brandy glass from her and set it on the table. "I know you don't, Amy. Now do something for me. Settle yourself down here for a few days or weeks as the case may be. Don't answer the doorbell when I'm away, and don't leave the apartment. Remember there's an alarm out for your arrest."

"I must do one thing important. I must talk to Bill Cantavo. Will you arrange that for me?"

"Why not talk to me? I'd do more for you than Bill would."

"I want to see Mr. Cantavo," Amy insisted.

"Tell *me* what it's all about."

"I won't," she answered defiantly.

"Does Cantavo know you want to see him?"

"Yes, I telephoned him."

"Did he come then to see you?"

"No. He didn't, but he doesn't know how important it is. I'm going to phone him. I've got to see him," Amy said stubbornly.

"Have it your own way, but don't phone him from my house. You can get me in plenty of trouble, you know. There's an unpleasant penalty for hiding someone the police are after. I could go to jail for helping you. You realize that, don't you?"

"But I've got to see Bill."

"Okay, darling. You're free to leave whenever you want. But don't come back to me afterward and don't say you've been here."

"Will you give him a message?"

"I will not. If I once admit to anyone I've seen you, I'll have the whole police force down here to question me. Either you let me help you in my own way or you leave me and help yourself as you see fit. What's the matter with telling *me* who killed Callingham?"

"I don't know, I tell you."

"Well, then, what's your big secret?" She remained stubbornly silent.

"How many of Callingham's gang did you know?"

"I didn't know any of them, I tell you. I never saw anyone at his house but the butler."

"Did he know you were Callingham's girl?"

"He must have thought so."

"He must have *known* so, for he hasn't mentioned your name to the reporters."

"He's a nice fellow to do that."

"He's probably merely a coony fellow. He wouldn't want them to be questioning you."

"Jack, I want to kill myself. I can't stand it if my name is mentioned in all the papers. I can't bear to be disgraced that way."

"Your name will be mentioned eventually, darling. But not at once, maybe. Maybe they will find out who killed Callingham before your name is brought into it."

"The butler will tell the reporters. I tell you he's sure to tell."

"He won't tell, because he's dead." Dinsmore took a newspaper out of the pocket of his overcoat and read to her:

"'Sam Garetti, the butler of Walter Callingham, who was murdered day before yesterday, was shot to death today at Nick Braggiotti's apartment on East 74th Street. A man stepped into a room where Garetti was being questioned by six reporters and shot Garetti twice in the head. The murderer escaped before he could be apprehended.'"

Amy stopped him. "Don't read any more. I can't listen. I can't. Just tell me if it says anything terrible about me."

"You are not mentioned at all."

Amy cried hysterically. "I hate the papers. I hate them. They do such dreadful things. They had no right to say such things about Mary." She cried uncontrollably again. "Mary is dead, Jack. It can't be true. I'm half crazy, Jack. It just can't be true."

"Did you know Mary Marsten?" Dinsmore asked, surprised.

"She was in a show with me, a show called Lady Lightning."

Dinsmore took her on his lap and held her for a long time until she stopped crying.

"HOW did Mary get mixed up in it all this way?" Amy said with despair. "She hardly knew Callingham. She had nothing to do with any of it."

"She only shot him, didn't she?"

"Of course she didn't."

"Then, who did?"

"I don't know. How many times must I tell you that?"

"Someone thought she killed Callingham, or knew who did kill him, for she was pushed in front of a subway train to keep her from talking?"

Amy's teeth were chattering. "I'm cold," she said, "and I wish I were dead, Jack. It's all so terrible—so terrible."

"Pull yourself together, Amy. You might be accused of the murder, you know. You've got to get hold of yourself and try to help me. Mary is dead. It's tragic, but tears won't help. Maybe we can get you out of this. I'll loan you pajamas and you can get into bed and then we'll sit and go over everything carefully and in detail."

He took her into the bedroom and gave her some pajamas and turned down the bed for her. "Get undressed and I'll get a hot-water bottle for your feet. You really ought to have a doctor but I don't dare send for one. After we have talked, maybe you can get a good night's sleep."

After she was comfortably tucked into bed, Dinsmore sat down beside her and said, "Now tell me everything you know about Callingham."

"I know so little."

"I'll ask questions and you answer them because maybe you know things that are important and you might not think they are important."

When he had questioned her over and over, he was of the opinion that she had been quite right in the estimate of her evidence. "I still can't figure why they bumped off Mary Marsten," was his only comment.

"Now, about the man from California who lunched twice with you and Callingham. Tell me everything you remember about him, however trivial; what he wore, what he talked about and what he ate for lunch."

A half hour later:

"Don't leave me until I am asleep."

"I won't leave you tonight. I promise you I won't. But tomorrow, darling, I will have to leave you alone a while. I have to get out of here and see what I can do to help you. And, Amy, remember this: I can be sent to jail for having you here. You realize that, don't you? Don't double-cross me by phoning anybody or leaving this apartment. If anyone knows where you are, we're both lost. Promise me."

"I promise. You're awfully good to me. I don't know why you bother to be."

"Because I love you."

"You are sweet, Jack."

HE HELD her hand and kissed her gently on the forehead. "I love you more than anything in the world. Don't you know what it means really to love someone? I've sat in the Monroe night after night blowing on a horn; seeing you sitting at a table with that Jernegan —and wanting to blow my brains out."

"I don't know how anyone in the world could love me."

"I do."

He waited until she had gone to sleep and he wrote a note and put it on the table beside her: "Don't be frightened if you wake up and find yourself alone. I'm going out to get you some hot soup. Jack."

Dinsmore went to the Western Union two blocks away and sent a wire to Tim Grady in San Francisco:

WANT THE DOPE ON A MAN RICH, TALL, ATTRACTIVE, BLOND, EATS HUNGARIAN HONEY, IS GIVING JEWELRY TO A NEW YORK CHORUS GIRL, USED TO BE A LAWYER, HAS BEEN IN NEW YORK CITY DURING PAST TWO MONTHS. PROBABLY WAS A RACKETEER LAWYER.

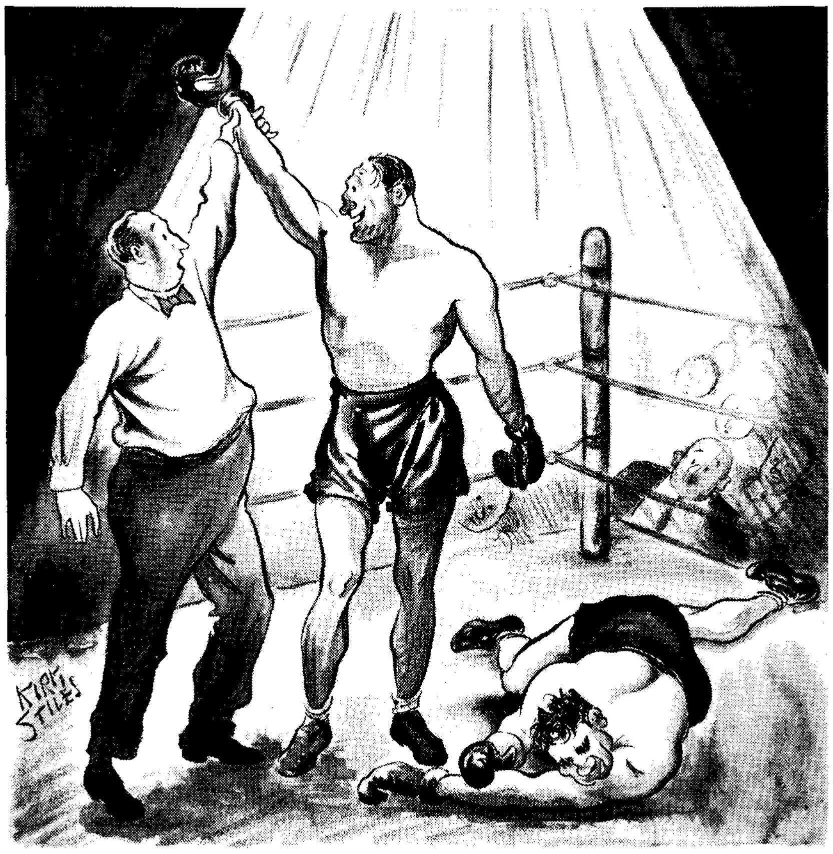
Dinsmore stopped in a restaurant and got a pitcher of soup to take home to Amy. He glanced at the clock. Seven forty-five! He should be at the Monroe. His staying away wasn't fair to Cantavo. On broadcasting night, too! Dinsmore held the pitcher carefully and turned his steps toward his apartment. "'The show must go on' is a lot of baloney," he told himself, but with an uncomfortable twinge of conscience.

ON THE sidewalk outside the Monroe, Cantavo hesitated. Henderson, during their short conversation at the Monroe, had stated that he would not follow the musician. There was no real reason why the inspector should do so. The fact that Amy Martin had telephoned Cantavo last night should not lead anyone to think that she had telephoned today. Nevertheless, Henderson probably knew —Broadway was an open book to the police officer—that Cantavo was not very well acquainted with the Martin girl. Learning that Cantavo had called on the girl at so strange an hour last night, Henderson would wonder. True, when Cantavo had asked why Henderson didn't trail him, the inspector had disclaimed any intention to do so.

Henderson was an honest man and Cantavo knew that he could rely on the inspector's friendship. Only—and this made Henderson a success in his profession—there was no such thing for Henderson as a friendship that interfered with business. Justice was Henderson's mistress and at her behest he would have hanged his own brother.

A minor deviation from truth would not bother Henderson if he thought the falsehood would aid him in the apprehension of a criminal. He might very well have given orders that Cantavo be followed. And as Amy Martin seemed to be in a state of nerves, Cantavo decided that he would take no chances. It was

(Continued on page 38)



"Who, me?" KIRK STILES

Healthy, Good-looking HAIR needs . . .
① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life, has a chance.
② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.
VITALIS
and the
"60-SECOND
WORKOUT"

TO KEEP your hair handsome—*keep it healthy.* And to do that keep your scalp alive and active—get down to the hair roots with the stimulating, tonic effects of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

That's the way to rouse a lazy scalp, wake new hair-life. The pure, vegetable oils of Vitalis help replenish the natural oils so necessary to scalp health, so vital to hair health. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair gets a new lustre. The brisk, invigorating massage of the "60-Second Workout" is a vitalizing treatment that any head of hair—thick or scanty—will be grateful for.

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" as often as you like. Your hair and scalp will feel better, look better. Your hair stays where you comb it. It has a natural, good-looking gleam—never a "patent-leather" shine.

And here's a good stunt to try: Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" *before* you shampoo, as well as afterward. It breaks up patches of oily deposits, loosens dandruff—gets your scalp ready for the cleansing soap-and-water. You get a thorough shampoo and a clean scalp. Then Vitalis again—and you'll have a head of hair with a handsome, healthy look to it—perfectly clean from tips to roots, and tingling with new vitality.

ASK YOUR BARBER—

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

THE SURRENDER OF OLD MAN WINTER
A NEWSREEL SHORT
MY CAR'S STONE DEAD — IS THERE A BATTERY MADE THAT DOESN'T FAIL IN WINTER WEATHER?
LET ME INSTALL A NEW GOODRICH ELECTRO-PAK AND YOU'LL HAVE 20% MORE POWER — 45 BIG OVER-SIZE PLATES
Goodrich
THE ONLY BATTERY IN AMERICA WITH THE POWER-SAVING TOP COVER
THIS NEW GOODRICH BATTERY SURE STARTS A MOTOR QUICK — LIGHTS ARE PLENTY BRIGHT
YES, SIR! IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY WITH AN ELECTRO-PAK IN YOUR CAR
No Extra Cost For The
Goodrich
Electro-Pak
THE SUPER-POWER BATTERY
ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

(Continued from page 37)

very improbable that Henderson suspected Cantavo of a rendezvous with the girl, but the musician would place no more faith in improbabilities than in the inspector's word.

So he told his chauffeur to drive him to his apartment. And, as he rode uptown, he speculated as to the meaning of Henderson's words and also as to the meaning of Amy Martin's melodramatic actions and of her hysterical fear. Amy had phoned him to meet her first at the Hotel Santiago, then at Bendel's Restaurant and then at the Makewell Hotel. She had been too frightened to keep her appointment with him at any of these places and then later she had phoned him, requesting him to meet her at the Raynor Studios on West Sixty-seventh Street after six o'clock this evening.

In the beginning he had loosely assumed that Amy's actions were related in some fashion to a triangle of which she and Rapport and Willy Jernegan formed three sides. The nature of that triangle he hadn't really tried to guess. Girls wooed by two suitors frequently were victims of slight delusions. A suitor's ardency might lead a young woman to place too great a value upon herself. Schoolgirls make dramatic mysteries of the slightest happening connected with the other sex.

But Henderson's words opened up a new avenue of speculation. Henderson, although he didn't definitely say so, was looking for Jack Rapport. He said that he wanted a little chat with him and didn't add that the chat would take place at headquarters, but Cantavo could guess the unuttered addition. He had also inquired for Willy Jernegan. And then he had told Cantavo to tell Amy Martin that she would do well not to hide from the police. He hadn't said that Amy Martin and Rapport were connected, but his intimation was unmistakable.

Also, he had mentioned drugs. Cantavo, coming to this point in his review of the triangle, scowled. Amy's actions of last night and today could be the actions of a woman who had formed an unfortunate addiction. . . .

"Has anyone telephoned me, Sam?" Cantavo asked his valet on entering his apartment.

"Mrs. Bostwick phoned. She asked me to tell you she was flying to Palm Beach tonight."

"What did she expect me to do about it?"

"She didn't say. Maybe she thought you might like to go along with her." Sam added wistfully, "I thought maybe she did."

"It would be more fun for you and less expensive for me if you'd marry your Miami girl and bring her up here. No other calls?"

"No."

IT HAD been in Cantavo's mind that Amy might have left a message canceling the appointment at the Raynor Studios. But she hadn't done so, so he descended to the street again. He did some figuring on the time to see how he could apportion it out to make it include a call on Tim. Nine forty-five. He could see Tim for ten minutes, and that would still give him time to reach Sixty-seventh Street by ten-fifteen. He had promised Amy he would be there some time after six o'clock. If he gave Amy five minutes (and that certainly should suffice to find out what brand of delusion she was suffering under) he would have twenty minutes to get back to the Monroe, where he must conduct his orchestra again at eleven.

Cantavo was shown into the same upstairs library into which he had been shown the day before. Tim and Penfold were in the same room again today and sitting in the same two chairs. Cantavo felt as if they must have been sitting there in tragic silence since he had left them twenty-four hours earlier.

He was greeted by Tim with a pathetically eager cordiality. "Gee, it's good to see you, Bill."

"You'd bar me out if you didn't want to see me, wouldn't you, Tim?" Cantavo asked.

"But I do want to see you, Bill. I'm sick of myself. I want new thoughts to mill around in my head. These two days since Mary disappeared have been so—so—unbelievable—I think I'm a little crazy. Talk to me about anything except me. I want to hear your voice."

The butler set a tray of whisky-and-soda on the table. "I'm on the wagon," Cantavo declined. And then he smiled, with that warm cordiality which was in great part responsible for his great popularity, at the butler, whom he recognized as a detective he had known at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco two years ago. The butler gave him a quick, admonitory eye. Cantavo smiled again as if he'd never seen him. "Thanks so much. I'm on the wagon," he repeated lamely. A detective in Tim's house! What was it all about, anyway?

The butler showed a marked ineptitude for his work. He placed the tray on the table as if it weighed a ton. He handled the glasses by the rims. What a stupid lot detectives are, Cantavo thought! A child could spot him as a copper.

AFTER the butler-detective had left the room, Cantavo said, "Look, Tim, I only have a minute to stay. I've got to run. The old treadmill is waiting for me. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Mary was innocent, Bill. I want to find out what happened to her. She was innocent, I tell you. I know she was. I know she was," he repeated it with a pitiful confidence.

"I know she was, too, Tim," Cantavo comforted him. "Have you found out anything new, Penfold?"

"I'm a lawyer, Bill, and I'm afraid I'm not too hot as a detective."

"I'm sick, Bill. I'm so sick I can't bear to think. I can't make a decision about anything, however simple. I want to find out everything about Mary's connection with this thing. But Penfold doesn't seem to think— Will you talk to Penfold about it and decide what to do? For God's sake talk about it somewhere else. I'm going crazy, I tell you—" and he put his head in his hands and sobbed.

"Take some medicine and go to sleep, Tim. There's no use torturing yourself. After all, there is no need to hurry. I'll talk it over with Penfold, and I'll see you in the morning."

Penfold walked out with Cantavo to the door.

"What's your advice, Bill," Penfold asked, "about delving into Mary's past? Henderson tells me that the police have closed the Callingham murder. That Mary's death and the butler's statements seem pretty well to clear it up. They're not working on it any more. Now I want to do for Tim whatever is best for him. I thought it best to stall for a few weeks, until he gets a perspective. He's so unhappy and emotional at the moment. I'm afraid if we continue digging up Mary's connection with the murder we'll run into unpleasant things about her past. We're sure to, you know."

"I don't know what to say, Penfold. After all, Tim quite naturally wants to know everything there is to know about it all, however painful it may be. I think you'd better get in some good detectives and bust it wide open."

"Tim has got all the money in the world. They'll only bleed him for it."

"Doesn't he want his aunt or uncle here with him?"

"He won't see anyone but you or me."

"Are you staying here with him?" Cantavo asked.

"He wants me to. In fact, he won't let anyone else stay with him. I really haven't the time. I have other cases to attend to. But I haven't the heart to leave him. He has such a pitiable confidence in me."

"Have you questioned anyone? Tell me what's happened so far."

"I got to work quickly. I located Callingham's gunmen. They talked freely but they're a tough bunch and either plenty canny or had been well advised or really don't know who killed him. I'm inclined to believe they don't know. A man like Callingham has too many enemies. Anyway, none of the Callingham boys has been caught in any discrepancy. Of course, they all alibi each other. Of one thing I'm convinced, though, and that is that Mary Marsten didn't kill him. I can't imagine how she got mixed up in it at all. It seems amazing. None of the gang ever saw her or heard of her. At least that's what they say. Callingham's butler was the only one who knew her and had seen her. Yet she did disappear rather than be arrested, and she did get murdered in order to, I assume, keep her mouth shut. So it would seem that she must have known something about something important to somebody."

"When is Mary's funeral?"

"The body's in the morgue. The officials won't give it up yet. What do you hear on Broadway? What has Henderson got to say? I wanted to see him today but he naturally doesn't want to harass Tim by coming here, and I haven't had time to go out and look him up. I phoned him but he was out."

"I've heard nothing."

"I have faith in Henderson," Penfold said. "He's a smart copper." Penfold stepped out on the front stoop with Cantavo. "Your decision, then, is to go ahead and call in the detectives?"

"Sure. After all, there is nothing to lose. As it is, Mary is considered guilty of the murder. You can't, with investigation, prove anything worse than that. Anyway, since Tim is paying you to make an investigation, you'd better make it."

"Sometimes I don't like to make money," Penfold answered. "However, it would be a great triumph for me if I could solve this thing and prove she wasn't guilty; or even that she was. I'd be the fair-haired boy around this burg, wouldn't I?"

"And what else have you thought out?" Cantavo asked him because he knew the thought that Penfold hadn't expressed.

"It might help me politically, mightn't it?"

"It might, indeed." Cantavo agreed as they shook hands.

CANTAVO took a deep breath to clear away his depression and then he stepped into his taxi. "Take me over to Broadway," he said.

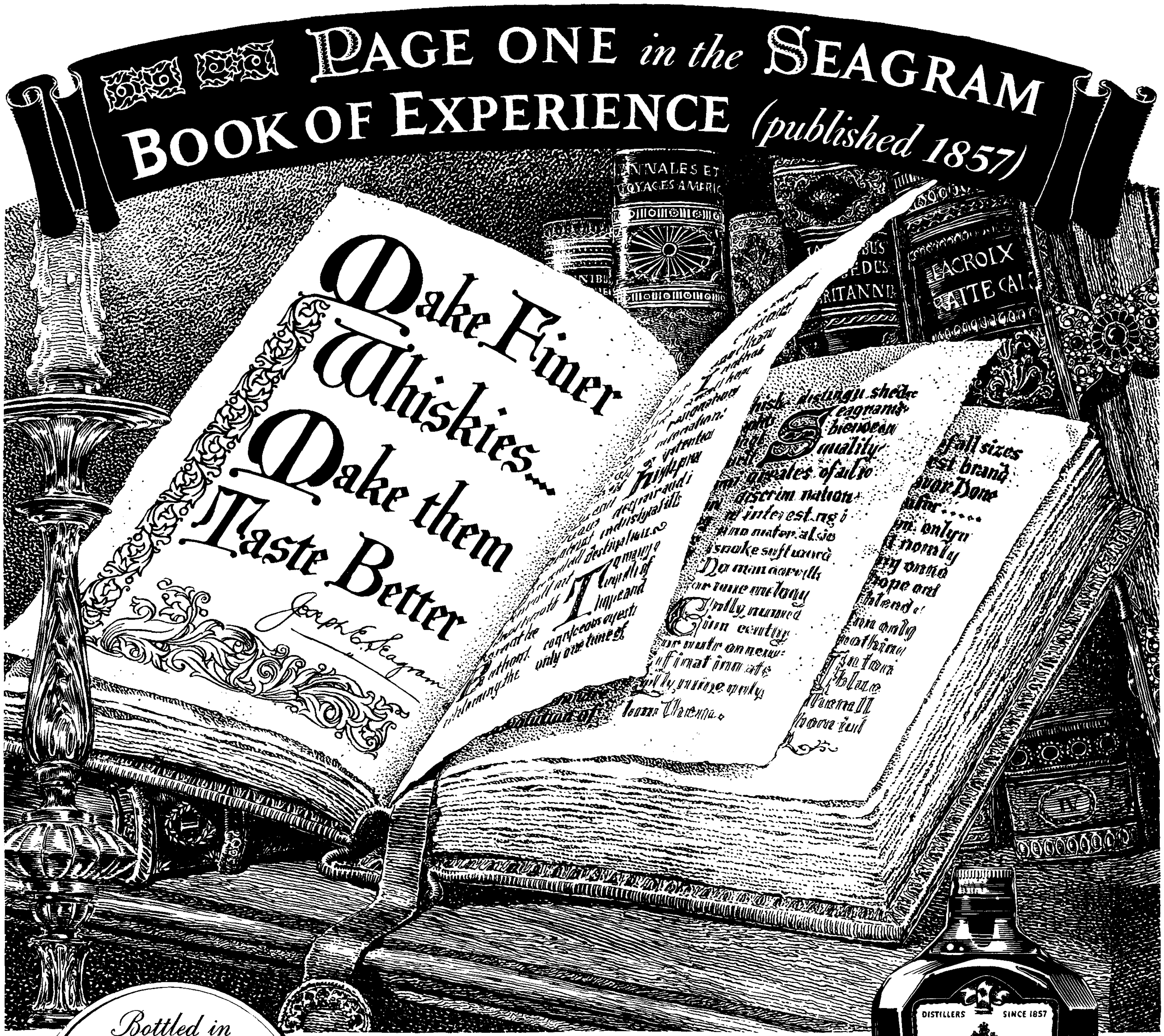
He opened the window of the car. The snow blustered in silently and bitingly. He closed the window.

"Like hell Henderson has given up the murder in two days! That fellow never gave up in twenty years. How could Penfold be naïve enough to believe such a thing? But, then, lawyers are usually inadequate outside their own racket.

"Why is the detective in Tim's house? Who put him there? Who is suspected—Tim or Penfold? And of what? Surely not even a copper would be stupid enough to think either of them capable of murder.

"I think I'll do some detective work myself," he decided. "I'll see what I can pry out of Henderson. And if I get anything out of that close-mouthed, two-fisted, cold-hearted, smart guy, I'll be a super-detective."

(To be continued next week)


PAGE ONE in the SEAGRAM BOOK OF EXPERIENCE (published 1857)
Make Finer Whiskies... Make them Taste Better
Joseph E. Seagram
ANNALES ET VOYAGES AMERIC
LACROIX

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under Canadian Gov't Supervision

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SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE
SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT BOURBON
SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE STRAIGHT RYE
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Time, Tradition, Craftsmanship,—these and these alone can bring you finer whiskies. Seagram's Bottled-in-Bond whiskies have an aristocratic lineage dating back to 1857. They have been distilled with the same pride in craftsmanship that has continued uninterrupted for more than three generations. Each is a whiskey masterpiece. Each has its host of admirers. And all belong to the Seagram Tradition—the 79-year tradition of finer taste that is famous the whole world over.

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Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO-CANADA
Time Works Wonders
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FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

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Wood engraving of an ancient Hawaiian ceremonial dance made especially for the Hawaiian Pineapple Co. by Paul Landacre

Celebration

In the Hawaii of the past, every event of importance was traditionally celebrated. Today, on the Mainland as well as in Hawaii, unsweetened DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice maintains this tradition . . . You'll find that this pure juice from DOLE vacuum-sealed cans helps to make every meal an event of importance well worth celebrating.

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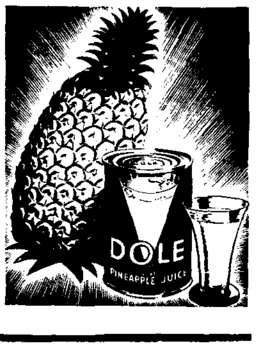


Who Pays the Piper?

Continued from page 15

another matter. But it must be conceded this growing tax bill is not to be dismissed lightly. And it is not going to be. The politicians are going to hop on it next year and drape it with a beautiful mantle of fog. But serious as it is, it is not so serious as this grim fact—that our taxes do not begin to cover our government costs. In 1934 our taxes were about $9,500,000,000. Our total government receipts were about $11,500,000,000, including collections from non-tax sources. Our total government expenditures—national, state and local—were probably not less than $15,500,000,000.

It is interesting to see some of our piously prudent politicians groaning over these wicked, unbalanced budgets. They forget what everyone seems to have forgotten, that America has been enjoying the blessings of the unbalanced budget for the last twenty years. The American government system is a three-legged beast—national, state, local. In these twenty years there has never been a time when one of these legs was not a little short.

From 1915 to 1921, it was the federal government. From 1931 to date, it has been the federal government again. In between—1922 to 1930—it was the state and local governments. Here is a little study in scarlet for state and local governments in the years we think of as prosperous. It covers the receipts and expenditures of all the states and 146 cities (all I could get).

Every year they spent more money than they took in in all kinds of receipts. The following table shows the amount their combined budgets were in the red in the years mentioned:

1922	$151,812,517
1924	412,745,308
1926	219,063,464
1928	192,373,223
1929	321,247,754
1930	397,348,191

By 1930, the combined budgets of national, state and local governments were out of balance. They have never been in balance since. Here are the figures:

	Receipts	*Expenditures*
1928	$8,681,876,721	$8,689,462,909
1929	8,905,183,163	9,042,642,000
1930	8,419,717,423	9,719,782,509
1931	7,337,115,497	10,697,634,178

The above is for the United States, states and 146 cities. But for 1932 we have a complete compilation of all of the 183,000 tax units. It was:

1932	$11,090,273,181	$13,592,199,886

The Cost of War

The old uncle's troubles began with the war. Before that he was a hundred-million-dollar spender. Since then he shoots the works in billions. Here's the story in three swift chapters, and an epilogue:

1912—$667,000,000; 1930—$3,468,000,000; 1935—$3,621,000,000. The epilogue is: 1937—? In 1912 we paid to Uncle Sam $7.01 out of every $100 we earned. In 1935 we paid $28.64.

However, we have to keep in mind that the enormous increase in our total tax bill since 1922 has not been due to the federal government. The states and localities have been the heaviest spenders. Actually, since 1922 federal taxes have not increased very much. But look at the state bill: 1922—$867,552,000; 1933—$1,641,850,000. Local governments—1922—$2,277,435,000; 1933—$4,715,897,000. State tax increase—nearly 100 per cent; local tax increase—over 100 per cent. There is plenty of good reason for these local tax increases—more services, rising complexities of city life, the rising demand for education and roads. But where does all the federal tax money go?

To begin with, let's look at our last near-normal year—1929-1930. That year we spent practically $4,000,000,000 ($3,994,152,487 to be exact). And what do you think we spent most of it on? 1929, mind you—a year of profound peace! WAR. Past wars and preparation for future wars. $2,225,646,000 for war costs—Army and Navy, pensions, interest on war debts, retirement of war debt. Out of every one of Uncle Sam's dollars spent in 1930, Old Man Mars took a bite of 55.7 cents for himself. This left only 44.3 cents for all the other purposes of government.

Peace Is Expensive, Too

In the 1935 fiscal year ordinary expenses of the government were $3,621,234,634. Of this, $2,300,000,000 was for war—61 cents out of each dollar.

But we spent more than that on war. Because among the emergency expenses of the government is plenty of war money. The Treasury Department under the New Deal has invented a bookkeeping trick which makes it pretty hard to follow public expenditures. Great gobs of millions which were always carried as ordinary expenditures are now lifted bodily out of the departments to which they belong and pushed into what is called a separate emergency budget. Thus down in that emergency budget you find about $434,000,000 of expenses of the War and Navy Departments which formerly would have been found in the ordinary budgets of the departments. If the government's bookkeeping followed the pattern of other administrations the share of expenditures for war would be nearer 65 cents out of each dollar.

As a citizen of what is popularly called a great peace-loving nation, you may be a little surprised at this. But you needn't be. It has always been so. And furthermore, our President has announced that we must go ahead and build the greatest Navy in the world. And our patriotic former soldier boys are getting ready a drive to hang an additional two billion dollars of bonus on us in this session of Congress and it looks as if they might get away with it.

If we take these war spendings out of our budget, we can see what has happened to our ordinary, peacetime government household expenses. If we do this we will suddenly be aware of something very surprising. To make a fair comparison, we have to add something to the figures which the Treasury puts down as ordinary expenditures of 1935. At least half a billion dollars are to be found in the emergency expenditures which belong in the ordinary expenses. If we do this for 1935 we then get an illuminating table of non-war expenses like this:

1914	$210,000,000
1922	651,930,000
1930	1,760,000,000
1935	1,920,000,000

The great increase, therefore, was between 1922 and 1930. The increase from 1914 to 1922 was accounted for in large part by the change in the dollar. But between 1922 and 1930, when the dollar was regaining a little of its old energy, ordinary peacetime expenses increased nearly 200 per cent. And this, you may be surprised to be reminded, was during the regime of the late President Coolidge, the apostle of economy.

What are all these peacetime expenditures? If you will root back through the last twenty years you will see how the government has been branching out into many and various activities, all of which, of course, cost money.

A visit to the Agricultural Department will soon enlighten you. You will be able to see by the reports there that in 1935 the Agricultural Department spent out of its ordinary budget $638,495,280. This, you will have to admit, is a pretty penny when you are told that this department spent about thirty years ago (1903) only $5,332,000. It was $19,471,000 just before the war (1912) and $638,495,280 now. Then it was just a huddle of a few simple bureaus—forestry, meat inspection, experimental stations, weather bureau, plant industries division. But with each year farmers have been demanding more and more services and aids—chemistry, entomological and biological surveys, road construction, coöperative marketing and other departments, just as business has been demanding all sorts of services, such as commercial agents all over the world from the Department of Commerce. But the Department of Agriculture got its share of the government money up so high that it eats up about 45 per cent of this ordinary, non-war budget. But that's not all. Down in the emergency column can be found all sorts of expenditures for agriculture—about $404,000,000, not counting immense outlays on roads.

It is impossible to decide what are emergency expenditures, what are recovery expenditures and what are definite additions to the services which the government is continually building up. Please do not suppose that I am criticizing any of the services. On the whole, I believe that federal government services have been wise in their objectives and have been administered far more honestly and efficiently than the average citizen dreams. If I said Washington services are more honestly and faithfully administered than business no one would believe me. But that, I think, is the simple truth. What I have been criticizing is the bookkeeping. Beyond that I have been trying to show where the people's money goes.

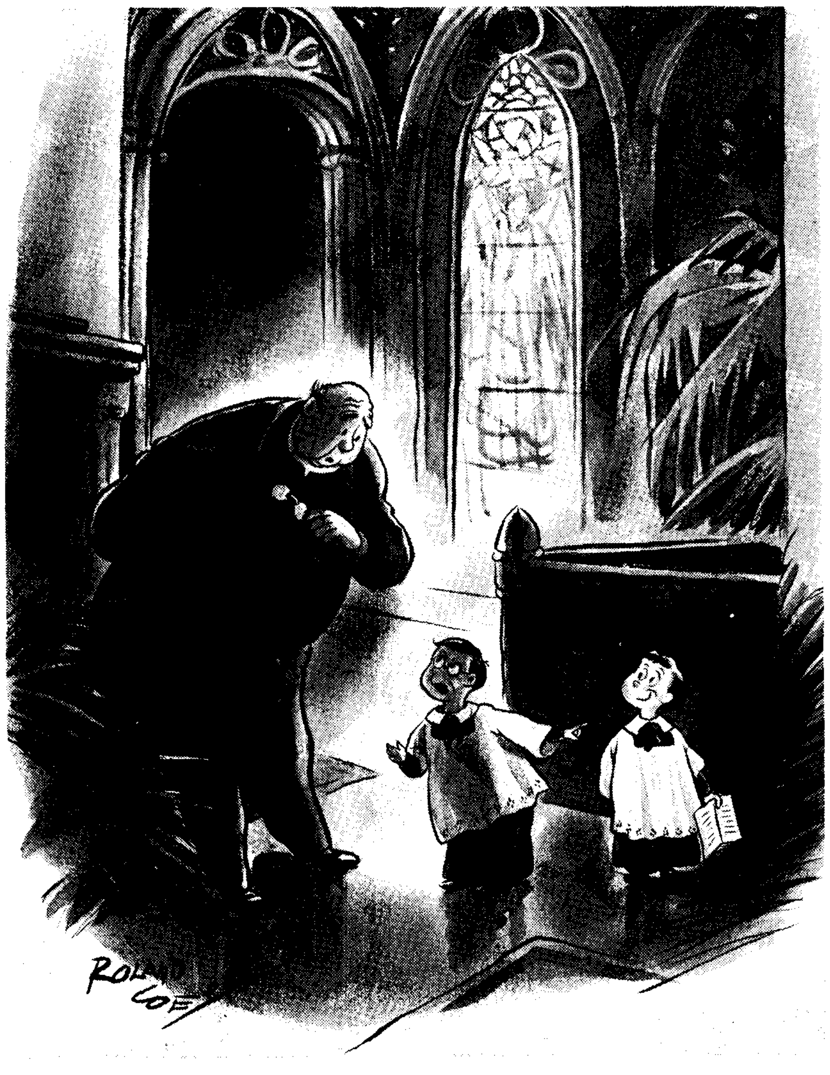
Where Shall We Cut Expenses?

We have heard much about government by alphabet. But this was well under way long before the Roosevelt Abcdearium was established. We may have our AAA's, our NRA's, CCC's FERA's under Roosevelt, but we had our RFC's, FFB's, NCPPC's under Hoover, and our USVB's, USSB's, FRC's, ICC's and what not under Coolidge and his predecessors. Of course, under Roosevelt there has been a sort of mass conscription of the alphabet. It might be a good idea to end it now by setting up one more alphabetical commission which will absorb all further innovations. It might be called the ETC.

From all this it is quite plain that there are but four ways to cut government costs. One is to cut war expenditures. Another is to lower government wages and salaries. Another is to cut out various services. The fourth is to reduce relief and recovery expenditures.

Cutting war costs seems hopeless. They are largely made up of interest on fixed debt from the last war, huge payments to soldiers and the heavy cost of supporting and expanding the Army and Navy. Interest charges cannot be reduced further. In fact, they are growing as the vast peacetime borrowing is in-

(Continued on page 42)



"And every time we come to 'Hallelujah,' he looks at me and says, 'You're a bum'!"

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Year after year, for over a quarter-century, Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener have always solved the problem of keeping cars beautiful. Today millions of motorists use these world-famous products. They know from experience that every car should be Simonized . . . and the sooner the better. So give your car this wonderful "beauty insurance." It's easy! Just get a can of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener from your dealer. They make old cars look like new, keep new cars looking new . . . and nothing takes their place!

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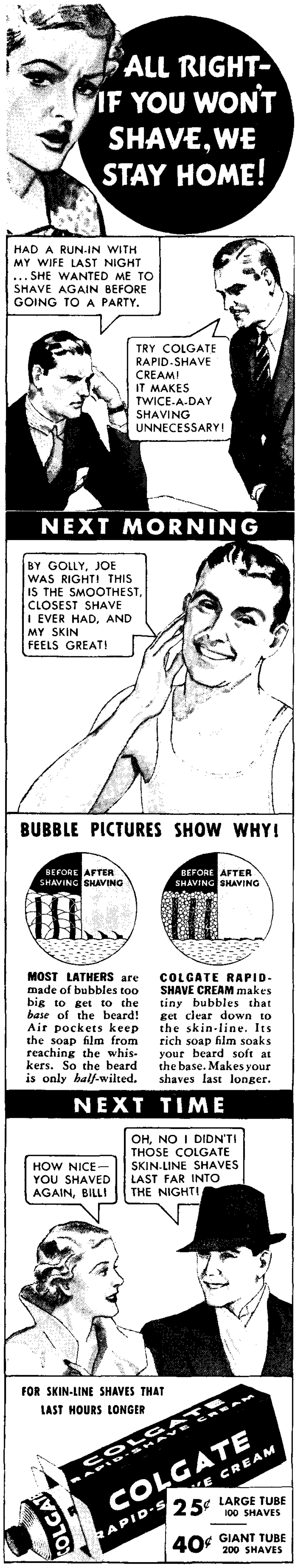

ALL RIGHT—IF YOU WON'T SHAVE, WE STAY HOME!
HAD A RUN-IN WITH MY WIFE LAST NIGHT ...SHE WANTED ME TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE GOING TO A PARTY.
TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT MAKES TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING UNNECESSARY!
NEXT MORNING
BY GOLLY, JOE WAS RIGHT! THIS IS THE SMOOTHEST, CLOSEST SHAVE I EVER HAD, AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
NEXT TIME
HOW NICE—YOU SHAVED AGAIN, BILL!
OH, NO I DIDN'T! THOSE COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVES LAST FAR INTO THE NIGHT!
FOR SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

(Continued from page 41)

creased. The President plans still further extensions. Soldier benefits are certainly not going to be diminished. Cutting government salaries will get nowhere. They are lower than wages and salaries for similar work in business now. Cutting out services will be resisted by all the embattled lobbies of business and agriculture. This leaves only the relief and recovery expenditures. What of them?

To understand this we must start talking about our whole federal government budget—not just the ordinary costs. When we do we get, of course, a better picture of what has been happening. The most eloquent history of government spending can be found in the following simple table:

Year	*U. S. Expenditures*
1929	$3,848,463,190
1930	3,994,152,487
1931	4,091,597,712
1932	4,885,909,686
1933	5,142,953,626
1934	7,105,050,084
1935	7,375,825,185

Roughly, these costs, in 1935, were about evenly split between ordinary expenses and emergency expenses. The emergency expenses, to be accurate, were put down as $3,575,357,963.

Who Has Been Paying?

Some of this money was spent outright. Some of it was loaned. The government loaned money to railroads, farmers, mortgage companies, some industrial companies, to states and municipalities to help them out of sundry holes and to finance construction. The government borrowed all this money. And so it was really borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

Of course, when you lend money, you can never be sure whether you are lending it or spending it. This Paul we have been lending to may turn out to be none other than our old friend, Micawber. When the government gets around to asking for a little on account all it might get from some of its borrowers may be a non-negotiable razzberry.

These outlays—spendings and lendings—as I have said, are put down as $3,575,357,963. But they were really more. They were kept down by offsetting certain sums paid back to the RFC from accounts in other years. The actual outlays were $3,761,726,570.

These were divided as follows:

Spendings	$3,501,096,355
Lendings	260,630,215

From this it will be seen that not very much is to be saved by discontinuing the policy of lending. In fact, it would be almost nothing. For lending is now accomplished out of funds already provided.

Whatever is to be saved must be saved on outright expenditures. Where? Shall we pipe down in the matter of recovery costs or in the matter of relief? After all, what spendings are for recovery and what are for relief? Are public works for recovery or relief? They are designed to put people to work, but also to prime the pump. But as you look at public works expenditures, you do not get much comfort. They are made up (a) of sums hitherto allocated to departments and carried as ordinary expenditures of the government, such as road work and public buildings; (b) extraordinary expenditures for naval purposes; (c) the President's power projects; (d) public works which are divided into state grants and state loans.

Of the first, they really are not so enormously larger than former expenditures. We spent $317,000,000 for roads, but it was the custom through the Coolidge and Hoover periods to allocate $200,000,000 to the Agricultural Department for road purposes. Putting up public buildings, such as post offices, etc., cannot be considered an emergency project.

The expenditures for naval purposes are part of the President's plan for a big Navy, thinly disguised as recovery outlays. He plans more. The President's power projects are part of a definite public policy. They cannot be called emergency outlays, though that is the way they are charged.

Let's look at pure relief. Here are the outlays for 1935:

Fed. Emergency Relief	$1,315,308,715
CWA	11,327,263
Emergency Conservation (CCC)	435,508,643
Dept. Agriculture Relief	80,561,249
Subsistence Homesteads	3,661,937
Resettlement Administration	1,761,663
Relief in RFC	487,801,277
Fed. Surplus Relief	11,232,313
	$2,347,163,060

Here, then, is a gigantic sum, all of which is pouring out, not to build power plants, but for relief of people in distress. You may disagree with the manner in which it is used. If you were in charge of relief you might very well use it differently. But it is all paid out to millions of families who are without work and would starve if not paid. If the federal government didn't do this, the states or towns would have to do it.

What reductions can be made in relief expenditures?

If business improves and more workers are drawn back into private industry, names may be taken off of relief and work relief rolls. But, oddly, as business has improved and employment has increased, the relief rolls have also increased.

If a Republican administration were put into power, would it dare cut relief expenses? And if it did, would it dare cut them sufficiently to make an impression on our tax problem? Because, after all, reducing relief expenditures by a few hundred millions would mean nothing.

Who has been paying for all this?

There never was a greater error than to suppose that the bulk of our taxes is paid by the rich. You can form a very good idea from the following figures. They are based on the year 1934 and refer to national taxes:

Income taxes	$817,961,481
Customs duties	313,434,302
Processing taxes (bread users)	356,152,220
Tobacco users	425,168,897
Liquor drinkers	258,911,332
Gasoline buyers	202,575,034
Electricity users	33,134,407
Tire buyers	27,630,145
Automobile buyers	32,526,751
Lubricating oil buyers	25,254,986
Theaters and movies	14,613,414
Telephone bills	19,250,799

Borrowed Money

A glance at this list reveals who pays the taxes. At least one third of the income taxes are paid by the people with incomes below $10,000. Most of the other taxes are paid by them also. Then there are a host of manufacturers' excise taxes, which are sales taxes in fact, on radios, sporting goods, toilet articles, candy, chewing gum, soft drinks and other articles.

The customs duties are all paid, of course, by the people who buy the goods subject to customs taxes as the goods enter the country. This means the mass of consumers.

But while these are the people who pay the taxes, there is still another vast portion of the government costs bill which is paid by no one. It is handled with borrowed money. The federal government has been borrowing money to pay the mounting costs of the depression. And it did not begin this in the Roosevelt administration. The deficits of the federal government began with Mr. Hoover.

We began going in the red in 1931. Here are our deficits from that year until the present time:

Under Hoover	
1930-31	$902,716,845
1931-32	2,880,184,249
1932-33	3,063,256,885
Under Roosevelt	
1933-34	3,989,496,035
1934-35	3,575,357,968
July 1 to Oct. 31, 1935	1,393,259,976

For the Next Generation

These figures do not agree with those recently given by the Treasury. The Treasury's recent figures given out, not as a Treasury report, but as a statement, show larger deficits for the Hoover years and smaller ones for Roosevelt years. The figures I have used are taken directly from the official reports of the government, and, where there is much controversy, are perhaps the soundest to accept.

Where has the money for these deficits been coming from? If you examine the statements you find that the taxes have been just about enough to pay the ordinary costs of the government, and recently, not that much. But we have been spending billions besides for relief. Where does the government get the money?

Well, to date, it has not gotten any relief money, save the processing taxes paid to the farmers, from the taxpayers. Up to now we have not squeezed the taxpayers for relief. The federal government has not spent one thin dime of tax money on relief. It has gotten all the funds used for relief from bond and note issues. That is, it has been borrowing money.

Mr. Hoover began it. He borrowed $4,749,020,910. Mr. Roosevelt has borrowed (to Nov. 8, 1935) $8,526,872,837. These figures refer to billions—not millions—*BILLIONS*. The cost of the depression to date has been $13,276,293,747. This, I mean, has been the cost to the federal government, and every nickel of it has been borrowed and is still due. I said at the outset that the old Romans swarmed over their neighbors and squeezed out of them the sums needed for the government, while we take it from our own people in the form of taxes. But this must be modified. We take some of it out of ourselves in taxes. We take the rest of it—or try to—out of our children and our grandchildren. All the money we have spent on national relief we expect the next generation to pay. We have sent the bill for the war—$16,000,000,000—to our children and their children. During our period of prosperity we built schools, roads, skyscrapers, railroad stations, locomotives, apartment houses, movie cathedrals and so on with borrowed funds. We expect our children and grandchildren to pay these along with the war debts. Now we have tacked on another $13,000,000,000 for the depression and we will want them to pay that. It is at least something to think of.

This is not a criticism of the government's spending program. I believe if Mr. Hoover had been President he would have had to spend. It is certain the spending will continue. How much is another question. But certainly we have to begin to think whether we ought not to start paying for our own troubles.

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JUST a few extra dollars will buy you dozens of extra advantages in a Chrysler.

You can step into the fine-car class with a big new Chrysler Six for as little as $760, list at factory, Detroit.

That beautiful Chrysler Six is built side by side with the famous Airflow Chryslers. It exemplifies the highest traditions of Chrysler quality and design.

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In the 1936 Chryslers, there are scores of other features equally far ahead.

Floating Power! It's far, far ahead in banishing the annoyance as well as the wear and tear of engine vibration. Safety Steel bodies . . . jointless, squeakless . . . surrounding you with safety. Valve seat inserts to save money on valve grinds. Pistons that are anodic plated to guard against scuffing or scoring.

In Chrysler's Automatic Overdrive† you get the newest and most important motoring development in years. It gives you two perfect gear ratios . . . one for traffic, one for the open road. At touring speeds, it cuts engine speed one-third . . . gives up to 5 more miles from every gallon of gas . . . saves oil, and strain and wear.

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CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN $875*

Ask for the New

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You can figure it out for yourself.
1. Start with your unpaid balance.
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☆ 1936 CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower 118-inch wheelbase. Six body types. Prices $760 and up. Four-Door Sedan with integral body-form trunk $875.

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*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

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Why the difference in taste?

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The first sip may taste fresh and lively.

But as you drink, it gets deader and deader.

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Canada Dry's Water is as alive as a growing flower.

It holds its sparkle clear through the drink.

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IT'S THE EVERLASTING Sparkle THAT COUNTS

The Reason? In Canada Dry's Water pure alkaline water is carbonated to the usual point... and then, under still higher pressure and still lower temperature, it is super-carbonated. Only Canada Dry gives you this *extra* process.

Proof? The uniformly *better* taste of your long, tall drink—and this challenge! Leave an *opened* bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator. 24 hours later, it will still be full of life and sparkle.

...and less than 3¢ a drink

The big party-size bottle of Canada Dry's Water costs less than 3¢ for each long, tall drink ... also available in the regular 12 oz. size.

A Family Affair

Continued from page 13

just to stay with Philip Klemm. I was at Helen Eastwood's that night until the dance, then Philip and I had a fight which was all my fault and we couldn't go back to the apartment and talk it over because of all the people, so we went to Philip's hotel. I didn't want to leave him while he was angry. I love him, and I'm not a bit promiscuous, so you mustn't think that about me. You don't, do you?" She waited. Her dark, thin face and grave eyes were inexpressively sad. "You do," she said.

"No," said William Embrie. "I—I can understand, Gale." He wanted to tell her how well he understood, but he couldn't find the words. "You'll be married—soon?"

"It's his mother," she said quickly. "She isn't well, Father. When she gets better—"

He stopped her with a peremptory wave of his hand.

She started to speak again but he shook his head, unwilling to hear any more. It was plain what had happened, and what would continue to happen until Philip Klemm grew tired. He stood up, then turned impatiently at the sound of Lester's voice.

"A Mr. Drake wants to speak to you on the telephone, sir."

He hurried out to the hall and picked up the receiver. "Yes," he said quickly, annoyed to find Gale standing beside him. "Yes. I understand. I'll be there right away." He laid the receiver down on the hook.

"What is it?" Gale asked.

"Joel and Philip Klemm have had a fight."

Her face turned white. "Is Philip hurt?" she cried.

"No more than he deserves. I'm thinking about Joel!"

She leaned back against the wall. "Did Philip hurt Joel?" she whispered in a terrified voice.

"I don't think so."

"What?" She sprang forward, grasping the meaning of his words with a dreadful swiftness. "I'm going with you, Father."

"Indeed you aren't," said William Embrie, "and if you try to I'll lock you up in your room."

STEWART CAMDEN, Joel's attorney, thought his client would be convicted of manslaughter. Joel knew it. He was listening with skeptical calm to Stewart's last words of encouragement and advice. Joel went on trial tomorrow morning, just twelve hours from now, to be exact, and after tonight nothing more could be done. Stewart's voice, the voice of an anxious friend, died away, and the noise from the street invaded the office, bringing to William Embrie a sharp and uncontrollable fear. He stood up. Joel grinned at Stewart, nodded casually, and then limped over to the hatrack and put on his hat. William Embrie suffered from that limp, although he had seen it daily for more than two months, and knew it might save his son from jail.

He said good night to Stewart, feeling confident that the tall, careworn, indomitable young man would make the best of a bad job. He would have his hands full tomorrow, because Joel's insane point of honor cut the ground out from under his defense. And raised a staggering question for his father. He went over to the elevator and pushed the bell.

Joel had no strength in his left leg and had given up driving after one attempt, so William Embrie drove. Making his way up Court House Hill he turned to the left and went down to the street that ran along Henry Markham's lawn. The lamps shone on the leaves and branches of the Lombardy poplars that stood above Henry Markham's wall; there were darker trees behind them, and then a deep summer gloom through which the faint lights of the house rode like the lights of a ship.

His daughter Gale, whom he hadn't seen for two months, was in that house.

She had left home the morning after the fight and had only written once, telling him she was in New York with Helen Eastwood. The death of Philip Klemm had been a terrible shock, and, although she didn't say so, he knew she blamed him and Joel for it. She couldn't live in the same house with Joel, and probably never could again; Joel had killed the man she regarded as her husband. That was the reason she was here; the reason, according to Stewart Camden, why the district attorney's office had subpoenaed her as a witness. She would say nothing, and probably didn't even know why she was subpoenaed, but the district attorney's office counted on her presence to silence both her father and brother.

SO FAR Gale's name had not been connected publicly with the death of Philip Klemm. Stewart wanted Joel to tell all about the affair, including the trip to New York, when he took the witness stand in his own defense; but Joel refused, although his refusal was likely to cost him a term in jail. Then Stewart, without the knowledge of Joel, had put the question up to his father.

If he told what he knew, Gale would hate him and Joel might deny it. He had to choose between spoiling his daughter's reputation or remaining silent and seeing his son go to jail.

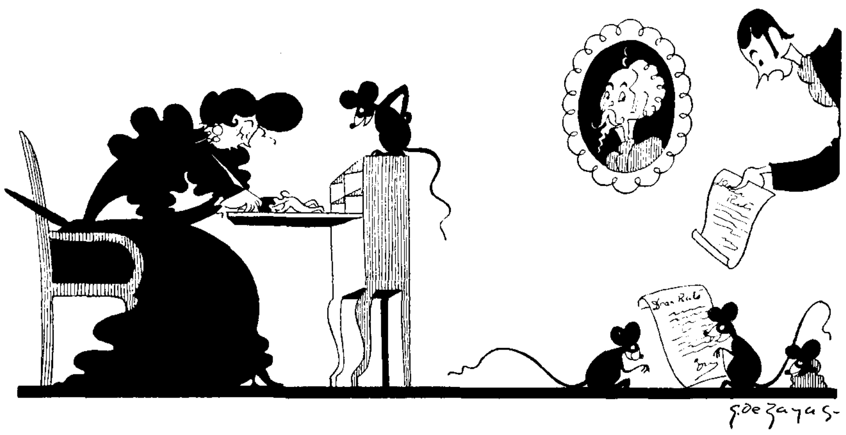
In the room upstairs he stood for a little while at the window, trying to get rid of the man that tradition and age and inheritance had made out of him. He must look at this as if he were young, and do what the children would do in his place. Would Gale care a snap about reputation where someone she loved was concerned? Or did Joel hesitate to sacrifice himself for the sake of an absurd idea? Joel believed Gale's reputation should be preserved. Very well. He did not himself, when it came to the life of his son. He would follow Gale and throw reputation to the winds and, like Joel, take punishment for the sake of an idea.

It seemed more difficult the next day in court, and especially in the presence of Gale. She was seated over on the right between Sarah Markham and Priscilla Yates, a slender, upright figure in a heather-colored suit that set off the dark, thin clarity of her face and her startling gray eyes. Not once did she look in their direction, and Joel, who was sitting across the table from him, after one glance at the three girls, paid no further attention to them.

Kent Sommerville, the assistant district attorney, stood up and began to talk. Through the open window behind the jury came the sound of children playing in the street. Kent's crest of red hair hid the faces of the two women on the jury. Now and then he turned to Judge Yates, who was leaning back with his eyes closed. The judge had been kind enough not to notice William Embrie, although the defendant's table was directly in line with the bench.

After the testimony of the coroner's physician, Kent called Clarkson Drake to the stand. Drake had come out on the porch with his wife and Henry Schoonmacher and a woman named Mercedes

(Continued on page 46)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The belief that rats could read existed in the United States up to 48 years ago. In 1882 a man in Maryland and, in 1888, another in Maine wrote letters to the rodents and stuck them in holes in their basements. Both notes not only asked the rats to leave, but also suggested a new home for them, naming a street and number, where they would find cozy holes and plenty of food.—*By Phillips Temple, Baltimore, Maryland.*

The world's largest tips or gratuities are those given to croupiers in gambling casinos by players who have won large sums of money. For example, in 1929 at the Le Touquet Casino in France, these tips, presented to a comparatively small number of table managers, amounted to $65,000 a week.

A South American plant, the *Selaginella convoluta*, is almost human in its ability to take care of itself. When all the moisture is gone from the soil, it pulls up its roots, rolls itself in a ball and lets the wind carry it to a more suitable place. There it takes root and resumes its former vigor, repeating the process as often as is necessary.

Even today legal marriage is not universally accompanied by some form of religious, civil or social ceremony. Tribes still exist, such as the Kurumba on the Nilgiri plateau of southern India, that manage to get along without marriage rites of any kind.

The longest barricade on record was the 100,000 miles of fence built in Australia about 20 years ago to protect it from a plague of rabbits, tens of millions of which overran the country and at times devastated vast areas of fertile land, not only eating all crops, grasses, roots and bushes, but even the bark of the trees.—*By C. P. Sellarck, Strathfield, Australia.*

The world's outstanding sandwich—in size, variety and color scheme—is undoubtedly the smörrebord of Denmark. It consists of eight slices of black, brown and white bread laid alongside of one another, butter side up, on a large tray, and covered with oysters on the half shell, lobster, veal, sardines, smoked salmon, cheese, beef, goose liver and anchovies.—*By P. A. Ward, New York City.*

From the 16th to the 19th century, England had such a difficult time getting sailors for her navy that she paid gangs and others so much a head for every man that they "pressed," or shanghaied, into the service. One woman found this business so profitable that she opened a saloon and, within a period of twelve years, produced 26,000 recruits—with the aid of knockout drops—for her king and country.

Blondin (1824-1897) was the greatest tight-rope walker in history. Of all his famous tricks, many of which were performed over Niagara Falls, one of his most startling was performed during an engagement at the Crystal Palace in London in 1861, where he turned somersaults on stilts on a rope suspended 170 feet from the ground.

Forest air is pure because the leaves of the trees act as a filter, catching most of the dust and bacteria that would otherwise pollute it. Moreover, a forest has a definite hygienic influence on the land around it, a fact that has been confirmed by a number of villages in India which have never been attacked during cholera epidemics in their district due to their being surrounded by dense, protecting woods.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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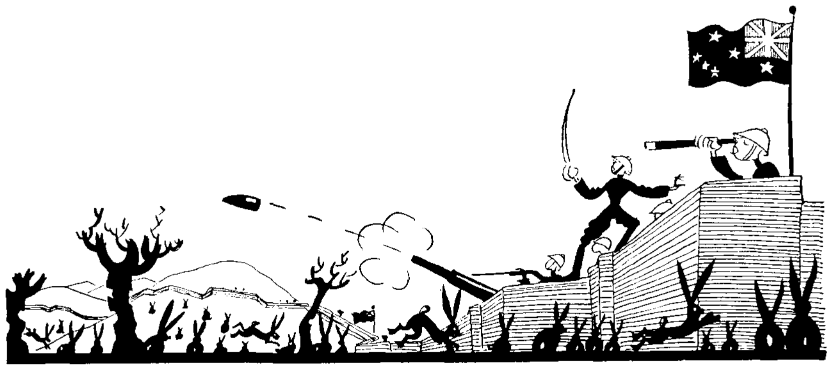

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Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $200 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for $200 when you reach 55 and a check for $200 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

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This Retirement Income Plan is guaranteed by the Phoenix Mutual, a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force and a record of more than 75 years of public service. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men. Similar plans are available to women. It is not limited to persons of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages that you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

What does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown at the left. It tells all about the Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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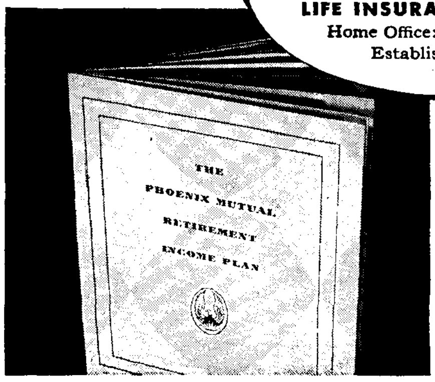

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Snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Simmons, Miami, Fla.

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Gentlemen:

We have just completed a trip of 10,085 miles in our '34 Studebaker Coupe. We drove in all kinds of weather and country, and from 600 to 700 miles a day.

We started out with a full crankcase of "just as good" oil, and in 1700 miles burned up 9 quarts of oil. We refilled with another "just as good" premium-priced oil, which had to be added to on an average of every 190 miles. Upon reaching Seattle, we changed to Quaker State—and after driving another 2400 miles, found that we had added but 3 quarts or about 800 miles to the quart. We again filled with Quaker State and drove the remaining 3000 miles home to Miami across deserts, mountains and detours in five days, only adding a quart every 700 miles, until along the road we again refilled with another oil which made it necessary to add every 200 miles.

The foregoing is ample evidence to us that Quaker State will stand up from two to three times as long as any other oil even under severe driving conditions.

They won't pull that "just as good" stuff on me again. If the fellow who handles my favorite gasoline doesn't sell Quaker State, I will go elsewhere for oil.

Very sincerely yours,

W. G. Simmons

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE WINTER OILS

Retail Price . . . 35c per quart

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A Family Affair

Continued from page 44

Clare just a moment before the shooting and had seen Philip Klemm in the driveway about three hundred feet from the house. He was standing in the light of Joel's car and Joel was lying on the ground. Then Joel got up, went back to the car, and as he did so Philip Klemm jumped at him. There was a flash in the dark and the report of a pistol. Joel had shot Philip Klemm. They carried him into the house, where he died an hour later.

Everyone had been drinking, Drake admitted on cross-examination, but not too much. Stewart asked him whether he had seen Klemm kick Joel, and when he said "No" asked him whether Joel's hip wasn't hurt so badly that he couldn't walk. It was, Drake admitted, and Joel's face was bruised and cut. They might have been fighting but he didn't see it. Mrs. Drake, the next witness, added nothing to what had been said. Stewart asked her where Klemm was going when he met Joel, but she didn't know unless it was outside to get his car. They were all going to the Hunt. Everyone had been drinking, yes, but no more than usual.

AFTER the negative testimony of Schoonmacher, the prosecution called Mercedes Clare. She was a young huntress with protruding eyes and perfect lips and a way of talking that was like a collection of small engraved stones. On cross-examination she said Klemm had knocked Joel down and then kicked him when he was down the last time. Klemm was drunk when he went out to the car. His conduct at dinner had been of the kind which she found unsuitable even to the most informal of parties. He told her he was going to stop at the house of—

"Say it!" Stewart commanded.

"The house of an old fool to pick up a girl."

"Did he say whose house?"

"No."

"Have you any idea whose house?"

Kent objected and Judge Yates sustained his objection.

"That's all," said Stewart.

He opened the case of the defendant soon after lunch, speaking in a low voice that begged humbly for the confidence of the jury. There was no mention of Gale, but he promised to show the reason for Joel's visit to the house. When he was through he called the doctor and proved the injury to Joel's hip.

William Embrie got ready as the doctor came down from the stand. In a few minutes it would be over and he would have done his job. Stripped Gale bare and delivered her to the town. He rose when Stewart spoke, and without any hesitation crossed over to the stand.

He was very close to his old friend Alec. They wouldn't be playing golf this afternoon. Neither Gale nor Joel looked at him. They were two neutral spots in a hush that was avid and cruel. Stewart began to speak. He was asking about the pistol in the pocket of Joel's car. William Embrie heard his own voice, far away, explaining that Joel had always carried a pistol in the pocket of his car.

Stewart paused.

"You and your son and daughter dined together at your house on the evening of the shooting, did you not?"

Gale looked up. Joel was drawing figures on a pad.

"Yes," said William Embrie.

"Did or did not your daughter say anything in the presence of your son about Philip Klemm?"

"I object."

"I want to show the motive for the visit."

"You may," said Judge Yates. He turned to William Embrie. There was knowledge and pity and encouragement in his face.

"My son and daughter quarreled," William Embrie said. "Joel, my son, accused his sister of staying all night in New York with Philip Klemm. She admitted it." He looked down, unable to bear the sight of the audience any longer.

"Go on," Stewart urged.

"That is the reason my son went to see Philip Klemm. He was coming to the house in half an hour to get my daughter. My daughter loved him and he took advantage of her. She has never been a wild girl. . . ."

"Cross-examine," said Stewart, turning to the Commonwealth's table.

"No questions." Kent's voice was sympathetic. It echoed the silence in the room.

"That's all."

It was. William Embrie descended the steps. He felt spiritually numb and cut off from every living soul.

Stewart called the boy next. He limped less than usual on his way to the stand. His father listened while he related the story of the fight in an unemphatic voice. What he would say about Gale he didn't know. The children were strangers to him now.

"You heard your father's testimony?" Stewart asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And what your father said was correct?"

"No, sir." Joel turned to the judge. "May I explain what happened in my own words?"

"Certainly," said Judge Yates.

"My sister and I were angry," Joel began. "Quarreling really"—he smiled at the jury—"because I didn't want her to see so much of this man Klemm. She made me mad and I threw the New York business in her face. There isn't a word of truth in it, but I'm afraid my father took it seriously."

THE courtroom broke out in a bewildered murmur. Stewart Camden walked over to the box. He stood there, persuasive, irresistible, demanding the truth.

"Aren't you trying to protect your sister?"

Joel smiled. "She doesn't need it," he said.

Stewart walked back and sat down. "Cross-examine," he called out cheerfully.

William Embrie didn't hear Joel's answers. They were unimportant now. Joel had sent himself to jail and Gale was a morsel under the tongue of the town. Put there by a stupid old man who didn't know his own children.

The questions ended and Joel took his seat. Stewart sat with his head bent over and his chin clutched in his hand. Then he stood up.

"Miss Embrie, will you please take the stand?" he said.

Gale walked to the stand, put her hand on the Bible, and said "I do." When the officer left she stood there with her long, brown fingers resting lightly on the rail.

"Miss Embrie," said Stewart, "will you please tell us what answer you made when your brother accused you of staying all night with Philip Klemm?"

"I told him I did," she replied without any hesitation. "It was true and I had no reason to lie about it. I didn't know—" She stopped as if checked by something she saw before her. "I didn't know," she repeated. She sat down quickly. Her shoulders quivered as if she were cold. The red of her lips looked black and the freckles stood out darkly against her skin.

"Take your time," said Stewart in a quiet voice.

She stood up, holding on to the rail, and turned to the jury.

"My brother was trying to protect me," she said. "I didn't want protection and I don't want it now. The man I love is dead and it's my fault. Joel couldn't help it. I pushed him into a fight by the way I talked. He's my brother and he did exactly what any brother would do, and I hope you don't punish him for it, because I'm to blame."

"That's all," said Stewart Camden.

"No questions, except that I ask that the jury be instructed to disregard the last speech of the witness."

Judge Yates smiled ironically. "Ladies and gentlemen, you will disregard the last speech of the witness," he said.

IT WAS over. William Embrie watched Gale descend from the stand. He felt proud of his children; no matter what happened now, they at least had behaved magnificently.

But while he sat waiting for the jury to return, with Stewart and Joel beside him, his exaltation ebbed away and the old terror came back again. He sighed painfully, overcome by the agony of suspense and the steady, inescapable pressure of hundreds of gloating eyes.

Gale had escaped from the savagery of those eyes. Priscilla had taken her back through the door to the judge's chambers instead of out the front way. He would see Gale again sometime, when the wound of this experience had healed, but for the present that was too much to hope for, notwithstanding her great courage. He let his mind follow her into imaginary places and situations, forgetting for a moment his anxiety about Joel. But it returned with a shock of reality when he looked at his son.

The door to the left of the bench opened. That was Judge Yates. No. William Embrie held his breath. It was Gale.

She shouldn't expose herself to the crowd. The whisper of voices behind him increased intolerably and he turned around with sudden rage to demand silence. Gale approached as if she and her father and Joel were quite alone in the room. She smiled at Joel, and then, as Stewart rose, she took her seat beside her father.

"I can wait better here with you," was all she said.

William Embrie nodded. Anything more than that and he might disgrace himself.

As the moments went by the quiet assurance of his children seemed to pass into his blood; there was such a strength in their silent unity that he could wait calmly now. He began to hope, or at least to feel, that no matter what happened life was not over yet. They had given him that, his children, by the beautiful logic of their conduct which sprang from self-sufficiency and a knowledge of things as they are. That, he recognized dimly, was what it meant to be young.

When the jury came in he watched them with the objective calm he saw upon the faces of Gale and Joel.

Only once, in the silence that followed upon the voice of Judge Yates, did his fear return.

The foreman hesitated. He drew in his lower lip as if unable to speak. Then he breathed out vigorously, dispelling his nervousness.

"Not guilty," he said.

"When General Electric says

G-E MAZDA LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

That's enough for me!

"I read this paragraph in an advertisement for General Electric MAZDA lamps:

Many inferior lamps, offered at 'bargain' prices, use the same amount of current as good lamps; yet they produce much less light and grow dimmer and dimmer as they burn.

"Such a statement coming from General Electric convinces me I am doing the smart and economical thing when I always insist on G-E MAZDA lamps."

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MAZDA LAMPS
only
15¢

● There have been 17 major price reductions on G-E MAZDA lamps since 1921. During the same period lamp efficiency has been greatly increased. The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 44 per cent more light than did the 60-watt MAZDA lamp of 1921.

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Do These 2 Things
Instantly!

(*A Simple Method that Anybody Can Follow*)

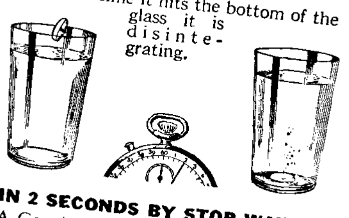
1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

THE pictured directions above show perhaps the quickest, simplest and most modern method yet discovered to combat cold and sore throat.

Your own doctor will approve this way. Millions of people have discarded "cold killers" and patent nostrums for this modern way. It relieves the average cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Note that all you do is this.

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

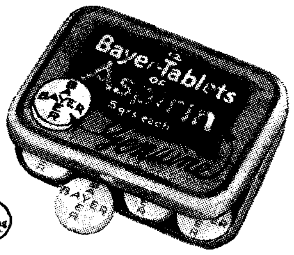
Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in ⅓ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally acts to fight a cold almost instantly. AND — eases the aches and pains that accompany most colds.

The gargle acts instantly *like a local anesthetic* to soothe pains in the throat and to ease throat irritation.

Try this way. You will be amazed at how quickly you can ease a cold. Be sure, though, to get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN. They dissolve almost instantly in the stomach. Hence start working almost instantly. And also, dissolve thoroughly enough in water for use as a gargle.

NOW REDUCED TO
15¢



Good Housekeeping Bureau

Traveling Salesman

Continued from page 34

obtained from our government formal recognition of the Russian Soviet State. The authorities in Washington hoped that, in return for this compliment, Moscow would do something handsome in the way of paying Russian debts to American citizens, increasing Russian trade with the said citizens and stopping propaganda harmful to their welfare.

Well, the debts have not been paid. The additional trade has not materialized—which, of course, is partly our own fault. The propaganda has not stopped, the Moscow government having replied to our protest with the declaration that it was not responsible for the activities of the Communist International. And the prevailing impression in the District of Columbia is that Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff, when he obtained the aforesaid recognition, came out ahead on the deal.

What his own country got out of it is more than apparent.

In Manchuria, the Japanese ceased, for the time being, to make warlike faces at the Russians, because, in Japanese eyes, a Russia officially recognized by the United States was a far different matter from a Russia frowned upon in high Washington circles. And that wasn't all. There was another important meaning also, as Litvinoff saw it, in what he had accomplished on his trip to America. On his return to Moscow, in a speech before the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet government, describing his dealings with Messrs. Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, he elucidated as follows:

"America kept firmly to her position for fifteen years, but finally she too has abandoned the struggle. That is why, Comrades, one cannot regard the exchange of letters between President Roosevelt and myself, on November 16, 1933, merely as one more recognition by a great power, but one must regard it as *the crumbling of the last position, of the last fort, in the attack upon us of the capitalist world,* which, after the October revolution, assumed the form of nonrecognition and boycott. The longer this fort held out, the more planned and conscious its defense was, the greater was our satisfaction at the restoration of our relations with the United States of America. . . .

"It is but just to mention the farsightedness of President Roosevelt, who, immediately he came to power, and perhaps even before, realized the fruitlessness of any further struggle against us *on behalf of capitalism. . . .*"

Potent Promises

Not long after his victory in Washington, Litvinoff won another spectacular triumph in Geneva and Paris.

Profiting by the frantic desire of France to find allies against Hitlerism, he was instrumental in bringing about an understanding between Russians and French. On the Russian side, the advantages were that France undertook to lead Soviet Russia into the upper reaches of international respectability by making her a member of the League of Nations, and also to help her in case of aggression on the part of Hitlerist Germany. In exchange, Russia (through her spokesman, Litvinoff) agreed to soft-pedal Red propaganda in France and to come to France's aid if Hitler attacked her.

As to the value of these promises, there is some shaking of heads among the French. Skeptics feel, with regard to the promise of cessation of propaganda, exactly as do Messrs. Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull. And, as for the prospect of aid to France in case of German aggression, some Frenchmen cannot help wondering how a Soviet army, with the republic of Poland between itself and Germany, could do anything effective against a German army, if the Poles refused it permission to cross Polish territory—which they have repeatedly threatened to do.

In the midst of these Parisian headshakings, Comrade Litvinoff, in high good humor, went prancing back to the Kremlin to receive the congratulations of Boss Stalin. Since that double victory, his voice has been heard again and again at League of Nations meetings, where it has commanded the respectful attention of scores of old-style diplomats—exactly as if Soviet Russia had never been a pariah among nations and its official spokesman the victim of such rudeness at the hands of his colleagues from other countries as to become known as "the most snubbed man in Europe."

A Man of Energy

Litvinoff is in his sixtieth year. His figure is plump and thickset. From behind big, horn-rimmed glasses his sharp, gray-green eyes peer out on a world which constantly makes them twinkle maliciously. You would never take him for a diplomat—that is, if you associate diplomacy, as most of us somehow do, with elegance and courtliness.

Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff is not elegant. He is not courtly. Even when he wears the formal garb of diplomacy—black tail-coat and striped trousers and conservative necktie—he frequently looks, as one member of the old-school diplomatic fraternity put it, "as if he had slept in his clothes for a month." In trying to describe him, nobody ever seems to fit him in any way into the recognized molds reserved for international negotiators.

As a rule, he wears a beaming smile on his chubby face, and bubbles with good-humored conversation. When he feels like it, however, he can be caustically sarcastic. "Affable but acidulous" is the way one American acquaintance sized him up. He is renowned for barbed shafts of wit. When accused, at one of the many conferences which he has attended, of spreading propaganda, he retorted:

"Yes, that's what I'm doing—propaganda for peace!"

At the time of the great Russian famine, in 1921, Litvinoff represented the Bolshevik government in the negotiations at Reval, Estonia, which preceded the entry into Russia of the American Relief Administration, under the direction of Herbert Hoover and his coadjutors, with huge stocks of food for the starving population. In the course of these negotiations, Litvinoff showed his usual horse-trading astuteness.

In his eyes, the foreigners intent on entering his native country were much more than disinterested good Samaritans; they might easily develop, he suspected, into agents of capitalism, spies of the hated American bourgeoisie, underminers of the struggling Soviet government. So he did his best to drive with them a bargain worthy of Shylock. Finally, he grew so hard-boiled in seeking to impose conditions that one of the American delegates, losing his temper completely, blurted out:

"After all, Mr. Litvinoff, you ought to remember that what we want is to get food into Russia."

"But food is a vep'n!" retorted Litvinoff. And it was as a weapon that he persisted in considering it to the end of the negotiations.

At one of the recent international conferences, Litvinoff, disgusted at something done by the delegates of a European nation hostile to Soviet Russia, elbowed his way toward them, beaming affably, to remark:

"Permit me to congratulate you, gentlemen, for your decisive step backward!"

At the Moscow Foreign Office Litvinoff succeeded Tchicherin, who thought nothing of working until three or four o'clock in the morning, a habit which finally broke down his health and sent him into retirement. Under Litvinoff there has been little change. His enormous energy makes him think nothing of working around the clock.

In the first years of his activity in Moscow he was so busy that he could only snatch a few minutes for eating and a few scattered hours for sleeping. Those were days when Moscow, fresh from fighting and famine, was no fit residence for delicate women accustomed to some degree of comfort; so Litvinoff left his wife in Denmark for the time being. An American woman called upon him one day at his Moscow office and found him greatly depressed.

"I wish," he said, in melancholy tones, "that I could have a few days off in order to get a glimpse of my wife. I have just heard that she has made me a proud father."

"Congratulations," said the visitor. "Boy or girl?"

"I don't know," sighed Litvinoff. "The telegram didn't say."

Litvinoff was born in Bialystok, Russia, in one of the typical "ghettos" of the pre-war Russian Empire, where Jews, crowded together under miserable living conditions, were constantly exposed to humiliation and, occasionally, to actual violence and even to "pogroms." At the age of seventeen he entered the Imperial Russian army as a volunteer. Whether military life turned him into a good soldier is not on record; that it made a Socialist out of the Jewish recruit is beyond question. It was while wearing the czar's uniform that young Maxim drank in the doctrines of Karl Marx and qualified himself for the achievements which were destined to place him high among the leaders of that Union of Socialist Soviet Republics which was to supersede the czaristic regime in Russia.

At the Risk of His Life

After getting his discharge from the army he promptly became a member of the Kieff committee of the Russian Social Democratic party, in which many ardent opponents of Russia's imperial government were already enrolled. The Russian secret police, having long had an eye on the czar's enemies in the holy city of Kieff, introduced a stool pigeon into their midst. This individual, posing as a member in good standing of the committee, betrayed to the police the date and place where the plotters intended to hold a secret meeting, with the result that the meeting was "pinched" and all those attending it scooped into the net of the authorities.

Maxim Litvinoff was one of those arrested. At the trial which followed, he was condemned to serve a prison term in Siberia. Long before the date set for his release, however, he managed not only to escape from prison but also from Russian territory. From various European capitals he continued to do all he could to annoy the czar's government, especially as an active contributor to the revolutionary sheet "Iskra," published by Social Democratic refugees.

In 1903 he smuggled himself back into Russia, at imminent risk of his life, and worked hard on plans for the revolt which the czar's enemies were planning. It was around this time that he became acquainted with Lenin, Trotsky and other anticzaristic leaders.

The revolt finally burst in 1905. It was ruthlessly crushed by the imperial forces. Litvinoff's position, precarious enough before, now became extremely dangerous. Eluding the police, who were hot on his trail, he succeeded in getting to the Caucasus, far away in Southern Russia.

There he and other rebels—including, by the way, an obscure malcontent named Stalin, who has since become as powerful a ruler as any czar of the old Russia—held up a money convoy, in order to pay the expenses of fellow plotters abroad. With the proceeds, Litvinoff escaped to Paris.

There he was arrested while trying to change some Russian bank notes at a leading French bank. The notes were identified as part of the loot from the convoy, and Litvinoff was informed by the French police that his presence was no longer desired in France. So, in 1906, he crossed the channel to England.

Colleague of the Snubbers

Between 1906 and 1917, Litvinoff was at various times employed in England as a draughtsman in an architect's office, a journalist, a teacher of languages, and a traveling salesman. In all these capacities he kept on writing anticzaristic propaganda, smuggling arms into Russia, and contributing in a number of other ways toward making the Imperial Russian government as uncomfortable as he possibly could.

Soon after the triumph of the Russian Bolshevik revolution, in October, 1917, Litvinoff was appointed London agent of the new Russian government. In those days the vast majority of the British had not the slightest use for Lenin, Trotsky or any other Bolshevik. So they proceeded to make Litvinoff's stay in their midst as disagreeable as possible.

Not only did the British authorities deny recognition to the new Soviet state, but they could scarcely bring themselves to speak politely to that state's representative. But Litvinoff stuck doggedly to his task of furthering Soviet interests. Moreover, he did not lose his sense of humor. In the midst of the avalanche of snubs, he managed to smile behind his big, horn-rimmed glasses.

On one occasion, he and a friend went into one of the numerous cheap restaurants run by the famous London firm of Lyons. On the bill of fare Litvinoff read the words "diplomatic pudding."

"I want some of that," he told the waitress.

"You can't have any," said she.

"But I am a diplomat."

"There isn't any of the pudding left."

Whereupon Litvinoff, turning to his friend, sighed:

"Not recognized even by Lyons!"

After a while the tension between Maxim Maximovitch and the government of King George V grew so acute that the British authorities decided on drastic action. As a result of the arrest in Russia of a Briton, Bruce Lockhart, they seized Litvinoff as a hostage and clapped him into jail. There he stayed—still smiling—until the Bolsheviki released Lockhart. Whereupon Litvinoff also was freed. But there was a string to his freedom. He was told to get out of England. And out he went.

Did he guess, as he swallowed that biggest snub of his career, that, within a short time, he was to be an honored colleague of the snubbers? And did those frozen-faced Britons guess that they were destined, within a few years, to listen respectfully, at Geneva and elsewhere, to the voice of Maxim Maximovitch Litvinoff, Whitechapel accent and all?

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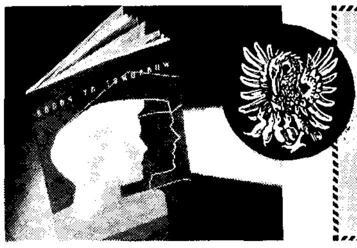

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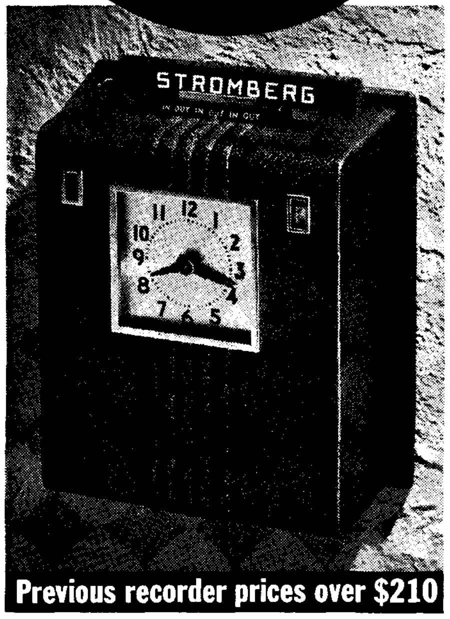

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 26

rising in front of him, a piece of high ground separating this region from the pass road. He headed that way.

A mile from the scene of Perrigo's shooting, Pokey abandoned his brush riding and took the trail leading to the pass road. He felt himself safe, for Head riders were crossing and recrossing all this area with an increasing regularity and his judgment told him none of Torveen's remaining party would venture after him. So he rode along at a casual gait, deep-sunk in his own strict reflections. There was a conscience in this wiry little man and an imagination, yet Perrigo's death affected him only remotely.

Martin Head's word had been law with Pokey for twenty years and the knowledge of his exact obedience to that law was his pride. Martin Head had been injured by this Perrigo; therefore Perrigo was an enemy. Martin Head, terrible in his sense of right and wrong, had told Pokey to find and kill Perrigo; therefore, Pokey went out to obey with a lack of compunction that was pure fatalism. To Pokey, Martin Head was God.

Bill Head, Pokey knew, had established a kind of headquarters on the pass road; that way Pokey drifted. But before he got there he swung to go up a little ridge whence he might have a view of the back trail. From his vantage point he saw a group of men over on the pass road, less than a mile removed, with riders coming into the road at intervals and other parties leaving on fresh scouts.

Having no love for Bill Head, Pokey remarked all this confusion with a critical eye; they were blotting out the scent with their ceaseless blundering. Afterward his glance swung around and then he saw a horseman coming along the same trail he had used, apparently bound for Bill Head's location. When the fellow got a little closer Pokey put his attention on the horse, which was plainer to his eye than the rider, and immediately he recognized Ferd Bowie's long-barreled, pearl gelding.

POKEY'S face winked carefully. He came to a prompt decision, cut down the ridge and stationed himself slightly to one side of the trail. When Bowie came around a farther bend Pokey moved into the road and stood quietly there.

At sight of Pokey, Bowie jerked back in his saddle. He was fifty feet away and for a time Pokey thought the angular, gray-faced kid meant to bolt into the brush. He called out then:

"Where you goin', Ferd?"

"Pokey, I want to see you," said Bowie.

"Sure," said Pokey. "Only it's a poor place for you to be."

Bowie was cocked in his saddle, ready for trouble and suspecting it. But there was a stronger desire in his narrow head. That desire kept him from running.

He said: "I've had enough. I'm pullin' out of here."

"Turn and go the other way," suggested Pokey. "Or you'll get shot on sight."

"I can take care of myself. I want to make talk."

Pokey said nothing; the set of his face was sad and bland and unrevealing.

"You want to know where Surratt is?"

"Why you tellin'?"

"You want to know?" insisted Bowie. He looked around, his nervousness a growing thing. Then the long, pallid and savage face whipped disconcertingly back on Pokey. "Go up this trail three miles to the river bank. They're in that cave by the bend."

"You're sellin' out Sam Torveen?" murmured Pokey. "A handsome thing, Ferd. To sell out a man that fed and kept you. A handsome thing."

"Surratt's there," said Bowie, the name emerging from his throat in a hateful way.

Pokey's lips turned faintly at the corners. He said, with a softness that should have warned Bowie beyond a doubt: "Ferd, I'd hate to stand in your shoes at judgment seat."

SILENCE came on in a tight, brittle way. Bowie wanted to get off the trail, but motion had become in the last ten seconds a risky thing. He was no fool and he saw how still Pokey remained and how wickedly calm Pokey's cheeks were. He pulled back on his reins and the pony stepped to the rear until it struck a clump of brush. Not daring to look about him to find a quick way of getting away from this spot, his nerves began to break. "Pokey," he called out angrily, "go on."

"Sure," said Pokey and wheeled his horse.

As he turned his arm fell and rose with his gun and he put three bullets, one upon another, into that narrow swaying body, down the trail, without compunction and without pity. His third shot caught Bowie as the latter made one vain, agony-driven effort to lift his gun. It was half risen when he died suddenly in the saddle, and fell out of it to the ground.

Pokey studied the lumpy shape of the kid a moment, hearing the echoes of this shooting roll and break and fade in the far corridors of the hills. He replaced the empty shells in his weapon with full loads and seated it in its holster; and trotted on toward the pass road.

When he came out upon the road he saw Bill Head and Frank Peyrolles standing close by, surrounded by a waiting group of riders.

"What was that shootin'?" demanded Head.

"Seemed like it was off yonder," remarked Pokey and vaguely smoothed his arm against the low, flashing sunlight.

"Where you been?"

"Just lookin'."

"See anything?"

"No," said Pokey. "Not a thing."

Bill Head's eyes considered Pokey without faith. Riders began to come out of the timber and collect here, brought back from their searching by the sound of the gunfire.

"I'll be going," suggested Pokey, turning his horse.

Bill Head stopped that with the bluntest possible command. "You stay here. I—"

He turned as though struck, his glance rising to the heights of the timber-clad ridge rising upon the road's south side. Out of that high timber some man's long-range bullets began to come with a steady "spang," slanting into the road. This lead was coming above the riders, reaching no target; it kept hitting that same general spot, coming no closer. Pokey noticed that before he broke for shelter; noticed and considered it. All the riders were rushing into the thicket and Bill Head's voice started to crack around him like a whip. "Come over here! Get off that road!" The firing kept on, with the spaced regularity of a hammer driving down a nail.

Peyrolles, by nature excitable, kept ducking and throwing up his hands. "By God, it's them! It's them, Bill! We got our cats up a tree!"

HEAD growled: "Shut up." He listened to the gunfire, his florid skin redder than it had been; he moved without haste to the nearest tree and leaned behind it a moment, to continue his visual search of the heights of the ridge. He couldn't see well from his position, so he walked to the edge of the road and squatted down and thinly parted the thick sheaves of a hazel bush. He gestured at Peyrolles, who crawled cautiously over. "Watch," said Head. "You'll see smoke curling."

"Yes."

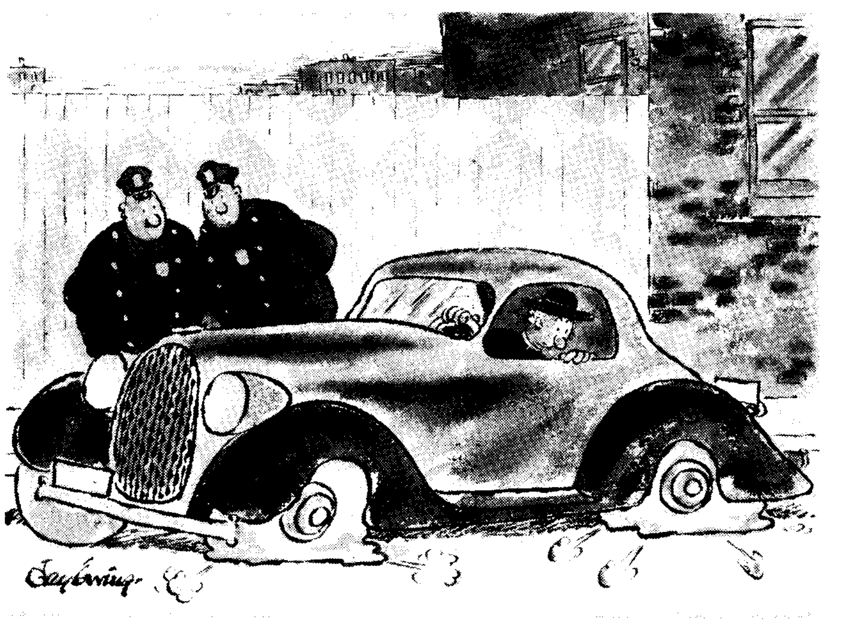
Bill Head walked back to his tree. He was of a sudden pleased and eager. "He can't cross this road without bein' seen. He can't run over to the river without bein' seen. Take your boys around that ridge and cut him off on that side."

"Him?"

"Surratt's doin' that," said Bill Head. "Everybody come here."

Pokey, aloof from this council, watched the group collect. Bill Head

(Continued on page 52)



"Let's listen! This ought to be good. . . ." JAY IRVING

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 50

laid orders urgently about him. Peyrolles took his men and rode farther down the thicket, then went over the road at a rush. Bill Head ran to his horse as though anxious to have his fun. He had ten riders beside him when he broke through the brush and raced across the road to the yonder timber. The few men left behind moved away from Pokey toward the bridge, keeping to the shelter. Pokey remained indifferently in his saddle. He rolled himself a cigarette and lighted it, quietly listening to Head's hands crash on up the slope of the ridge. There was a calling over there. The shots of the hidden rifleman laid long, clear bars of sound across the still air and were silent for a while. Pokey kept on smoking, plunged into his own obscure thoughts. Once he faintly smiled, which was rare for him.

ON THE top of the ridge, less than half a mile away, Surratt watched Peyrolles' column enter the trail which circled the ridge, and saw a second wave of riders afterward cross the road and step into the timber directly below him. He knew the meaning of this maneuvering, but he remained a while behind the bulwark of a windfall. The sun was gone, with the quick powder-blue of a timber country twilight flowing fast down these slopes. The road below him was a pale yellow streak turning sinuously downward toward Morgantown. Almost directly below stood the gray covered bridge crossing the river. A few hundred yards behind him the ridge dropped away to the water, but he already knew he could not find a footing down its stiff face.

To reach the river he had either to descend to the bridge or retrace his path down the south side of the slope. The bridge route, he understood, was closed to him; for he saw the occasional stir of a man in the brush by the road, with one figure indistinctly appearing at intervals at the corner of the bridge itself. As for the other route—down the side of the ridge—he realized Peyrolles was rapidly sweeping around it to cut off his retreat.

That man at the corner of the bridge had raised some sort of target. He began sending his shots up through the dimming air, dropping them wide of Surratt. The rattle of the climbing Head men was distinct. He ducked away from the log, dropped down a small ravine and picked up his horse. In the saddle, he continued with a ravine. Somewhere a coyote lifted its wild wail to the high arch of infinity and something in that ancient call grimly reminded Surratt that he, too, was a member of that fraternity of the lost and the hopeless. But he had come here to stir up a steady firing, so that all Head's exploring men might be drawn back, so that the way would be clear for Sam Torveen's retreat. He seemed to be achieving his purpose.

The ravine became impassable and he left it and swept leftward toward the river, still descending through the pines. He had scarcely reached the bottom of the ridge when he made out Peyrolles' swift advancing.

The river was a slow murmur near by. He went that way, along a minute trail, and got to the graveled margin of the water. The far bank was a wall of shadow and the sluggishness of the river's running at this point warned him that it was a slack pool too deep for fording. Downstream, in the direction he meant to retreat, he saw a vague pillar rise high against the sky; and had a foreshadowed thought of trouble then. Leaving his horse in the brush he walked across the gravel until that pillar stood before his face. He laid his hand on it, to discover the truth of his situation. The toe of the ridge dropped straight into the water. To pass it he had to swim around.

He stood here a little while, his mind searching fast for other ways of escape and finding none. To turn and go up the river's bank was to tow Head's men toward the tunnel. Otherwise he had no way of breaking through the cordon thrown around him except by putting away from shore, drifting down beneath the bridge and thus past the guard placed there. He had no liking for water and no skill with it, but this was the way it had to be. Cinching up his gun belt, he waded into the river. He was shoulder deep when the current lifted his feet and turned him along the smooth face of the cliff.

He rolled on his back to float, but the weight of his gun pulled him at once below the surface and instantly his fear of water became a thorough panic. He came up with his arms slashing enormous echoes through the night. He had, in this downbearing blackness, one hot and terrible moment; and then his sanity returned and he rolled with the current, quietly stroking.

They had lighted a fire on the road to make a barrier he could not pass. When he drifted below the toe of the ridge he saw a yellow, shuttering shaft of that light reach down and play a searchlight beam on the water's surface. Drifting toward this bright area, he let himself sink; when he came up again he was floating under the bridge, with the treading of some of Head's men plain in his ears. There was a grumbling of the current ahead, a lash of water against rocky shallows. Kicking his body around, he swam strongly for the bank. His boots touched bottom long after; when he finally walked out of the water he stood at the base of a low willow bank two hundred yards below the road and its fire.

He sat down and pulled off his boots and drained the water from them; and he remained here for a matter of minutes, ashamed of that little interval of dread he had experienced out in the current. Somebody on the yonder ridge sent three spaced shots across the darkness, the echoes long rolling through the hills. A voice kept calling. He got up and climbed the bank. Groping through the trees, he came upon a trail and pursued it back toward the pass road; within twenty feet of the road he dropped to his knees. The fire was directly ahead of him, the shapes of men crouched in the brush illumined against it.

HE SAW no horses here. Therefore, he swung away, sliding carefully from tree to tree. Near the road, seventy feet or so below the fire and in a little cleared patch between the pines, he found the horses. Nobody apparently guarded them, though in this blackness he could not be sure. He walked into the little clearing swiftly and reached the nearest horse. He was up in the saddle; he was turning away, the horse uncertain and unsatisfied with its strange rider. But he hadn't moved five feet before a shapeless shadow sprang from the earth and stood directly underneath him. The man's voice sang out in an alarmed way:

"Wait—who's this?"

Surratt hauled the horse around and struck straight into the brush. He bent low, with his body turned and his gun lifting. He saw the man's revolver lick a purple streak across the dark; and then he fired at the streak and heard the sharp, astonished grunt of that man's breath. He slashed on through the brush and reached the road. All those hands by the fire were running straight down the road. The light of the fire reached vaguely out toward Surratt; he was dim in it, but still to be seen—and all the men had stopped their running. Fading on, Surratt rushed into the thicket again and heard the lead of their shots scurry and groan along the dust near by. He was out of that and beyond that when he came to the road once more. He kept to it now, racing downgrade for Morgantown. From the receding distance he made out Bill Head's booming yell rallying up the crew.

Pokey, situated by the fire, saw Surratt vanish. Alone of the watchful group stationed here, he kept his place while the rest of them laced the night with their shots. Bill Head came smashing down the side of the ridge, howling at his men to follow. Pokey listened to all this, his little face taciturn against the light. Of a sudden he rose and dropped silently back to his horse. Forty minutes later he stood in the living-room of the Head ranch, quietly reporting to Old Martin all that he had done.

When he had quite finished he looked away from Old Martin, for there was something so fierce, so blazing and so strange in the old cattleman's eyes that Pokey felt an unbearable shock.

"Pokey," said Old Martin, "get out the buckboard and drive me to Morgantown."

TWO miles of steady running took Surratt beyond the sound of pursuit and it brought him to the edge of a vague side road reaching out of the southern broken land. He stopped and listened to the rear for a few steady moments, but heard nothing that indicated Bill Head was coming down. Considering that carefully, Surratt turned into the side road and followed it.

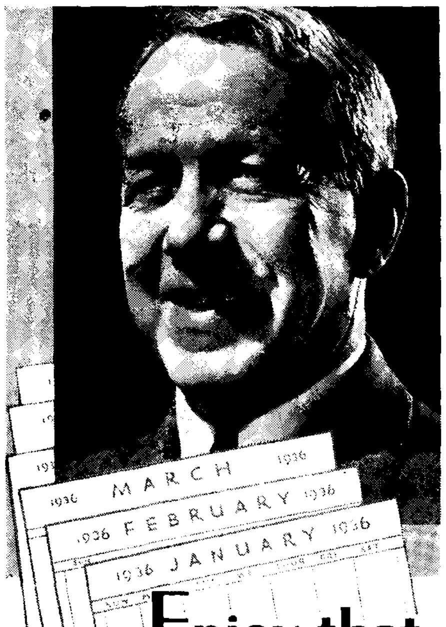
He had gone, he supposed, two or three miles when he reached a stumpy clearing. The road simply disappeared, but Surratt swung to the east—in which direction the river lay—and explored the edges of the meadow until he found a break in the trees. This he took.

About an hour later he broke through solid brush and came upon the river. When he got his bearings he turned upstream, skirting the bluff of the river until he saw the mouth of the dry channel break through the silver-shot darkness. Here he halted and sent a quiet challenge forward.

He waited a long two minutes and heard no answer. Pushing down the bluff, he rode to the mouth of the tunnel. The smell of wood smoke lay thinly in the air, but he could see no reflected glow of fire. He walked into the tunnel and turned its bend and faced pure blackness. He said: "Torveen," the echo of his voice striking the blank walls. He struck a match. Its glow threw a flickering beam down upon an empty gravel floor; the charred circle of a dead fire lay on the gravel, and beside it the scooped-out spots where Torveen's bed had been. There wasn't anything here.

He left the tunnel immediately, satisfied they had retreated to Temple's ranch according to plan. And he turned that way with a slow satisfaction, drifting with the descending slope and crossing the meadow wherein, the night before, he and Judith had seen the Head rider posted. Beyond the meadow he entered the solid, black belt of pines. The trail was clear; he went along at a trot.

(To be concluded next week)



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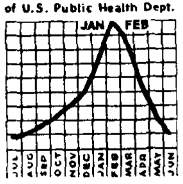
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



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A Black Cat and a Girl

Continued from page 9

But, her lading ended, the tramp Makena picked up her anchors and swung slowly for Sarawak, pointing southward across the China Sea. Captain Fulger felt fine. Even his sense of impending doom slept, and he hummed to himself very often. If any one had had the courage to suggest that the girl had something to do with it, he would unquestionably have growled angrily something about black cats and whistling women on board a ship. Because he was a very superstitious man. But by the look in his eye, his savagery had lost something of its original fire.

It was the barometer that brought him back to a full realization of the evil onus upon himself and his ship. It started playing tricks. And Tom Fulger believed in barometers as implicitly as he did in old sailors' tales.

"Mr. Bailey," he said with the air of a man who has been grimly expecting it for a long time, "better set extra lashings to the boats and all your spare gear on deck. Typhoon, recurving to the northeastward. I give her about six hours, maybe less."

The chief mate cocked his head aloft, nodding. "Ay, sir," he agreed. "Looks dirty enough. We're in for it, I guess."

"You guess!" the captain snorted, gesturing down the deck where a black cat, grown accustomed to the strange motion of a ship, went cavorting merrily from water course to forehatch. "Can you dodge that?" he demanded. "What else could you expect?"

The cloud mass spread, growing patently heavier. Soundless lightning slashed the horizon walls. Sudden puffs of wind, baffling through a forty-degree arc of the compass, had no effect on the muggy stickiness of the atmosphere. The swells came deeper. Then the wind hit them.

Rails under the Makena rolled, green water boiling from her. It went on for hours until in the midst of its culminating wildness the helmsman, with an astonishing calm, complained she didn't answer any longer. He spun the wheel aimlessly; he couldn't bring her head up. The ship fell into the trough. With a sickening dive she went down on her beam ends, clanging every loose thing in her. The engine room whistled up. Captain Fulger answered it. But they didn't have to tell him. He knew. It was nothing more than what he expected. You couldn't go against natural laws.

"Steering engine!" he shouted at Mr. Bailey with a meaningful gleam in his eye, while the gale shrilled. "Four-hour job at best." His face was haggard, a little bitter. "See what you can do with the hand gear aft! Got to get a sea drag overside too. Hold her to it, Mister!"

THEY did. When he got back on the bridge, panting and battered, with bruised face and bloody hands, some spare booms and a shot of chain were over the bows. In the forecastle a man lay moaning with broken ribs, and another with a gashed side. But the ship rode easier. . . . Helen had fought her way up there.

"You're hurt!" she screamed at Fulger, fright on her face for the first time.

He shook his head in grim silence. The ship lurched heavily and brought her body close against his. He caught her about the waist, she was so small, and her face glowed so. Thoughtlessly, he kept his arm about her. It seemed the proper thing to do. Helen didn't mind so much now. It wasn't so bad, once you looked it squarely in the face.

Somehow, the Makena weathered it out. In desolate gray morning, wallowing in the after gale swell, she looked a sorry sight. Her wireless antenna spreaders were down. Two of her four boats were smashed to splinters. An oily wash sucked and gurgled on her foredeck. Her forecastle steps, a samson post, and part of the main bulwarks looked as if a pretzel-bending giant had got loose in a lunatic's foundry shop. Captain Fulger surveyed the scene ruefully and turned away to put glasses to his eyes. The drift and beat of the gale during those hours when the steering gear was out had driven him dangerously close to the Paracel Reefs. Clouds of sea birds came off the little islands, screaming and circling beneath the flying wrack of the typhoon's wake. A close squeak! Five short leagues of leeway more and the ship would have . . . He tensed suddenly, lowered his binoculars, and groaned.

"What next!" he complained bitterly. Then to the helm: "Port a little. . . . There's a schooner in there, Mr. Bailey," he continued mournfully. "Ensign flying upside down. In distress. Her name, if my eyes are right, is Lucky Girl of Whampoa. Lucky Girl indeed! And there's men on that God-forsaken beach. What a voyage! What a voyage!"

IT WAS true enough. As the Makena, sounding with the hand lead, reached carefully in toward the line of surf, the schooner showed herself plainly, half her canvas furled, the rest flapping forlornly. Her jolly boat was drawn up on the sand. Farther along the beach, black specks could be seen flying about. A Chinese junk, mat sail black in the morning, lay canted in the shallows. From behind a little hummock of bare rock a spurt of smoke jetted, and a moment later the sharp report of a rifle. They were close enough now on the Makena to hear the shrill jabbering of Chinese, and again the rocking crack of rifle fire. The Chinese turned, scrambling for the beached junk.

"What the hell, sir!" Mr. Bailey exploded.

"Just an old wives' tale, Mister. Superstition. Nothing to that black cat yarn at all," Captain Fulger bit off with sardonic irony. "Get forward while I let go an anchor and get a boat ashore there!"

By the time the Makena rounded to and got one of her good boats in the water, the beach was deserted except for a single man who stood at the edge of the surf with a rifle in his hand, waving it excitedly over his head. The rest had launched the junk. It was already running off the land far to leeward, a bizarre mat sail bobbing above a heaving sea of oily blue. Captain Fulger trusted nothing any longer on that voyage. He came along in the boat himself with his mate; and he was the first to step ashore.

"Well, what now?" he demanded curtly of the fellow dancing up and down in front of him. Captain Fulger's patience was all but exhausted. "What the devil's the meaning of this?"

The man dropped his rifle at once and flung both hands to heaven. "Praised be the Lord!" he cried ecstatically.

Captain Fulger peered at him more carefully, sudden suspicion kindling his stare. He seemed to recognize something in that tone of voice and in the tattered suit the man wore. There was no mistake! It had once been the plain, severe black of a clergyman. Mr. Bailey, too, must have noted that, for he boomed out suddenly an irrepressible, gusty laugh of glee. It was more than his sense of humor could withstand. And a girl's voice echoed his laughter musically.

"I do believe, Captain," Helen mur-

(Continued on page 54)

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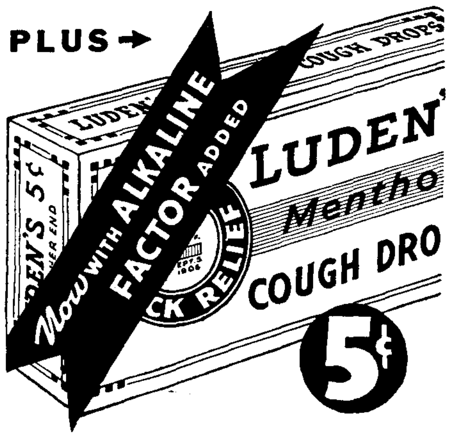


(*Continued from page* 53)

mured, "that here's that minister you said was all we needed."

He spun around. "How in blazes did you get here?"

"I just came along in the boat," she announced brightly. "You were too angry to notice."

Captain Fulger whirled again. "Are you a minister?" he asked hollowly.

"Indeed, I am," the other agreed with pride. "My father was a sailor, like yourself, a sea captain along the China coasts. In fact I still can hand and reef and steer. It was hearing his misguided language, sir, like your own that drove me to the word of God."

"You should have heard *my* father," Tom Fulger bit off dryly. "He'd have made a saint of you sure. . . . What's all this mean? Where's the crew and master of that schooner there?"

"Dead."

"What!"

"All dead. A man in my calling trusts his God. I had to reach Hong Kong. So I was forced to take passage out of the Tonkin Gulf in that ship there, though I knew them for a parcel of scoundrels. Pirates, if you will. There were only two white men on board. The rest were Chinese and Eurasians. Captain Lalisse, if you have heard of him, gathers wealth by every trickery, even murder. He has an assortment of valuable cargo in that ship to stagger a man's imagination: pearl shell, green and white jades, a dozen pearls in his cabin safe I saw with my own eyes, and pieces of raw and carved ivory for which he sold his soul. Worth a quarter of a million, sir, that ship and her freight! And what good is it to him? The wages of sin is death.

"He shot four of his men in a mutiny before the typhoon broke. They were in league with that crowd of Chinese you saw just leave in their junk. They meant to tackle him at sea, but the gale drove us both to anchorage here. A pirate crew out of Tonkin. They finished the job on the beach a mile or so to the east, if you care to look." He tossed his ragged arm dramatically. "So they all died, according to the Lord's promise. I was holding them off as best I could when you hove in sight, sir. May heaven forgive my use of firearms. They took you for a government ship, I expect, and fled to save their heads. That is the truth, sir, sad as it is, and I owe my life to you."

CAPTAIN FULGER'S eyes widened at this astonishing tale.

"You mean there is no one aboard that ship there?"

"Not a living soul, sir. Not so much as a cat."

Captain Fulger winced.

"Take that jolly boat, Mr. Bailey," he ordered tersely, "and put a man or two on board that schooner. At once!"

Mr. Bailey jumped for it. He knew what it meant. The schooner was deserted, abandoned. That made her a salvage prize for anyone not on her original articles who stepped aboard and took her in charge. Pearls, jades, and ivories! A quarter of a million, the minister said, bless his simple soul! Mr. Bailey's heart sang at the thought of the prize money the Makena's officers and men would share. He came back with shining eyes.

"What's the word, sir?" he asked eagerly. "Snug her down and tow her to Sarawak?"

"Tow her? In the height of the southwest monsoon in the month of September with typhoon season ripe as last year's tomatoes? You think I want to lose her and the Makena both?"

"Well, what in the world can we do with her then?"

"Do with her?" Captain Fulger roared. "Do with her? Sail her to Hong Kong, man! Sail her to Hong Kong!"

"But the Makena, sir! She—"

"You've a master's ticket, haven't you? Well, she's your command! Take her to Macassar or Balikpapan. We'll catch the Dutch mail packet out of Hong Kong and meet you there. Probably get there before you, at that!"

"But leaving your command this way, sir. It . . . what'll they say about—"

Captain Fulger stepped close. His eyes were narrow. "Listen, Mr. Bailey," he growled. "A thing like this don't happen every day. I'm the only one in the ship with a master's ticket in sail. All right. Tell 'em in Sarawak I fell sick, and so did the men I'm taking. You had to get us ashore and that's how it happened. Tell 'em anything! I can't wire for instructions. Our wireless is temporarily out of commission. Good job, too! If I can't ask for instructions, I don't get any—and I use my own sense. If you're successful in this world you're never wrong. Understand? When I haul that schooner called the Lucky Girl to anchorage in Hong Kong and our agent has a look at what's inside of her, they'll all forget to ask technical questions. And there's a good slice of prize money for all hands. Now hop to it!"

HELEN had listened carefully. Her eyes were very bright. Tom Fulger had almost forgotten she was beside him. But she suddenly swayed where she stood, rolled her head a little from side to side, and caught at her breast as she toppled gravely to the sand. The minister gasped. Tom Fulger dropped to one knee beside her.

"She's fainted!" he cried. "Stand clear! For heaven's sake give her some air. Helen!" He shook her gently, worry and anxiety on his face at once. "Helen! What is it?"

And then, as he kneeled there with her hand in his, one of her eyes opened and shut amazingly in an astonishing wink; and her little nose started wrinkling deliciously.

"I . . . Funny, Tom, but I feel so terribly ill, too," she murmured. "Tom, I think the mate better leave me here with you. I'm too sick to go on in the Makena. I'm afraid it's the Lucky Girl for me too."

Captain Fulger stood up slowly. "Miss Madison goes with us, Mr. Bailey," he said. And the chief mate knew there was nothing to be done about that. Then Tom Fulger took him to one side and poked a thumb at the big mate's chest. "One thing, Mr. Bailey," he growled with deadly seriousness. "See you remember it! When you get to Sarawak, for heaven's sake lose that cat ashore! Understand? I don't like it. It's bad luck."

Mr. Bailey could only stare and say nothing. It was too much for him. But some hours later on the Makena's bridge, with anchor stowed and whistle saluting the little schooner, Lucky Girl, where she was preparing for sea, he growled out with hoarse irony to the second mate his judgment of the entire business.

"There he is," he said, snorting as he gestured across blue water with his hand. "How can you figure it? Hard luck, he says. We sail on Friday. The thirteenth, at that. Then a woman comes aboard. Whistling, too. And she brings a black cat. We go smack through the middle of a howling typhoon—on account of the signs, says he—and the steering engine goes smash. So what happens, Mister? What happens, I ask you? It drifts us down to where no ship's been for I don't know how many months, and a salvage fortune falls plumb in our laps!

"And that ain't all. The girl's head over heels in love with him. And so's he with her or I'm a weasel. The superintendent's niece, at that! He could hunt the world for years and never find a girl like that. Made to order, they are. Made to order. So help me! Look at 'em!" he insisted. "Look at 'em. Crazy about each other. You can't fool me. And bless my soul, he's even got a preacher with him to splice 'em whenever they've a mind." The chief mate banged his fist on the rail of the bridge and swore. "And get rid of the cat in Sarawak, he says! It's hard luck!"

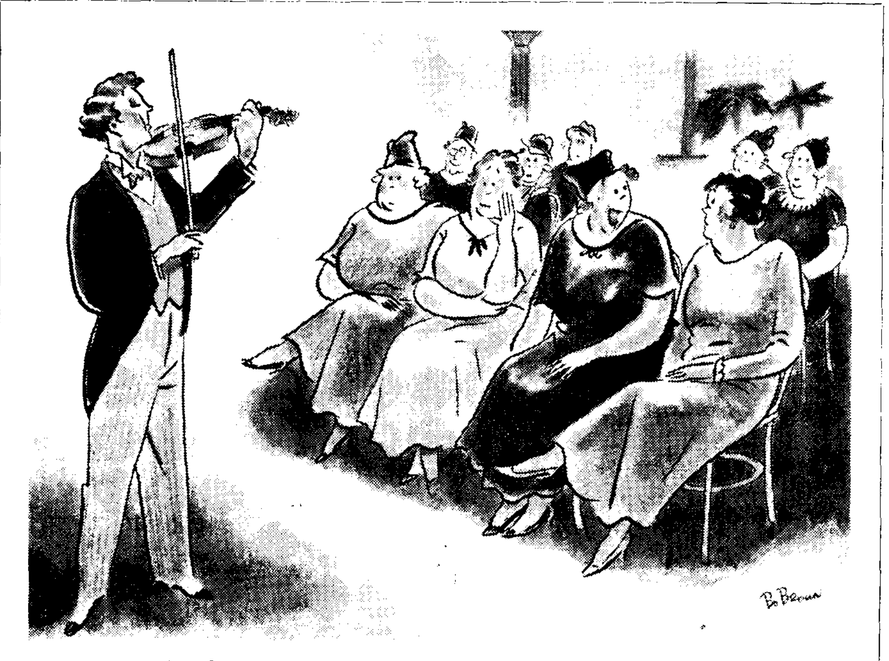
THE second mate blinked, and looked as he was directed. He saw them standing on the poop of the schooner not half a mile away and full in brilliant sunlight now with the sea birds crying overhead. Tom Fulger had his arm about the girl's waist, and she was looking up at him.

"Well? What do you say?" Mr. Bailey demanded gruffly.

"I dunno, Mister . . . I mean Captain Bailey. Maybe he's right, at that. Women are bad luck at sea. And black cats make me nervous on board a ship. Maybe we better lose the blasted thing down Sarawak way, at that." He squinted, and peered. "Hey, look!"

Mr. Bailey looked. He was just in time to catch sight of something black scampering with astonishing agility across the schooner's deck; and he heard, even at that distance, Captain Fulger's sudden and stentorian roar.

The second mate laughed outright. Mr. Bailey tore the telegraph to full ahead, and pulled savagely once more on the whistle rope.



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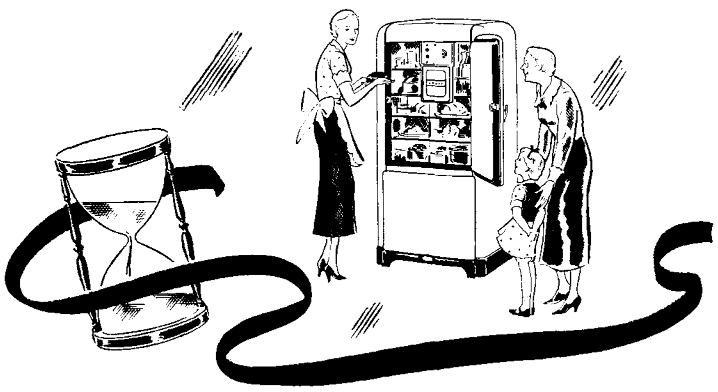

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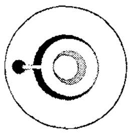

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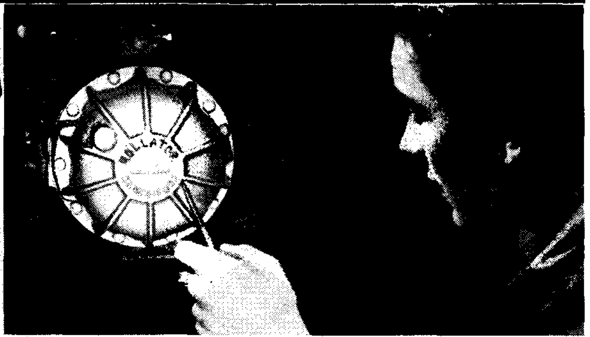

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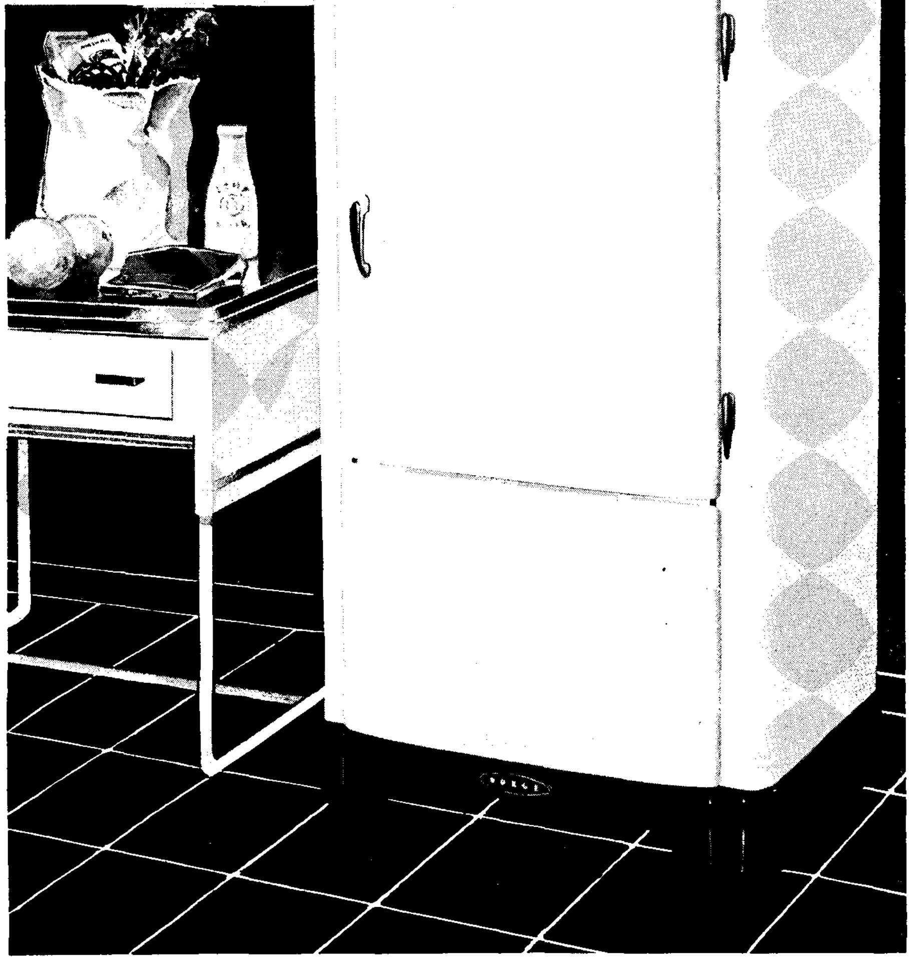

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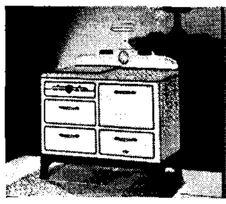

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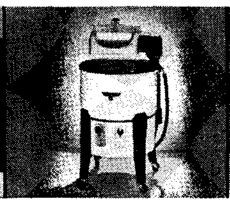

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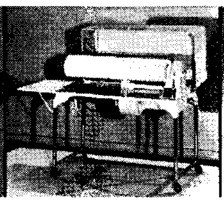

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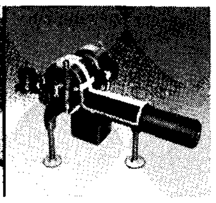

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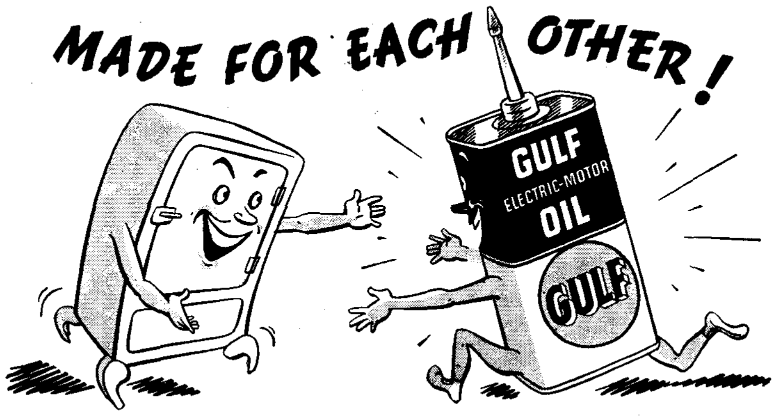

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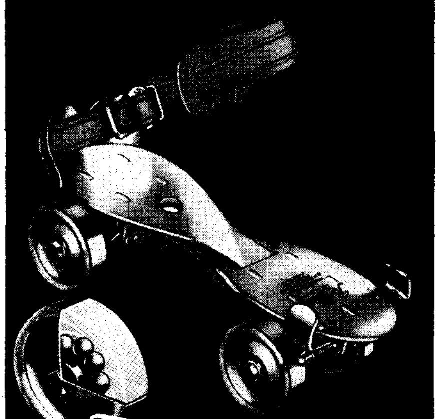

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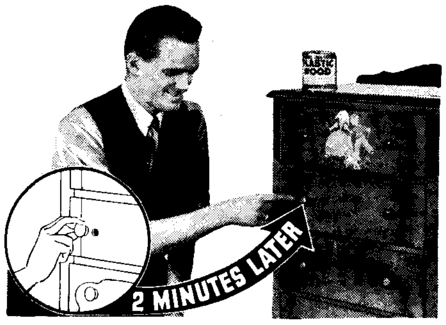

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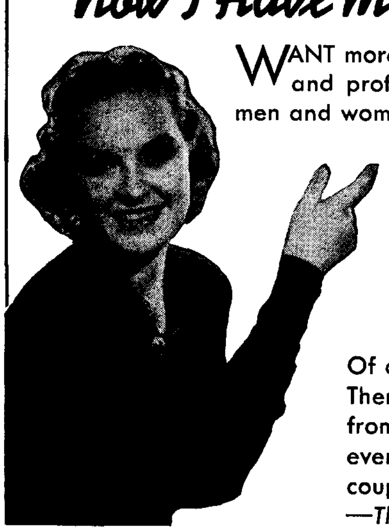

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Continued from page 19

competition with any American product.

The crowding lobbyists who fought to hamstring the Canadian agreement are careful to steer clear of Canada's concessions to the United States. In 1929, before the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill invited retaliation, the Canadians bought agricultural products from us in an amount exceeding eighty millions. By 1933 the business had dropped to eighteen millions, a fact that may help to explain the necessity for farm relief.

The new agreement opens the way for the recapture of this trade. Lemons, cotton, potatoes, soy beans and alligator pears are on the free list, and oranges are to be free during the months when we normally ship the most. The rate on grapefruit is cut in half, and a fifty per cent reduction has also been given on ripe olives, fresh vegetables, poultry, fresh and canned meat, canned fruits and vegetables.

As for industrial products, everything that American factories sell to Canada has been given sensible reductions in duty or else placed on the free list.

Purely an American-Canadian Pact

The economic nationalists and America Self-Sufficients view the agreement with distaste for the stated reasons that "We are bound to get the worst of it under our so-called 'most favored nation' practice, because we must give all these Canadian benefits to thirty other nations from which we get nothing in return." According to Dr. Henry F. Grady, head of the Trade Agreements Division, countries other than Canada will obtain relatively little benefit from the reductions in duty made by the United States. In 1929, imports from Canada on which duties have been lowered were 94 per cent of the total imports of these commodities from all countries combined.

What the agreement will mean in cash money remains to be seen, but what it *can* mean is not a matter of doubt. In 1929, the year before the Smoot-Hawley tariff raised its Chinese wall, Canada bought $899,000,000 worth of goods from the United States, and we purchased Canadian products in the sum of $503,000,000. As a result of our tariff action, and Canada's angry retaliatory measures, by 1934 trade had sunk to a point where our imports from Canada were $232,000,000 and our exports $302,000,000.

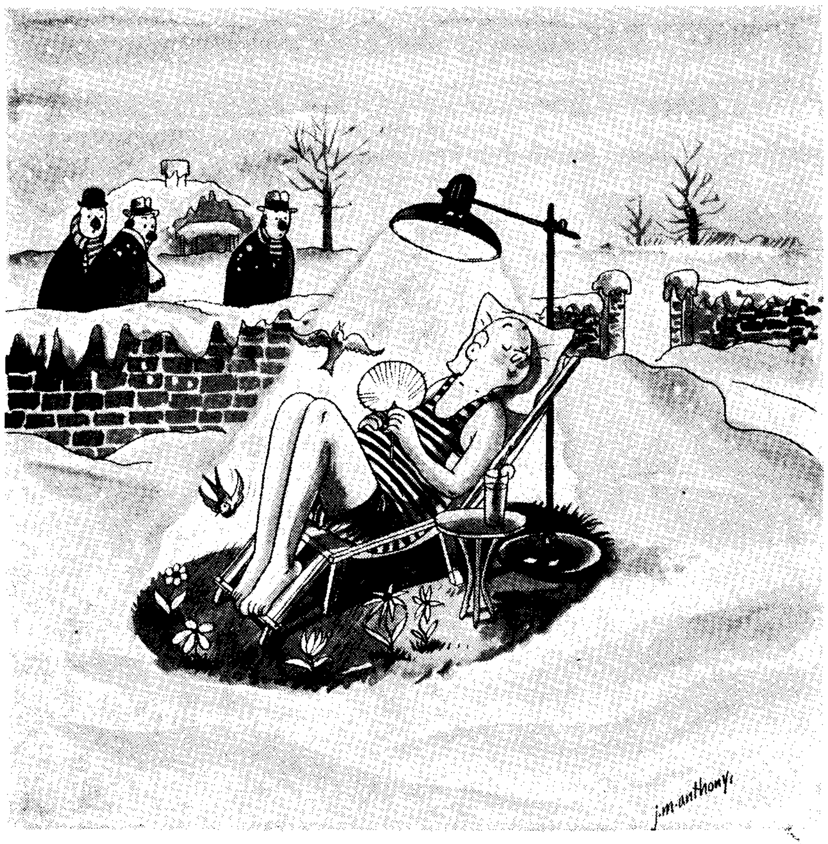
To date, reciprocal agreements have been signed with Cuba, Brazil, Colombia, Haiti, Sweden and Belgium, and in each case there was an immediate and important trade increase.

As Secretary Hull points out, however, more than mere money values is involved in the treaty. Its greater benefit will proceed from the resumption of an old friendship—the restoration of amicable and coöperative relations—between the two English-speaking peoples of the Western World.

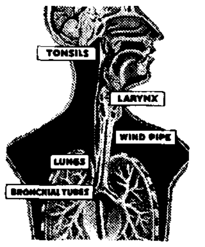
The rift began twenty-five years ago when Champ Clark blunderingly remarked that a proposed reciprocity act was "the first step in the annexation of Canada." Our Emergency Tariff Act of 1921 widened the break, the Fordney-McCumber tariff in 1927 deepened it, and the Smoot-Hawley bill of 1930 turned it into a chasm.

The resentment of the Canadians drove the Liberals from power, and the Conservatives, committed to a policy of retaliation, enacted tariff laws of their own that were virtual boycotts of American products. Deep and irreconcilable bitternesses were well on their way to development when Mackenzie King and the Liberal party returned to the field, and waged a successful campaign on the flat proposition that Canada and the United States had too many interests in common for a continuance of unintelligent and unprofitable squabbling.

The new agreement, which took effect on January 1, 1936, is far from being perfect, for when all is said and done, it merely corrects the stupidities of the Smoot-Hawley bill, leaving the provisions of the tariff of 1927 virtually untouched. At least, however, the pact ends anger and retaliation, and opens the way for further trading.



J. M. ANTHONY



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The House Dreadful

Continued from page 11

Miss Hodge stamped back to the office of Z. B. Funsten Realtors on Chestnut Street. She had worked herself into such a state of indignation that Mr. McLowney, an elderly desk-renter salesman, asked her if the weather had turned off cold. But no blizzard could have put such fire in Miss Hodge's cheeks. The idea of that stupid Hurley Stupp, why he—

"Hey, M'Shodge!"

"Find Theodore, quick! He's gotta rush these keys out to Number 7. Hurley went off and forgot 'em and his prospect wants another look at the house!"

Miss Hodge did a surprising thing.

"Theodore won't be back from the South Side for an hour, Mr. Funsten," she said, "I'll take the keys out."

Mr. Funsten was so astounded at this offer that he told Miss Hodge to use a taxicab.

When Miss Hodge arrived at Lane O' Dreams subdivision, her mood was haughty and derisive. And in truth it must be said that even in summertime with the leaves all out on Lane O' Dreams' four oak trees the place looked a mite barren. This afternoon, in sere October, Number 7 took complete command of the *landscape.*

Number 7 had been built for the account of one Nick Romano, a beer baron in the days of prohibition. There was a tradition on Real Estate Row that Mr. Romano had designed the house himself. Number 7 had scarcely reared its façade of bright yellow brick, red tile and green terra cotta when Mr. Romano was whisked away in a machine-gun fusillade. Number 7 had remained his only monument. Bright stucco cupids still upheld the main entrance, snakes of plaster still entwined the columns between hall and living-room, and the two bathrooms yet flaunted their brave color schemes.

"That's a nifty house, lady," said the taxicab driver, sincerely, as Miss Hodge alighted.

Miss Hodge tipped him fifty cents and turned to face Number 7 and the immediate crisis it presented.

Mr. Hurley Stupp and a youngish woman wearing a real mink coat were waiting between the pink stucco cupids. Mr. Stupp was holding a small boy in his arms. A little girl tagged the skirts of Mr. Stupp's companion.

"Say-y, that's mighty nice of you to bring 'em right out, Miss Hodge!" Hurley called. "And you can meet Mrs. Somervelt, too!"

MISS HODGE stumbled along the purple terrazo front terrace of Number 7. Mrs. Somervelt, a thin, dark, tragic-eyed figure, advanced.

"So stupid of us to forget the keys," she said, smiling. "I bet Hurley the drinks that we'd have to wait an hour."

"I . . . ah . . . it hasn't been that long," Miss Hodge stammered.

Hurley presented Mrs. Somervelt, adding in a happy voice: "And this is Woofus and this is Jane! Are they honeys or aren't they?"

"I—I love children," said Miss Hodge.

Mrs. Somervelt laughed.

"You're too late. Hurley has cut you out. Look at Janey rolling her eyes at him!"

Jane said: "Hurley is gonna let us slide down the banisters."

Rufus said: "My name's Woofus."

Hurley said, laughing: "Woofus. Gee, I got a kick out of that!"

Mrs. Somervelt said, in an amazingly deep and throaty voice: "Rufus don't enunciate distinctly, as yet."

"They're wonderful children," Miss Hodge said. "Here are the keys. I guess why I'd better be starting back to the office."

That was entirely all right with Mrs. Somervelt. But Hurley said: "On the bus? That's silly. You wait while Mrs. Somervelt looks at the bathrooms again and I'll ride you downtown."

"Oh yes, do," said Mrs. Somervelt.

"Why, thank you, I believe I will, Mr. Stupp. It's very considerate of you!"

Hurley flushed excitedly under the sudden and undreamed-of warmth in Miss Hodge's eyes.

They looked through the interior of Number 7. Miss Hodge noted with a sharp, unaccountable pang of fear that Hurley really admired Number 7. She noted also that Mrs. Somervelt admired Number 7 because Hurley liked the place so much.

SHE said nothing. She said nothing until the Somervelts had been returned to their apartment hotel and she and Hurley were riding down Lindell Boulevard.

"Wonderful woman, isn't she?" Hurley asked.

"I liked her a lot. Is she going to buy the house?"

Hurley chuckled.

"It's in the bag. She's going to give me a check for the earnest money tomorrow morning!" Then Hurley looked wistfully through the windshield. "I kind of hate to think of Number 7 being sold. That sure is one dream of a house. I sure envy her and the kids. You could lay out a swell garden in the back yard and plant some fruit trees. That's a deep lot. Gee, think of Woofus and Janey playing in 'at mud by the basement steps!"

Something bitterly strong, something unexpected and mysterious ached in Miss Hodge's throat.

"Oh yes, indeed," she said.

The rest of that afternoon, Miss Hodge was of very little use as a member of the Z. B. Funsten office force.

It just simply wasn't that Miss Hodge had any personal interest in the Number 7 deal, see? It was just simply that she hated to see any man act so stupid. Didn't that Hurley Stupp *know* her type? Couldn't he tell the minute he laid eyes on her, why she was nothing but a fast, chorus girl type?

Not that Miss Hodge cared if Hurley Stupp had such a common streak in him that would appeal to a woman of her type and it prob'lly would be equal marrying equal if he was so low-minded as to be taken in by her. No, that wasn't it. But men like Hurley Stupp are just so simply helpless and so stupid when it comes to having the wool pulled over their eyes; and out of common humanity because she had worked with him in Z. B.'s office, why a girl ought to do somepin about it.

Thus, when Miss Hodge met Ruby for dinner at the Forum cafeteria downtown, she recited the whole affair. But very humorously. It was screamingly funny.

Ruby was not entirely deceived.

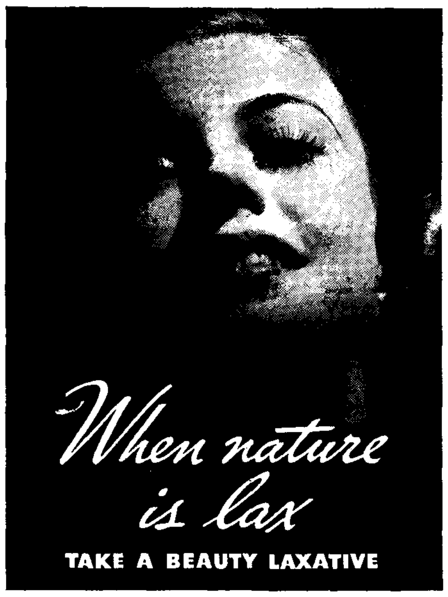
"Seems to me you're taking an awful lot of interest in Hurley Stupp all of a sudden," she said.

Miss Hodge laughed.

"You just don't realize how simply excruciatingly humorous you are, my dear! It's all just a laugh to me. Why, when she hooks that very brainy Mr. Stupp and makes him keep up the payments on Number 7 and then runs out on him, why don't you see the plain, *simple humor* in it?"

Ruby finished her eclair de luxe.

(Continued on page 58)



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GLOVER'S
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FOR THE
HAIR AND SCALP

GLOVER'S
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MEDICATED SOAP

(Continued from page 57)

"Roland Young's in a picture at the State," she reminded Miss Hodge. "Thank heaven we'll hear some really intelligent lines."

Miss Hodge yawned.

"You go with Mary. I gotta book to finish—it's a five-cents-a-day book."

Ruby finally departed for the picture show with Mary, but not without several caustic remarks implying suspicions.

Miss Hodge shrugged off Ruby's grim distrust. Ruby, why it was just simply sour grapes because she didn't have a single man to—not that any intelligent businesswoman would dream of marrying a dumb bunny like Hurley Stupp, who preferred Clark Gable to a really intelligent actor like Herbert Marshall—it was just too *funny*. . . .

In the telephone booth, Miss Hodge's fingers trembled.

"Is this Mr. Chris Somervelt?"

"It's nobody else but me, baby. Who's this—Clarice?"

"You don't know me, Mr. Somervelt. I—I'm just a . . . uh . . . a friend of your former ex-wife—"

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, you tell her for me that she don't get no more advances on alimony and she better be making arrangements to gimme back them bonds she gypped me out of—"

"It's not about that, Mr. Somervelt."

"Wants me to take her back, hey? Well, she can send my kids back any time, but—"

"I just wanted you to know that Mrs. Somervelt is planning to buy a house. It's a terrible, awful house, Mr. Somervelt. It's got water in the basement and the dining-room wall has settled—"

"Hey, now, who *are* you?"

"J-just a friend who hates to see Mrs. Somervelt getting gypped outa her money to put it in a house that'd be expensive at eighty-five when she's paying eleven-five—"

"Gladys—buying a *house?* She can't buy no house with my dough! That money her and the Judge gypped me out of is gonna be used to educate my kids—say-y-y, who's handling this deal?"

"Z. B. Funsten Realtors, and she's gonna be in the office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning to make the down payment. A word to the wise is efficient, Mr. Somervelt. Goodby."

"Hey—wait—"

MISS HODGE waited, but not on the telephone. She waited quietly at her desk the next morning.

Loud voices sounded in Z. B. Funsten's conference room. Angry voices. Miss Hodge demurely powdered her nose. Z. B. and Hurley Stupp and Mrs. Somervelt had gone into the room first. Then, a florid-faced man of middle age, accompanied by a personage who was undoubtedly a lawyer, brief case and all, had been shown into the conference chamber by Miss Rawkit.

"Gee, dearie," Miss Rawkit had reported, "I don't think Z. B. can close it. It's her *husband!*"

"Comme çe, comme ça," Miss Hodge had replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"And a couple of pooey parlevous," Miss Rawkit had snapped.

Miss Hodge was not in the least disturbed. A girl, why she has to live up to her highest ideals of life. Not that Hurley Stupp would thank her for it. Oh, no. He'd prob'lly be off her for life. Of course, a sale was a sale to a fella like Hurley Stupp, who simply had no broad view of life and could not appreciate Mr. George Arliss or a really deep book like "Life Begins at Forty." Oh, why couldn't Hurley Stupp have been a fella with a dry, humorous way of speaking like Robert Montgomery for instance? Why can't a businesswoman meet a fella like that and be congenial and truly whimsical. . . .

The conference room door opened. Mr. and Mrs. Somervelt emerged. She was weeping and saying: "I needed you, Chris. I'd always depended on your judgment." And Mr. Somervelt was patting her shoulder and saying: "Cheer up, kid. No harm done. You didn't buy it." They walked out the front door.

Z. B. Funsten and Hurley Stupp came out. Mr. Stupp looked dazed. His collar was wilted. Z. B., however, was still capable of direct action.

He marched over to Miss Hodge's desk.

"I'm jest wondering, M'Shodge," he said, levelly, "if you could by any chance be the anonymous woman who telephoned Mr. Somervelt and panned Number 7 to him, last night?"

Miss Hodge arose.

"Are you intending by any chance to insinuate that I—"

"I'm asking! Are you?"

"Why, Mr. Funsten, could you by any chance—"

"Answer me yes or no. Did you telephone Somervelt?"

MISS HODGE burst into tears. Z. B. exploded with many unkind and ungentlemanly remarks. Hurley Stupp came out of his daze and ordered Z. B. to shut up. He and Z. B. had it hot and heavy, while the office force listened in awed attention.

Summoning her iciest pose, Miss Hodge addressed Z. B.:

"It has come to my attention that I am just a little too intelligent to waste my time working in this office, and therefore, Mr. Funsten, consider please that I have resigned."

"*You* resign . . . *you* resign . . . why, you, you—"

Picking up hat, handbag, vanity case, gloves, chewing gum, cigarettes and pencil eraser with stately grace, Miss Hodge marched out the door.

Her career, why it was finished. She had done it all to save that stupid Hurley Stupp, who was just like a man and wouldn't appreciate. . . .

"Hey, Miss Hodge. Wait. Hey, wait—"

Hurley Stupp caught her arm. He turned her about, right in the middle of the sidewalk. All of Real Estate Row could see it.

"Was there something you wished to discuss with me, Mr. Stupp?"

Oh, but he was an awful sweet, stupid fella! He had a really nice humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"You did me a favor, queering that deal, kid," he said. "I didn't want Z. B. to sell Number 7. Honest!"

"W-well, you see I—it's such a perfectly darling house that I—a woman of her type—why—"

"Golly. You really like it? You really like Number 7?"

Miss Hodge took a brace.

"Theoretically it has a number of drawbacks, Mr. Stupp—but a woman of taste, why with a few hundred dollars she could—I mean a really intelligent person could—"

Tears of joy moistened Mr. Stupp's honest eyes.

"I sure am happy to hear you say that, Miss Hodge," he declared, "I sure am. Listen . . . uh . . . couldn't we go some place and talk about it . . . the house . . . and uh . . . everything—"

Graciously, Miss Hodge smiled.

"I would suggest that we go out there. You can always discuss a house more intelligently when the rooms are right in front of you; and it seems to me that if a person liked good books for instance, why, one could turn the rathskeller into a sort of library—"

Hurley Stupp laughed.

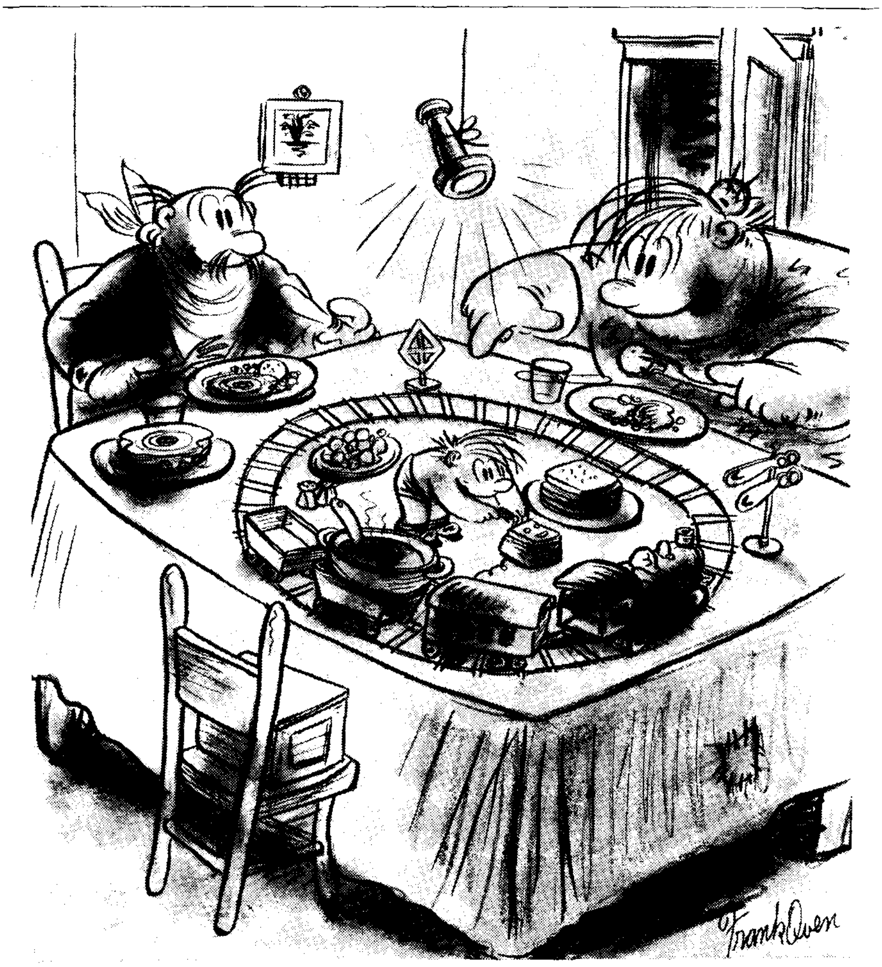
"That'd be marvelous—I can see you curled up with your books in . . . I mean . . ." he choked up with reverence.

It made Miss Hodge feel truly whimsical and humorous. "Oh, I wouldn't spend *all* my time reading!" she said.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

The Widow Man

Continued from page 21

balancing a pail of drinking water on her head. "I figgered you'd be wantin' some water, but I didn't figger you'd be singin' 'bout me."

Jabbo stopped his mules. His heart pounded with pure love and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"You brang water, hunh?" The words were his but they sounded strange and far-off to his own ears.

"Sho', I brang water," Zurline declared briskly. "When my man say he want water brang in a bucket on my haid, he gonter git water brang in a bucket on my haid. I drapped me two buckets full, tryin' to tote hit like you say, and den I got de knacks, and hyar hit is."

Jabbo drank deeply, while he kept his eye on Zurline. His heart raced and things whirled in his brain. There was Zurline and she had called him her man!

"You hadn't ought to spill water like dat," he told her when he had gained control of his speech. "You might spill hit on yo'se'f, and you know what happen when water gits spilt on sugar."

Zurline giggled and wiggled. "Dar you go, vexin' de devil out'n me befo' I hardly gits acquainted. Now, you git dem old jackasses on down de middle. Yonder come Giles and he likes to see de mens wawkin' de furrows when he ride de fields. You come and cou't at me some, tonight."

"Whar you stay at?" Jabbo asked.

"I'm visitin' at Doc's house," Zurline said. "Hit's jest five houses down de bayou f'm Rube's whar you at."

Before Jabbo reached the end of the row the foreman rode up.

"How you makin' out?" Giles inquired.

"All right, I reckon," Jabbo answered. "I keeps 'em turnin'."

"Handlin' old Kit and Elder to dat turnin' plow is mo' easy den swingin' dat middle-buster behind dem three high steppers, ain't hit?"

"Ya'ah," said Jabbo.

Giles rode along with the plow.

"You say you didn't had no wife?"

"Naw, suh," said Jabbo. "I did had me a wife name Dawthy Dawn, but she di-vo'ced me and runned off wid a gamblin' man in Shrevepo't."

"You did sho' she di-vo'ced you?" Giles insisted.

"She di-vo'ced de fire out'n me," Jabbo grinned. "And I say hit's a good ruddance. She wan't no 'count, nohow. Mr. Shaw knowed she wan't. I hyared him tell her to git off'n de place and den I seed him tear up we's married papers. He told me I c'd stay on, long as I wanted to. But I left, on account er I didn't want to live in shame after my wife done me like dat."

"WELL," Giles admitted, "I been watchin' you work, and you works like a pretty good man. But us don't have no widder mens makin' crops on Little Bee. So I'm got my eyes on a woman for you to marry up wid. One er de Gilliard womens f'm Duke's Bend. She a good gal, and she make you a good wife. I'll bring her over to visit her brother Her tonight, and you come drappin' by and cou't at her a little. Her live in de third house below Rube's."

"Ya-ah," Jabbo said and the foreman rode away.

Jabbo was puzzled in his mind. He had three separate dates on the bayou for that night and it seemed so foolish that he laughed. Then he sang:

> *"So many womens jabberin' about me,*
> *Lawd, to I don't know what to do.*
> *I love all er y'all ladies so good,*
> *But I love jest one woman true."*

The situation served to amuse Jabbo for a short while. "Three womens!" he said to himself. "I bet a man wid three good cotton choppers c'd make a crop out'n de book." He dwelt on the possibility, picturing himself as head of a harem. "Nawp," he decided. "I'd pay mo' mind to Zurline, and de yuthers would git all jealous and go to quar'lin', and I can't stand to have a bunch er womens quar'lin' about de house all de time."

With that conclusion he dismissed them all from his mind and paid strict attention to his plowing. The work with the slower mules was not nearly as hard as with the three mules the day before, but handling two big mules and a turning plow in stiff land is hard enough.

The next time he thought about women was at the barn when he brought his mules in. Newman called him aside and opened the conversation.

"I ain't only de best man on de place plowin' in de field," Newman informed Jabbo, "but I'm de he-coon er de bayou, too."

JABBO was surprised. "I hyared you was a good all-around man," he admitted.

"I'm better den dat," Newman said, "and dat's how come I don't 'low no man to come cou'tin' at no woman er mine."

It required a few seconds for Jabbo to adjust his mind. He recalled the tall, straight-spoken Maggie telling him she had been Newman Dyke's wife, and he supposed Newman had heard of her visit. Jabbo grinned broadly. "Yo' woman," he told Newman, "was in de field speakin' wid me, and she told me to come cou'tin' at her tonight. But efn you wants her, hit suits me. I don't want no trouble 'bout no gal."

Newman cooled off. "You's got sense in yo' haid, Jabbo," he said.

"Ain't no woman wuth fightin' 'bout to me, hardly," Jabbo observed.

"Dey ain't no woman," Newman amended, "wuth gittin' whupped about, and den not gittin' de woman."

"Anyhow, yo' woman said I c'd drap by efn I wanted, but I sho' don't want to, efn hit's gonter cause hard feelin's."

As Jabbo was leaving the lot, Giles called him. "News," said the foreman, "travel up and down de bayou purty fast."

"Ya-ah," said Jabbo.

"Well, dis Gilliard gal I was tellin' you about," Giles said, "hit's a man name Elmo down on Red Chute cou'tin' at her, too. O' cou'se, she'd druther live on Little Bee den Red Chute, and she'd druther marry you den Elmo on account er dat. But dis Elmo nigger don't want hit like dat."

Jabbo squirmed in discomfort but said nothing.

The foreman continued, "So jest to keep f'm gittin' any ruckus up, I sont in to town and got a pair er cou'thouse licenses so's you and de Gilliard gal kin git married up and git settled. And I *knows* ain't no Red Chute nigger gonter make no fuss about a woman married up to a man on Little Bee Bend."

Jabbo grunted assent and went to his supper. Things had gotten so far out of his control that he saw no need to worry about them. There were, of course, the three women, still. But Newman's Maggie had been eliminated on advice from Newman. And if he were going to have to marry the Gilliard girl, there would be no need to court at Zurline, however pleasant such a courtship might be.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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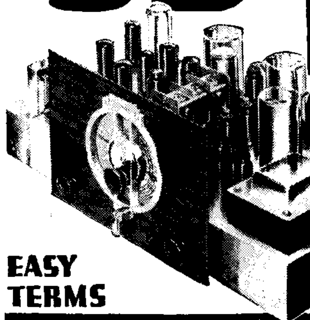

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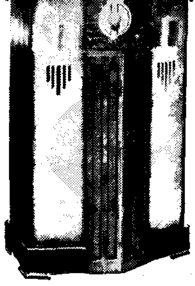

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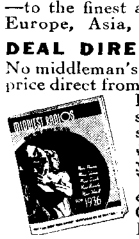

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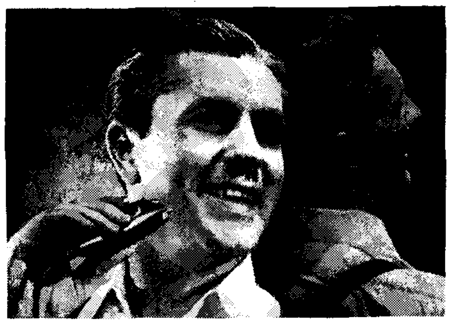

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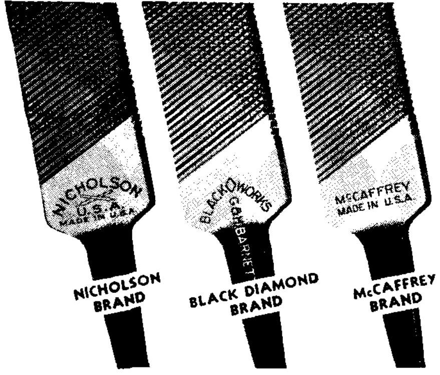

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(Continued from page 59)

"Zurline is sho' a good-lookin' heifer," he said sadly.

After supper, Jabbo filled a laundry tub, bathed and put on his "Sunday" clothes. The change was a mark of deference to his future bride. It all took fully half an hour—long enough for one of Rube's children to slip out of the house and report to the neighbors that Jabbo was "gittin' washed up, and hit looked like big doin's fixin' to take place."

JUST as Jabbo reached the bayou path, a flivver rattled up and a woman emerged. It was Dawthy Dawn.

"Hy-dy, darlin'," she greeted Jabbo. "I hyared all about you, over in Shreve-po't, so I changed my mind about di-vo'cin' you. Any man which kin come and take de biggest mules on de place f'm de biggest man on de place is man enough to change any gal's mind."

"Hunh?" Jabbo sputtered.

"Said I ain't gonter di-vo'ce you no more," Dawthy Dawn repeated. "I'm gonter be married up wid you again."

"Go 'haid, gal," Jabbo said. "You can't do like dat. I'm done got me another woman."

Dawthy Dawn's lips tightened about her teeth and she sucked through them with a hiss. "I done quit Albert to come back to you," she told Jabbo, "and efn I find another woman claimin' you, I'm gonter chop her haid off."

"Well, start choppin'." It was Maggie, who had run up the bayou path when she saw another woman talking to Jabbo. "Cause I'm a woman and I'm fixin' to claim him." Maggie followed this challenge with an open-handed slap on Dawthy Dawn's face.

Screaming with pain and rage, Dawthy Dawn made a dive for Maggie. The ruckus carried far down the bayou and the people soon came swarming around.

"Y'all ladies stop dat quar'lin'," Jabbo said helplessly.

"Let 'em quar'l, darlin'," said Zurline, who had come up and taken Jabbo's arm. "'Tain't nothin' but a cat fight, and fightin' cats don't harm nothin' but deyse'ves."

A rough hand grabbed Jabbo by the shoulder and spun him around. "I told you to leave my woman be." Newman Dyke was mad.

"I ain't botherin' yo' woman," Jabbo pointed. "Dar she, quar'lin' and goin' on."

"Sho', yonder yo' woman," Zurline put in. "All de time you was cou'tin' at me, you was lovin' wid her, you fat mouf!" She clawed and slapped at Newman viciously.

AT THAT moment the strong, cotton-chopping Maggie finished subduing the Shreveport woman, took a last kick at the prostrate body, and then leaped upon Zurline.

"Who a cat?" she yelped.

Jabbo, who never liked fights much, anyway, was being completely bored. He backed away with the intention of leaving the scene, but as he stepped from the three-cornered fight he bumped into Giles and the Gilliard woman from Duke's Bend.

"Hyar he is, Katy Bell," Giles said. "Jabbo, meet up wid Katy Bell Gilliard. Now, y'all kin stand hyar and cou't to I goes down and gits B'r Charlie to marry y'all up."

"Ya-ah," Jabbo mumbled stupidly.

As Giles disappeared, Elmo from Red Chute came up, grabbed Katy Bell's arm and turned on Jabbo. "Tryin' to take my woman away f'm me!" he accused. "Ain't no Bee Bend nigger kin wawk in and take my woman."

Dawthy Dawn recovered enough to scramble to her feet and lunge at the woman she saw standing with Jabbo. Katy Bell received the charge, staggered under it, and then slammed her fist against Dawthy Dawn's jaw.

"I *wisht* y'all'd stop dat quar'lin'," Jabbo begged.

Another car drove up and Albert got out, demanding in a loud voice that Dawthy Dawn return at once with him to Shreveport.

During the ensuing uproar, Giles returned with the one-legged preacher-blacksmith.

"Stop dis racket!" Giles' voice carried the ring of authority, and everybody stopped and stood quietly.

"What dis ruckus about?" Giles demanded.

No one spoke for a minute. Then Jabbo said meekly, "Dese ladies was quar'lin' over me."

The babble immediately arose again, and once more Giles had to shout for order.

"Who is you?" Giles demanded of Dawthy Dawn.

"I'm Jabbo's married wife."

"You my di-vo'ced wife," Jabbo corrected.

"She my woman," Albert put in. "I comed all de way f'm town to git her."

Giles looked at Dawthy Dawn. "You wearin' high-heel shoes," he accused, "and you got a mean face. You can't stay on dis place." He turned to Albert. "And I never did like a town nigger," Giles told him. "De quicker bofe er y'all gits off'n de place de quicker you don't have to git a doctor. Now, rush!"

NEXT, Giles turned on Elmo: "What you doin' up hyar?"

"I comed up to git Katy Bell," Elmo stated. "I got word she was over hyar, so I comed to git her."

"Well," Giles said gruffly, "Katy Bell is over hyar, all right, but you ain't gonter git her."

Jabbo's knees grew weak but he said nothing.

"Onless," the foreman amended, "hit suits ev'ybody concerned. No man don't have to marry no woman, nor neither no woman don't have to marry no man, onless hit suits 'em. Katy Bell, does you want to marry up wid Jabbo, hyar?"

Katy Bell looked Jabbo over as carefully as the moonlight would permit. "Well, Giles," she said deliberately, "he might be all right for a husband, but he too dark to suit me. I b'lieve to my soul I got more love for Elmo."

"All right," said Giles, turning his attention to Zurline, Newman and Maggie. "What y'all squabblin' 'bout?"

"I thought I had love for Newman," said Zurline, "to big old Jabbo comed along and change my mind. And now I got love for him."

Jabbo's soul glowed. He wanted to say something but he did not have the words.

"Newman?" Giles' voice was accusing.

Newman dropped his eyes in embarrassment. "I and Maggie had a fuss last fall," he confessed, "on account er I didn't think she loved me good. So I was fixin' to take up wid Zurline, hyar. But Maggie loves me good enough to come fightin' for me."

MAGGIE, understanding the new trend of the situation, and knowing what to do to get along with the foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation, was quick to fall in line. "And big old Newman is wuth fightin' 'bout, too," she said.

"I thought Jabbo was cou'tin' at Maggie," lied Newman, happy to cover up, "so I got mad at him. But he was cou'tin' at Zurline, so hit ain't no hard feelin's, hunh, Jabbo?"

Jabbo grinned. "No hard feelin's," he said.

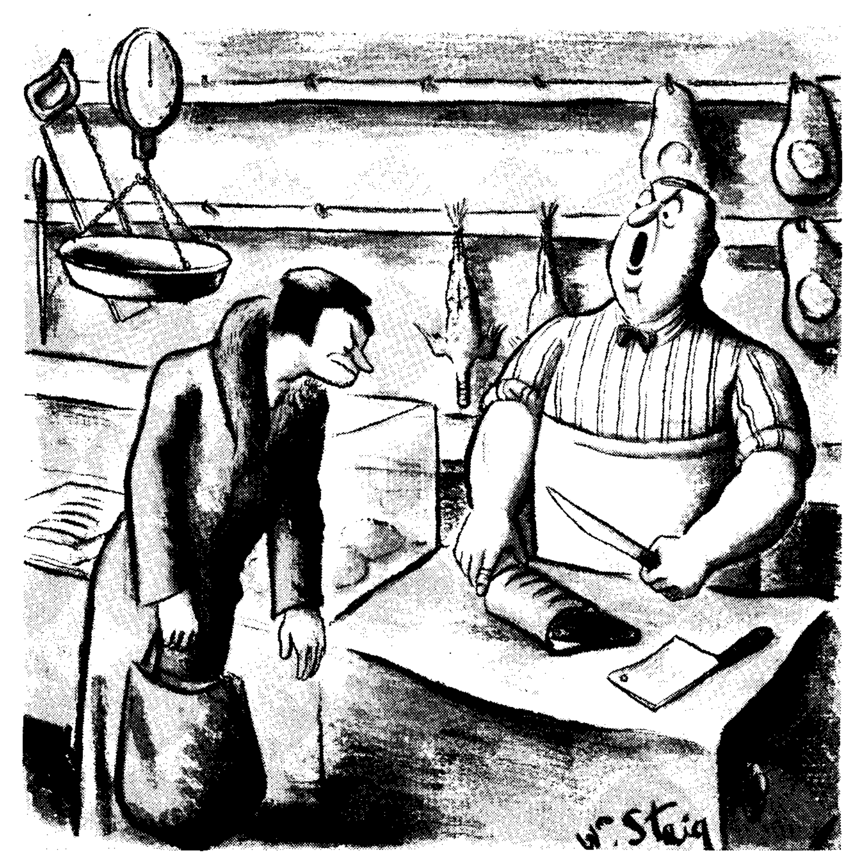
"Well," Giles said briskly, "Zurline say she got love for you, Jabbo. Is you got love for Zurline?"

Jabbo groaned. "I got mo' love for Zurline," he said, "den me and you bofe ken shake a stick at. I love de fire out'n dat good-lookin' lady."

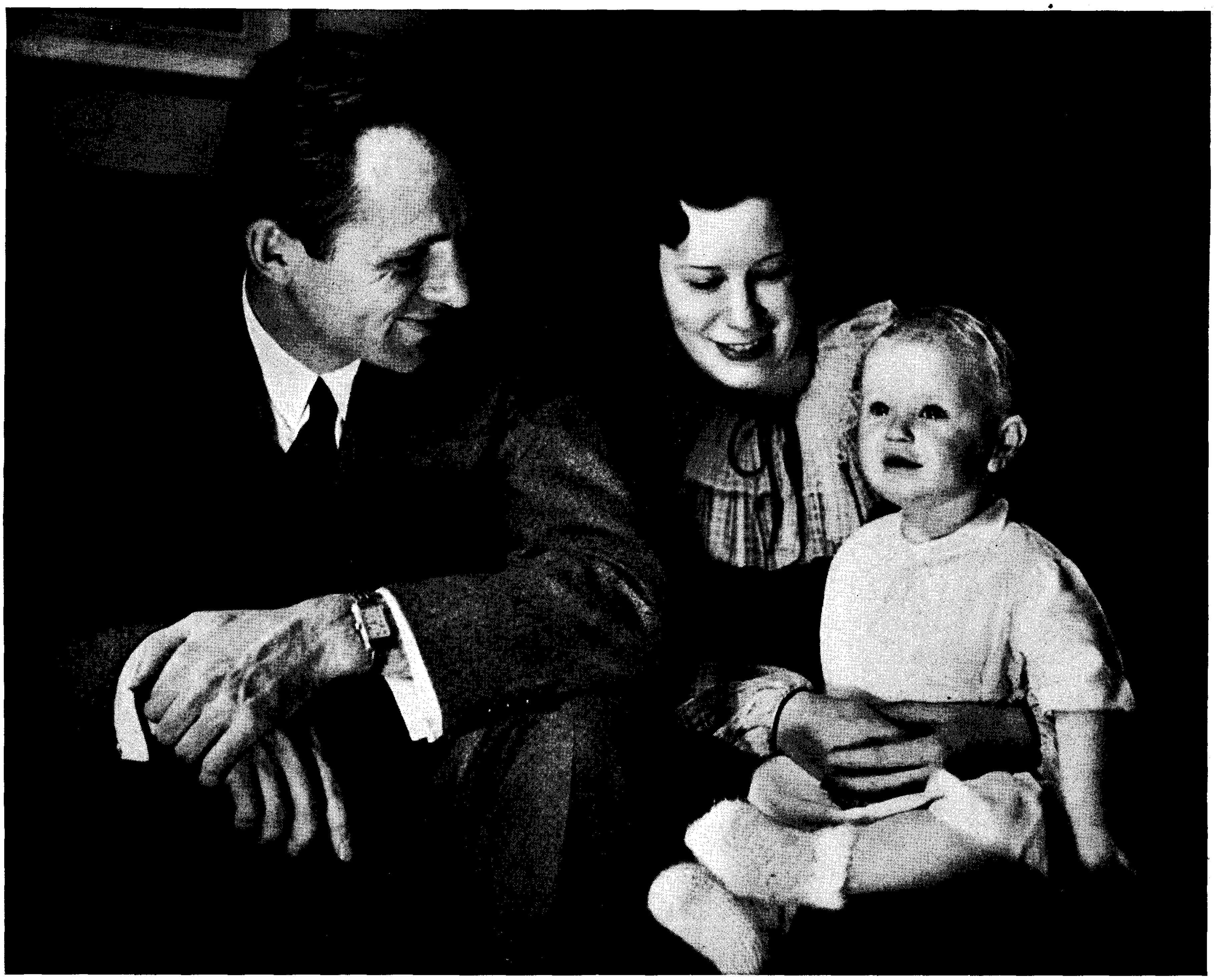
"Den line up and lock hands," Giles ordered. "And, B'r Charlie, git started up wid de marryin'." He looked around and saw Katy Bell and Elmo still standing by. "Y'all git in de ring, too," he suggested. "B'r Charlie kin tie a double knot as easy as he kin tie a single one. And, Newman, you and Maggie better jine in and git married up again. Hit won't hurt none, after dat squabble y'all had."

"Send and git dat pair er young fo'ks f'm town, too," B'r Charlie offered. "De mo', de luckier."

"Nawp," Giles vetoed. "I don't even like town niggers to come on de place, let alone git married hyar."



"Don't criticize till I'm done!" WILLIAM STEIG



"SOMEDAY"

"SOMEDAY" is a word which is woven into the dreams of all of us. It is the most hopeful and the most tragic word in the language.

The father takes his son on his knee and tells him, "You *bet* you're going to college . . . someday!" The young man shows his bride a home and says, "We'll have a place like that . . . someday." The boy behind the counter thinks, "I'll have a store of my own . . . someday."

But *will* they? Only if they realize that these things require money . . . and that the accumulation of money is an art for which few people have the necessary talent.

The years to come will see, as always, homes that were never purchased . . . sons and daughters who couldn't complete their college educations . . . men who are still employees instead of employers . . . old people who are dependent upon the affection of others for the necessities of life.

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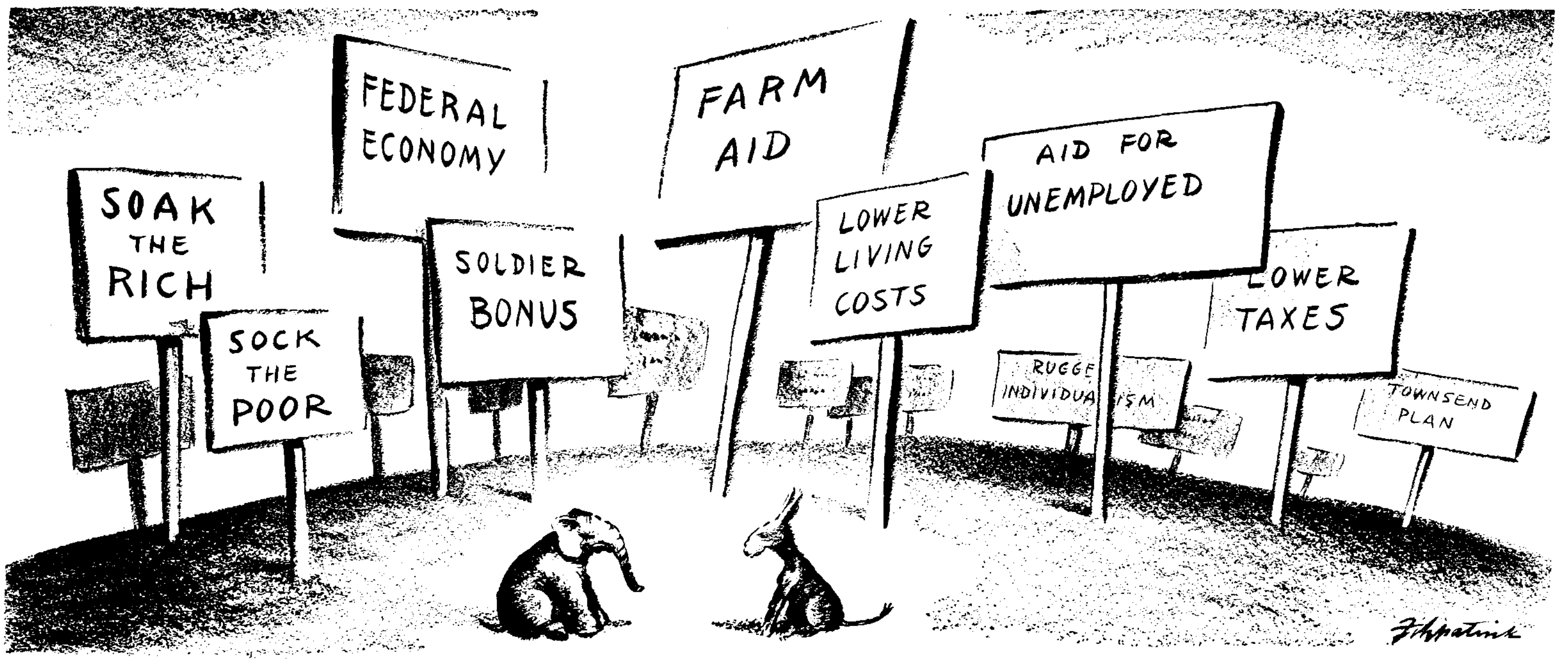

What do They Stand for?

WITHIN six months Republicans and Democrats will be holding their national conventions, proclaiming their principles and announcing their candidates.

Franklin D. Roosevelt will, of course, be the Democratic candidate. His views and his record will be the Democratic platform.

The Republican candidate and the Republican platform are still to be chosen.

At the present moment assured success is the property of neither party. If the election had been held twelve months ago the odds would have been very heavily in favor of Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection. Political sentiment has shifted rapidly within the past six months. Nothing now is certain.

Two facts are of paramount importance in considering the national outlook. The first is that a body of voters numbering about seven million are in the habit of shifting between the Democratic and Republican tickets at presidential elections.

This body of men and women went Republican in 1928, defeated Alfred E. Smith and put Herbert C. Hoover in the White House. Four years later that same independent group turned Mr. Hoover out and made Franklin D. Roosevelt President. This group of independents holds the balance of power.

The second important consideration is that the electoral votes of the Mississippi Valley states generally decide the contest. Other states are important but the Mississippi Valley is sovereign.

The practical problem, accordingly, is to find candidates and enunciate principles which will win the support of the independent voters and will be especially appealing to the Middle Western states. Naturally, neither candidate nor platform can be offensive to the East, South or Far West.

The Democrats start off with the advantage of office and power. Business is better and business prospects are bright. Any party in power gets the benefit of prosperity. The present Administration has also been responsible for distributing relief to some five million families and awarding benefits to millions of farmers and others who have been aided financially through the sundry New Deal agencies. These are very tangible assets in the forthcoming presidential struggle.

On the other hand we Americans are reluctant to consider any fundamental changes in our political ideas. If we are frightened we may agree to radical change but when our spirits are composed we prefer to let well enough alone. The feeling that some of the ideas underlying New Deal agencies are out of line with familiar American principles undoubtedly is a Democratic liability. Pennsylvania last November voted decisively against state constitutional change in spite of the personal popularity of Governor Earle and despite strong arguments in favor of amendment. The verdict was a writing on the wall for all to heed.

The actual issues which will influence men and women to vote are few.

Taxes, governmental debts, currency and credit control, farm policy, regulation of business, together with relief and welfare administration compose the principal items. There is room enough for honest differences of opinion on all of these subjects. This is no time, however, for weasel words or political phrases written to obscure or conceal the actual programs of the parties. It ought to be possible this year to distinguish between candidates without examining their teeth or studying their fingerprints.

As to federal income taxes, "soak-the-rich" has been the argument most popular in Congress since Fiorello LaGuardia, now Fusion Mayor of New York and then a radical Republican, led a successful revolt against Speaker Garner's program at the end of the Hoover Administration. Any party which has the gumption and the heart to face the tax facts and to talk honestly to the country is sure of a welcome hearing from millions of worried voters. Everybody knows that the rich are not rich enough to pay all the cost of government. Intelligent men and women want to know the truth.

The farm program won't be settled by a mass of befuddled words. Voters want to know precisely what the rival parties have to offer in the way of improving the buying and consuming power of farmers.

Currency and credit measures also require plain speech. Nobody imagines that the present policies as to gold and silver can be continued indefinitely. Somebody has got to think straight and talk frankly about these matters if voters are to be convinced.

The regulation of business, likewise, cries aloud for a plain statement of principles. Just what do the rival parties offer? How much control over business, including the banks, do the Democrats propose? How little regulation will the Republicans offer? Here is an issue fundamental to the future progress of this nation.

It will be a temptation to obscure these issues and others of great importance by demagogic talk about trusts and other such matters which belong back in the Bryan-McKinley era. It will also be a temptation to offer sops to the Townsendites, Utopians and others who pathetically imagine that governmental magic can produce incomes for all from work by a few.

We have passed the stage of dreaming or of crying for the moon. American voters won't be fooled this year by cheap words or promises known to be irredeemable by anyone able to wrestle with simple arithmetic.

The campaign ahead will be of extraordinary importance. Decisions of vast significance will be rendered. It will profit neither party to underestimate the intelligence and the inherent fairness of the average American voter.

This year Americans are thinking about politics. The party which rises to the opportunity and writes a program adequate to the emergency is sure of the earnest support of men and women who in ordinary years take their elections very lightly.

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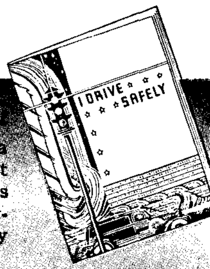

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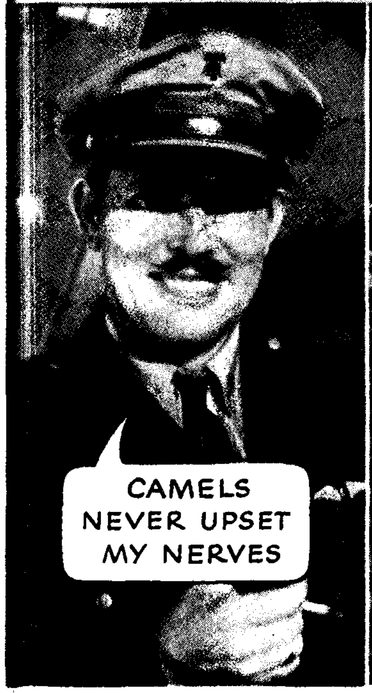
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